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VOGUE

first look at the best summer fashion and beauty in years

the 20 key looks—
all ravishing

the new beauty confidence
do you have it?
can you get it?

Candice Bergen
in the look of today

your hair: a complete
guide to care, coloring,
new ways to wear it
your skin: the treatment
that makes it "fit" better

Garbo lives!

a never-before look
at the private woman

the truth about clothes that travel

a top makeup artist creates a
new look for 6 famous women

it takes two to Tango
Maria Schneider's side of the story

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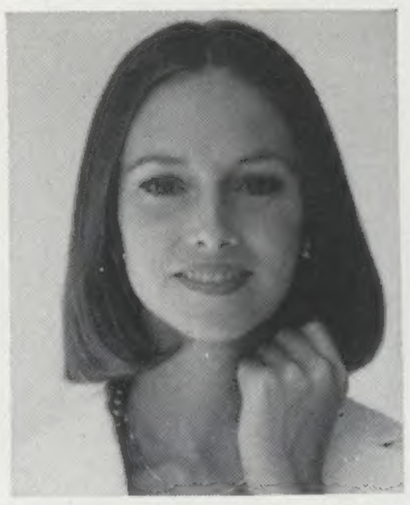


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APRIL, 1973 (INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR)

VOGUE

PERRY L. RUSTON, Chairman ALEXANDER LIBERMAN, Editorial Director



KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

COVER: Karen Graham radiating the new beauty confidence—hair shining, skin glowing against the sharp white of a Bill Blass suit. (See page 152). Coif by Rick Gillette, who also did Karen's makeup—with Love: Peach Bronze Face Gel blushed with Really Peach Cheek Gel; Wild Ginger Creamy Eye Polish for lids, Morning Glory Creamy Eye Polish above; lips wear Ripe Tomato Lovestick Color Glaze. All, Menley & James. . . . The watch of the moment: Corum's white-strapped square of mirrored gold. Van Cleef & Arpels. Other accessories, next to last page.

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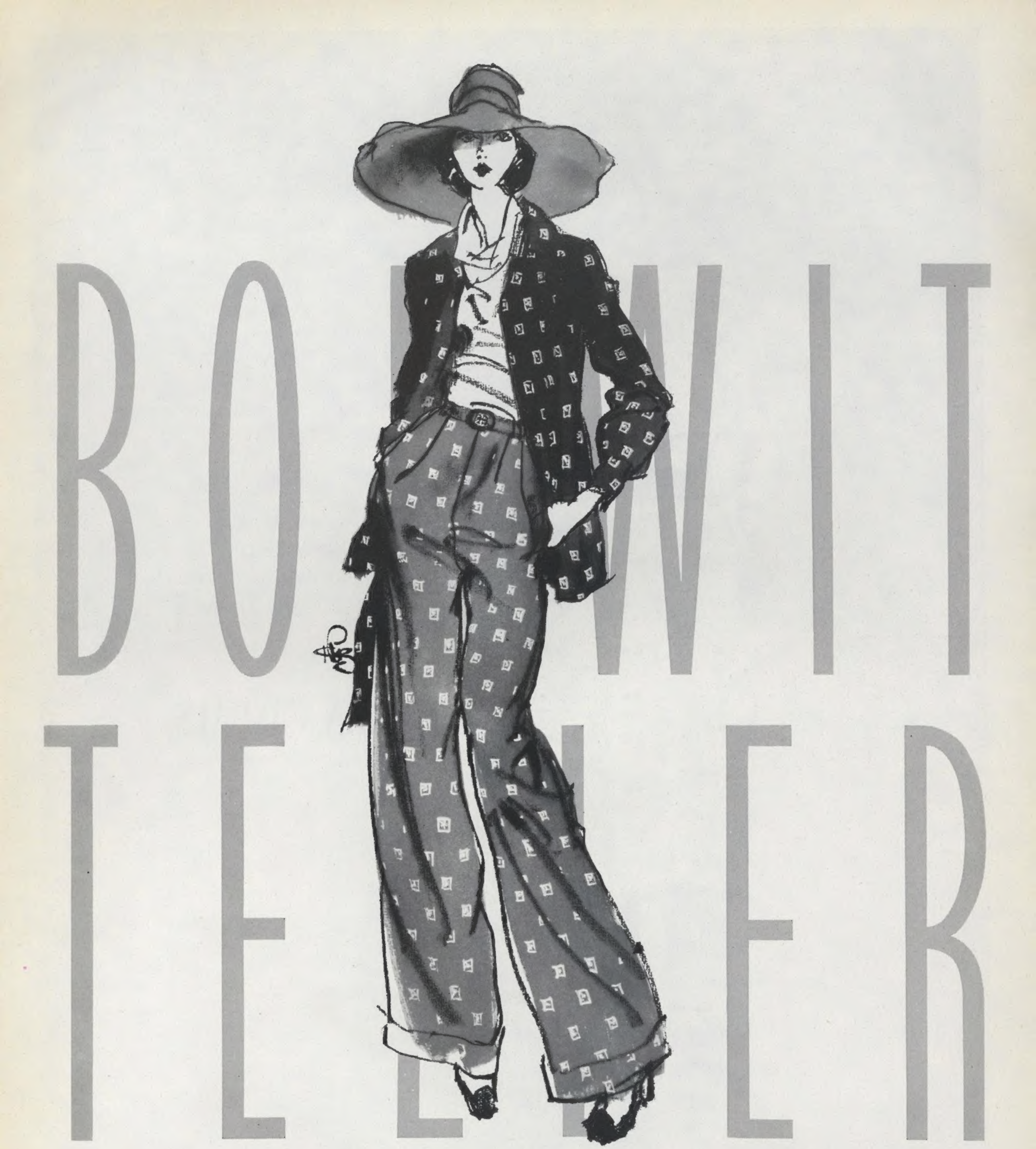
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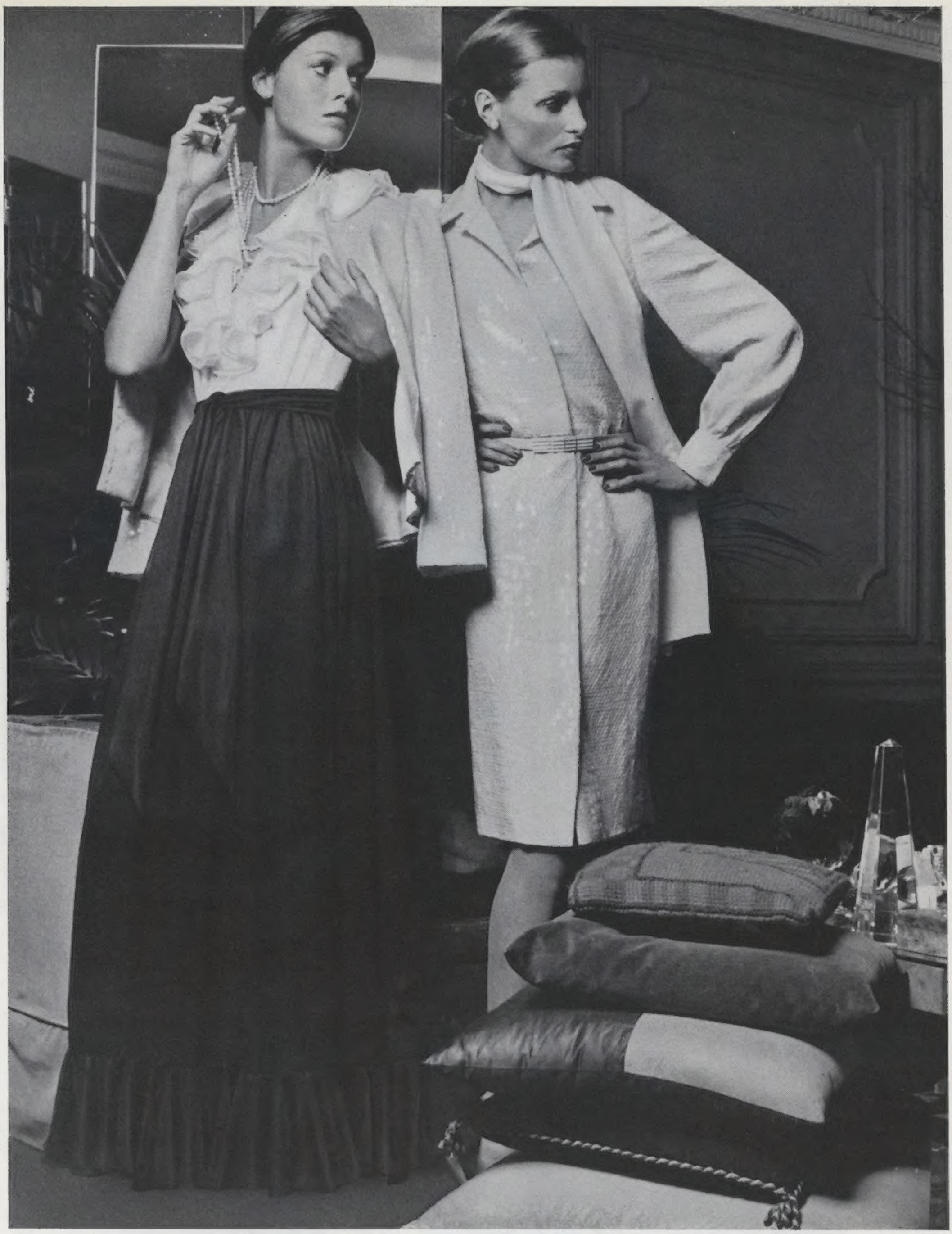


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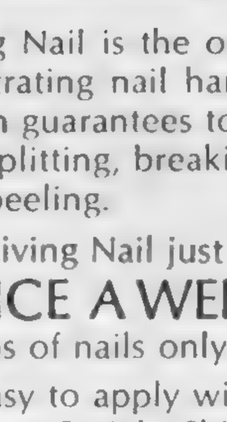
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MOVIES by Clive Barnes

Sex Shockers: Hard Porno-Cash

"The world, its mistress, and their boyfriend are going to see these films": "Last Tango in Paris" and "Deep Throat"

Robert Graves, veteran poet and eternally youthful savant, once wrote a book, ages ago, young when my teachers were young, called *Lars Porsena, or Pornography and So On.* I always enjoyed the "So On." As a young man it seemed to offer me the prospect of a forbidden bliss that has remained, perhaps blissfully, forbidden throughout what I can only presume to be my adult life. It always appeared I would one day find what "So On" was, and I must cheerfully admit that, even in my sere years, I am still speculatively searching.

However, I have found out about pornography—at least, pornography in films. This month I want to talk about two films of our time—*Last Tango in Paris* and *Deep Throat.* Do not mistake me. They are not movie products that can be easily equated. But they do happen to be the two movies this year most likely to be in a position to buy the Taj Mahal, with a little small change to pick up the Empire State Building. Both of them make cash registers click to the sound of music. They have something else in common, too. Both understand the sexual revolution in Scarsdale—and its limitations. This is why both will make a fortune. *Last Tango* is, by the way, a more-than-half-decent film hysterically praised by its lovers and other strangers.

Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango* was cut out by Mammon for controversy. It deserves every inch of its reputation. But it is a phony film—a romantic view of Paris, a cheap view of life, and, by God, a cheap view of filmmaking. Nothing is too obvious for Mr. Bertolucci. Luckily for Bertolucci's bank account, the world, its mistress, and their boyfriend are going to see this film. I ask all concerned to watch the chewing gum in Mr. Brando's mouth immediately before he achieves artistic, fated death. Ask yourselves where that chewing gum came from. Ask yourself at what point in the narrative could Marlon Brando have inserted that Big Fresh Flavor, or whatever it was. There is, in fact, no place where he could have indulged, even in Wrigley's. I think this is as important as a bum dying beautifully on the world's most exportable Paris balcony with a view. It is fun but fake.

This is the special elegance of *Last Tango.* It pretends to be what it is not—but, or so it seems, it pretends quite successfully. A middle-aged man, shocked into a reality by the suicide of his wife, makes a brutal coupling with a twenty-year-old in one of Paris's dirtiest but nicest apartments. The film implies that they do all kinds of uninhibited sexual acts. Marlon Brando, our hero, does not even remove his pants to make simulated love in the most subtle of crude fashions. The poor girl, who might well be a sexual object for the man who is not all that fussy, wanders around the movie, mother-naked, simulating, with more or less success, her lover's erotic desires. You sometimes even wonder what a nasty girl like her is doing in a place like that.

The film is entertaining enough if you don't expect too much. If you go expecting to see one of the great films of our time, you would do best to go in on a stretcher in traumatic shock, only waking up for the trailers.

Deep Throat is unbelievably dirty—everything a young girl or boy would want to know about sex but never expected to have to see a movie to learn. But (Continued on page 78)

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Not messy or greasy, its remarkable action begins immediately! Its little-known, highly effective natural ingredients assure all-day protection. A distinctive, peach colored creme that can't be copied or duplicated, it contains NO HORMONES or STEROIDS . . . and is safe for most delicate hypersensitive skin."



Irma Shorell

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JOSEPH MAGNIN
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BUYING TIME by Bess Myerson

When You Pay For Tax Help, Get It

Don't hire a tax-return preparer whose arithmetic is fanciful

The payment of taxes is not one of the delights of our lives. To put it frankly, it's a pain in the pocketbook. It must be done, however, if the expenses of democracy are to be met, and no one who cares about democracy minds paying a fair share of the cost, even those who might like to see the performance of democracy get in closer step with its promise. What constitutes a fair share is the subject of continuing tax-reform proposals, all of which seem to take endless time; and there's very little that any of us can do about them between now and April 16. What we can do is to try to keep the financial pain down to a minimum within the existing rules.

Indifference and procrastination cause most of our self-inflicted tax pains. If you haven't filed your return yet or looked for a responsible person who can help you if you need help, then you are a taxpayer as unprepared as your return. All your inertia has earned you a place among the late-filers, a harried and haphazard group that has consistently, under deadline pressures, made the most mistakes—in both simple arithmetic and in failure to recognize and use our full tax privileges. Those mistakes mean money, and a higher percentage of Internal Revenue Service audits, and more wear and tear on your nervous system than you need. It's a high price to pay for delaying the inevitable. If that tax form is still sitting on your desk today, with a blank expression matching your own and waiting patiently for you to get around to it, then you might ask yourself why you're giving less attention and consumer caution to what may be the biggest expenditure of your year than you would give to the purchase of a home appliance in a neighborhood store.

The IRS wants what we owe, no nonsense about that; but it also makes a strong effort—through pamphlets, articles, and increased consultation services at this time to augment its year-round availability—to inform us of our rights. IRS wants to be paid but not overpaid; and for the perplexed taxpayer, it offers the clearest guidance to an early and efficient filing of a properly filled-in tax return. And the price for its help is right: $0.00.

All taxpayers—early-filers or deadline-meeters—should take the time to read thoroughly the IRS package that accompanies the tax forms. Many answers you need are there: old rules, explained step by step, and some new rules for this year that give a more liberal tax advantage in basic areas to a great number of taxpayers.

The amounts of the deduction for an exemption and the standard deduction have been increased this year. The exemption is now $750. The top limit of the standard deduction has been raised to $2000. Reports from tax examiners indicate that a significant number of people, from force of habit or an aversion to reading instructions, have been filling in the old deduction figures. The IRS will correct these errors; but they'll probably reason that anyone who makes such a basic mistake wasn't too careful with the other answers, either, and that's an invitation to a little extra attention.

You can now get credit for a political contribution; so if you helped to pay for "four more years" or "America, come home" or any other political campaign, you can claim either a tax credit or an itemized deduction. And if you do volunteer work, attention should be given to the deductions for travel or other expenses involved in your volunteer activities.

If your tax form is still unfiled, and the days grow short, it's a safe bet that whatever lethargy (Continued on page 40)



Schiaparelli

Schiaparelli Wigs
of Kanekalon®
available at the following stores:

Rich's
Atlanta, Ga
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For further information, write to:
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® Kanekalon is the registered trademark for modacrylic fiber created by Kanegafuchi Chemical Industry Co., Ltd., Osaka, Japan

The Schiaparelli Wig
A little jewel named Baguette. Made of Kanekalon®, of course. The fiber with the shine of healthy looking hair. Soft to the touch and easy to style. Forever keeps its shape, no matter how it's packed. The Baguette . . . a girl's best friend.

Schiaparelli Wigs are making fashion headlines at the fine stores listed on the opposite page.
Dress by Mollie Parnis Boutique

Even this close it looks like hair

Kanekalon®

JAEGER

INTERNATIONAL SHOP



The scene: The Clinique counter, Bloomingdale's, New York.





© 1973 Clinique Laboratories, Inc.

Clinique has two kinds of soap to change your mind about soap.

Clean, clean skin is the basis of all good healthy complexions, and most dermatologists agree that a well-formulated soap is one of the best cleansing instruments. As well as one of the most neglected. Because for years, soap has been considered a villain—accused of drying skin, leaving it flaky and too taut. **Until Clinique.**

Clinique Facial Soap is clinically formulated in two strengths—Mild and Extra-Strength—both, **allergy tested and 100% fragrance free.** The result of years of research by a leading dermatologist, soap is the key to the Clinique concept of scientific cleansing.

Facial Soap Mild is a **thoroughly gentle cake wash,** gentle enough even for those women who thought they could never use soap at all. Super-fatted to give good cleansing action, it is purposely low-lathering for mildness.

Clinique Facial Soap Extra Strength is a **highly activated cake wash** for oily and oil-troubled skin. This formulation lathers more than the mild and has a trace of menthol refreshment to keep skin as clean and oil-free as possible.

Which is for you? Ask the Clinique Computer.

Programmed by dermatologists, it asks you the 8 essential questions that result in accurate identification of your skin type and its true needs. The heart of the Clinique system of skin care, **the Computer** determines the proper Clinique products and procedures for you. Then a regime of **three minutes in the morning and another three minutes at night** results in better and better looking skin—skin radiant and ready for Clinique makeup.

Clinique is the future of beauty and it's already arrived.



CLINIQUE

Clinique Laboratories, Inc., 767 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022



In a season of great natural beauties, our honey blond shirtdress is a dazzler. From the Harold Levine Boutique by Don Breitinger, sizes 8-14. Hudson's Woodward Shops, $145.

hudson's



© 1973 Yves Saint Laurent Parfums Corp

IT'S SOMETHING A WOMAN DOES FOR HERSELF

Y

Like the way you bathe and brush your hair. Putting fragrance on
doesn't really change anything. It just makes you feel good. More aware
of yourself. For such moments there is Y by Yves Saint Laurent.
The subtle scent that lets the woman you are come through.

the fragrance classic created for the contemporary woman by

YVES SAINT LAURENT



Parfum, Parfum Spray, Eau de Toilette, Eau de Toilette Mist,
Bath & Body Parfum, Moisturizing Body Lustre, After Bath Powder, Soap $6.00 to $75.00

Number 2: Elizabeth Arden Complexion Renewal Lotion

The subject today:
The topmost layer of your skin...those dead surface cells that can clog, dull, hide a fresh skin just below.
Here's what we've done about it:

Skin Dynamics.

We've developed a whole new way of taking care of yourself. It's a collection of supplementary skin care products. Each with a specific purpose. Each formulated to deliver multiple benefits, in minimum time. ***All part of a new kind of serious skin care that picks-up where your daily routine leaves off.*** But isn't daily. Isn't routine.

It's new Complexion Renewal Lotion. Our second in a series of Skin Dynamics products. And another beautiful break-through in skin care.

It's a one-of-a-kind lotion that can turn-about and re-balance a multitude of complexion complaints simply by whisking away that cloudy, dulling surface layer of dead cells.





Who needs it? You. If you'd describe your skin as dull and lackluster. Or pebbly. Or weather-beaten. Or crepey. If your tan has gone about as far as it can go. If you've oily skin that has been damaged by de-oilers and turned flakey.

What it does:

1. It gently, safely sluffs-away dead surface cells. Without pilling. Without utilizing grainy irritants or harsh reagents, it bares the fresher, more perfect "newskin" that hides just below.

2. It retexturizes. Reveals a far more even-textured skin; a smoother, younger-looking skin. You can feel the difference.

3. It adds suppleness. This is what makes it so unique. It gives as well as takes. While it's doing its good work, special humectants counteract dryness, eliminate tautness. It actually helps to balance the moisture level on your skin. We call it balanced action.

4. It creates a more responsive skin. Cleared of clogging residue, your skin becomes a "clean slate". Apply makeup—it's brighter, smoother, more blend-able, more believable. Dab on your usual overnight cream—it won't just sit there. It goes straight to work.

Sound too good to be true? Trust Elizabeth Arden.

Complexion Renewal Lotion *is* dramatically different. ***And it affords such true and lasting benefits that no skin need use it every day.*** Only when need be.

It couldn't be simpler to use. Once over with a cotton pad only takes 30 seconds. Yet you'll feel the cool tingle long after. (It's still working!) You'll have visible, touchable results, immediately.

When you want your skin beaming with vitality and clarity, looking fresher, feeling softer, smoother—Complexion Renewal Lotion is for you.

Then: when all is at peace, take extra care of your new skin with periodic helpings of Skin Dynamics Multiple-Action Cleansing. Our first in the series. It gets skin exquisitely clean with a different cleaning action than your daily cleanser. It goes in, gets things up and out. Gets your skin going on its own again. Its multiple-action affords multiple benefits.

Like new Complexion Renewal Lotion, it's action-oriented to deliver an extraordinary kind of serious skin care Elizabeth Arden calls Skin Dynamics.

Skin Dynamics

1973

Results!

from Elizabeth Arden, again.

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ELIZABETH ARDEN SALON

Great Names In Fashion

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Swanson's On The Plaza

Soutache braid accents a pull string jacket of aqua or peach stripe ticking, $90. White sharkskin pants belted with a slip buckle, $64. and topped with a turtleneck halter in aqua or peach, $22. Sizes 4 to 14. Anne Klein Boutique, Tower Level.

Swanson's on the plaza



Photographed in the Chandler Courtyard at Swanson's on the Plaza.

One Eleven Nichols Road, Kansas City, Missouri 64112

Kimberly®

Elegant fluidity in a Dacron® polyester knit ensemble. About $125.



The animal kingdom.

A collection of exciting new scents that will arouse your basic animal instincts. And his.



It's as if we bottled a basic animal instinct.

And only you can release it.

Discover its power. Suddenly you're more female. And while you'll scarcely notice it, he will.

Musk Oil makes its own natural impression. And lingers.

To create its own spell. To stimulate passion.

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Incredible, but true.

The most potent of sensual signals.

You'll sense its captivating power. Its cat-like subtlety.

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The passion of man for woman, woman for man, is here.

In Jovan Civet Oil Perfume.

The most potent of sensual signals.

And all you have to do to send yours, is wear it.

The call of the sea. For land lovers.

It's sure to make waves. For you. And for him.

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And he will be drawn to you.

The way any animal is drawn to water.

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What makes Mustang different is the way it looks, handles, and makes you feel.



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Better idea for safety . . . buckle up!

People seem to think of Mustang as a man's kind of car.

So it may surprise you to know that it's also the best selling car of its class among women.

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And while Mustang is known for its sporty handling, it's also compact, easy to drive, and exceptionally comfortable.

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 (Continued from page 24)

"You alone are responsible for statements on your tax return"

or fear has kept you from it up to now will not magically be swept away. You may go forth in search of a friend at the tax office or—more likely—may turn to the fastest growing service industry in the country, tax-form preparers, and pay someone to relieve you of the burden. If you choose that solution, you will pay, of course, and sometimes very handsomely; but you don't get rid of the burden of responsibility. You and you alone, not the preparer, are responsible for the statements on your return, no matter what assurances you have been given. And your tax-return preparer may turn out to know less about taxes than you think you do, and his arithmetic may be in a world all its own. The unqualified tax-return preparer is as much of a menace to the reputations of the responsible accountants, lawyers, and other qualified tax preparers as he is to the pocketbook of the taxpayer.

In the two-year period of 1969-1970, about seventy-eight million Federal tax returns were filed with signatures of preparers other than the taxpayer. A high percentage of those returns came from those who filed in the last few weeks before the deadline. That deadline pressure may explain the lack of consumer awareness in separating the responsible tax preparers from those with no qualifications, except the possession of a pencil and a few tax forms.

Know the individual quality, background, and responsibility of your tax-form preparer, because there are no laws regulating the tax-preparer industry. There are no *industry* standards of professional qualifications, experience, integrity, or educational background. Anybody can declare himself an expert; and, as the tax forms seem to become more complicated, the self-appointed preparers rush in where taxpayers fear to tread. This unregulated industry collected an estimated $500 million last year from taxpayers.

The New York City Department of Consumer Affairs [Bess Myerson is its Commissioner] has investigated the tax-preparer industry—from the established and legitimate companies to the two "partners" we found at a rear table in a Second Avenue candy store, whose presence was advertised on the front window by this sign: "The best Egg Cream in town—this week, tax advice."

A reputable preparer will have proper educational background, usually in accountancy, and will have a permanent address that you will have no difficulty finding a few months from now if any problems develop with your return. A reputable preparer will never "guarantee" a refund, or ask for a percentage of whatever refund for which you qualify, or suggest that your refund check be sent to his address. A reputable preparer will never ask you to leave your records, sign a blank return.

Some advertisements of the larger companies claim that they will give you the amount of your refund now, so you won't have to wait until the IRS gets around to mailing your check. Many consumers have discovered too late that the "advance" was really a loan, with interest rates as high as 24 percent in some cases.

If a preparer assures you—verbally or in an advertisement—that he will pay the difference in the amount due if he makes a mistake in your return, don't believe him. What he means is that he will pay the penalty charge, a minor item; but the tax money due must come from you.

But the basic complaint is that with all their alleged expertise the preparers may make as many mistakes in filling out the tax form as the inexperienced taxpayer. Our Department conducted an experiment in which we took the same set of figures to five different tax preparers—and wound up with five different amounts of tax due, each one of them so obviously manipulated that an invitation from a tax examiner to drop by for a chat (and bring your records) was practically assured.

There *are* reliable tax-preparer firms that can help you if you think you need help to meet the deadline, but if you choose blindly there's a good chance you'll choose badly. ■

Pleasure without end.

Whether the sun shines tomorrow, or it rains...
Whether you finally get delivery on your new car, or have to wait another week...
Whether alone, or in the company of friends...
We offer one very satisfying pleasure you can count on. J&B rare scotch. To celebrate or warm the uncertainties of life.



86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1973 Paddington Corp., N.Y.



For women who hate wearing girdles.

If you had your choice, you'd prefer to look like this under your clothes. But you probably don't.

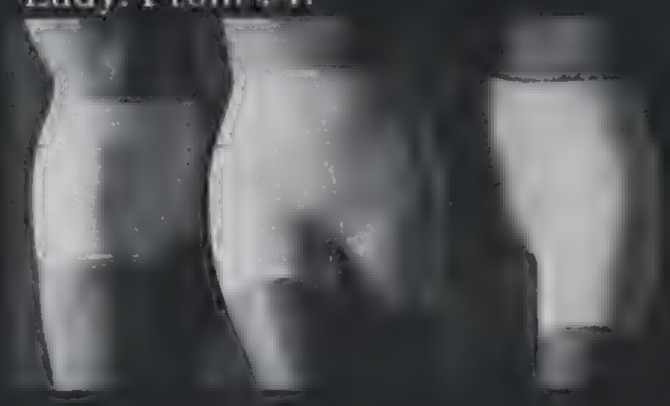
Because you need some kind of control.

Not the unbearable tight squeeze you get with an ordinary girdle. But a beautiful comfortable alternative.

That's Magic Lady. A two-ounce undie made from the world's lightest, thinnest, most powerful yarn—ours alone. All the control is knit right in. So there's no need for insets, onsets, bones or tricky stitching. Just a simple, functional garment that does what you want it to do. In every length from brief, to pants slimmer style. Whether you weigh 95 or 145 pounds.

And if you need a little extra tummy control, we've got something else. Extra Magic. The same lightweight power with a knit-in tummy panel.

So if you can't get away with wearing nothing under your clothes, wear something. Something that works. Magic Lady. From $4.



MAGIC LADY™ *Exquisite Form*

It's not a girdle. It's a two-ounce undie that slims.

For store nearest you write: Exquisite Form Industries, Inc., 14 Pelham Parkway, Pelham Manor, New York 10803.



We were invited to have dinner with his most important client.

My dress had to be right. So, of course, it had to be Leslie Fay—and Qiana® nylon.

Qiana® is so luxurious you'd never suspect it's practical, too.

The fabric falls from a tiny spray of gathers at the neck, like a halter. The flattering, narrow line is belted at the waist before it flows smoothly to the floor.

My favorite combination was yellow tulips and green leaves on a field of white. But you might prefer pink tulips instead.

Sizes 6-16. About $44.

It's my latest Leslie Fay. And I love it.

Qiana® nylon is a Du Pont registered trademark.

For the store nearest you, write Leslie Fay,® 1400 Broadway, N.Y. 10018. Prices slightly higher in the West.

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Now Revenescence "Constant Moisture Care"



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Revenescence. For your face, under make-up. The moisturizer with a unique 'continuous-release' action to keep moisture on tap and to keep make-up fresh all day. Cream or Liquid.

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Revenescence Mask. The moisturizing mask that revs up local circulation. Helps purge the skin of pollutants. Yet remains cool and moist while on. For your face, but don't forget your throat.

New Revenescence Soft-Body Lotion. For your body all day. The moisturizer that drenches the body – torso to toes – with super saturants that work while you work to undry your skin and cloak it with softshine.

New Revenescence Protective Moisture For Hands. Like wearing an invisible moisture-mitten all day long. The wealth of intensified moisture in this creamy whip is enough to replenish lost moisture as well as to protect against further loss and chapping.

The Revenescence Constant Moisturizers

Charles of the Ritz

©1973 Charles of the Ritz

Something old.
Something new.



The electricity is new. The rest is history. For the simple reason that Stiffel lamps take their inspiration from the past—from designs so lasting they still delight the eye today.

The lamp at center, for example, is based on the urns of the Early 19th century Regency period. Its old brass finish is richly accented with antiqued black enamel. It is 39″ high and costs about $95.

At left, softly antiqued Mandarin Yellow enhances this simple, but imposing, canister of cast metal. Distressed old brass finish highlights the subtle curves of this classic form. It is 37½″ high and about $124.

Finally, at right, Stiffel's ode on a Georgian urn, with deep Empire Green enamel and distressed old brass finish. It is 35½″ tall, and about $105.

Three shining examples of how Stiffel invokes the past to brighten your future.

Stiffel

Prices may be higher in the South and West. For a brochure, send 25¢ to The Stiffel Company, Dept. V, 700 N. Kingsbury St., Chicago, Ill. 60610.


The sophisticated swimmer.
You don't have to look like you've just been swimming even when you have.
Add the elegant touch of a midriff top and flowing skirt and you'll look a lot more entertaining.
Top and skirt about $16 and $20. Matching halter neck bikini about $18. All in easy going DuPont ANTRON® nylon.
Be a more sophisticated swimmer... just wear a smile and a Jantzen.
Jantzen
ANTRON® for the easy life.
A source of pride.

Monsanto

this much support

introduces Monvelle.®

The fiber that puts into pantyhose this sheer.



On the left is a pair of premium support pantyhose. On the right is a pair of support pantyhose made with Monsanto's fantastic new fiber, Monvelle.*

Before Monvelle was developed, it would have been impossible for pantyhose to give you all the support, all the control, and all the durability of traditional support hose. And still be this sheer.

But in Monvelle, Monsanto combined the strength and sheerness of nylon with the resilience, power, and stretch of spandex. To give you the benefits of both.

With Monvelle you get the kind of support that lets you go through the most tiring day without feeling it in your legs, or feet, or ankles. And you get a sculptured fit from the tips of your toes, all the way up to your waist.

Monvelle. The first real support that's really sheer support. Now, at leading stores, from leading pantyhose manufacturers.

Monvelle®
body yarns by Monsanto

*a 100% biconstituent fiber (50% nylon/50% spandex)



find yourself in a

HOWARD WOLF

Handscreened floral print of textured Minicare®* cotton fabric. At fine stores everywhere. $48.

Howard B. Wolf,
498 Seventh Ave., N.Y.,
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*Bancroft T.M.

Timeless compliments start with beautiful Gorham Sterling, China and Crystal.

Each Gorham Original is conceived not just as a knife or fork—a cup or saucer—a goblet—but as a work of art. A masterpiece of total design, so each piece is in perfect balance with the other in size, shape, mood, and decorative motif. The magnificent result is timeless beauty—individually and totally.

For example, Gorham Strasbourg Sterling was the latest thing in Sterling seventy-five years ago. It still is. Gorham total design assures that a pattern like Strasbourg will always be both timely and timeless.

This timeless design is also reflected in the sparkling perfection of Hand-blown, Gorham Strasbourg Full-lead Crystal and Gorham Renoir China. They blend exquisitely with Strasbourg Sterling for the ultimate in timeless beauty. Other Gorham complements for Strasbourg Sterling are shown below.

Timeless compliments start with Gorham Sterling, China, and Crystal—and they grow more beautiful with the passing years.





Gorham Fine China and Hand-blown, Hand-cut Crystal designs shown from left to right: Lorenzo de' Medici Green China with Full-lead Gorham de' Medici Crystal; Chinoiserie China with Accent Green Crystal; Bridal Bouquet China with Gorham Platinum Crystal; Baronial China with Tivoli Crystal. GORHAM DIVISION OF TEXTRON, PROVIDENCE, R.I. © 1972 GORHAM


Elio Berhanyer sees dramatic fashion stirring on your horizon. His day coat and dress—sculpted crepe wool, splendid in white over navy. From our Spanish couture collection in the 28 Shop
Marshall Field & Company
CHICAGO
Photographed at the El Pedró ruins, Pals, Costa Brava by Gianni Ruggiero


Pertegaz creates a mood romantic
in tones of ombré yellow, gray, and
white silk chiffon. Framed with a crown
of self-blossoms, wrapped in the softest
smocking. Something quite special from our
Spanish couture collection in the 28 Shop.
Marshall Field & Company
CHICAGO
Photographed at Pals, Costa Brava by Gianni Ruggiero



Leather Talk. By Tammy Grimes.

Stage, Film and TV Actress.



Leather is such a natural thing. Soft, rich and right. And Princess Gardner has a way of taking fine leather and making it into the most marvelous accessories you've ever seen. Look at my French Purse, Clutch, Key Gard and the rest. They're luxurious, yet terribly practical.

I just finished shooting a film on location for 3½ months. Now I'm getting ready to go on the road with a play. So time is precious to me. And when I do have some, I want to spend it living. Not looking for my credit cards or keys or whatever.

With my lovely Princess Gardner accessories, I always know exactly where everything is. And that's a big help.

The "Torino" Continental French Purse. In Roma Red, Verona Tan. $8.00. Matching accessories from $3.50.

PRINCESS GARDNER®

Prince Gardner, St. Louis, Mo. A division of SWANK, INC.

The Golden New Worlds of Waikiki 73

Vibrant...exciting...incredible. Come.



Like an outrigger canoe, as it skims the surf just ahead of the white-water curl, Waikiki rides a new wave of excitement. Only a few miles from booming downtown Honolulu, Waikiki vibrates with life . . . explodes with activity. By day, it's a colorful collage of intriguing boutiques and flower-filled parks. At night, it swings . . . from penthouse night clubs to beachside lounges. Waikiki now is a new way of life—the way you want to live.

The Golden New Worlds of

Waikiki 73



When the sun turns off, Waikiki turns on.

Ice crackles in glasses and rhythms throb — from spirited Polynesian to righteous rock. Soon the shoreline will come to life in a shower of lights . . . its sparkle reflected on the waves. Here, night people rendezvous at Oahu Country Club, midway up a mountain overlooking Waikiki, to revel in the breathtaking panoramic dazzle from Diamond Head to Honolulu.

Giorgio di Sant'Angelo

makes your evening a smash, in a slip of a dress, *left*, of copen blue with abstract floral appliques . . . also in pink and navy, about $310. Very alluring, a long navy dress, *center*, with sweetheart neckline and a bright red rose . . . also in light blue and pink, about $300. At the best parties, a hot pink shirtdress sashed at the waist . . . also in light blue and navy, around $220. All of 100% Texturized Nylon, sizes 6-12.
By special order only.

Wear-Dated® covers a lot of living



Monsanto

All Wear-Dated® clothes are guaranteed for one full year's normal wear, refund or replacement when returned with tag and sales slip to Monsanto.

The Golden New Worlds of Waikiki 73

Live it up at the Sheraton-Waikiki Hotel.
Way up. Here, in the sky-high Hanohano Room, you're thirty stories above Waikiki, in the largest, most incredible hotel on the beach. A complete resort within a resort . . . a full, rich Hawaiian experience is yours even if you never leave the lush, beach-bordered grounds. Yet all the excitement of Waikiki is waiting just outside.



Scott Barrie composes a duet in the Hanohano Room. A softly pleated bodice with plunging V neck crowns the blouson wrap dress, *left*, in bright Carmen red, about $100. Or strike a hot chord in a bold orange body dress with fluid bell sleeves, around $80. Both of 100% Texturized Nylon, sizes 6-12. Wear-Dated® covers a lot of living.

All the classical charm of South Seas living settles on one hotel — The Moana.

Famous as the only beachfront hotel to maintain the beauty and romance of yesterday's Waikiki, the Moana features gracious, high-ceiling rooms . . . wide verandas and the popular Banyan tree courtyard overlooking the surfing action. It keeps pace with the plantation days of old Hawaii, where life was unhurried and hospitality was lavished. In a peace-seeking world, where tranquility is prized, life at the Moana is treasured.

Jennifer Story
for Craig Cracker

[illegible] in carefree
comfort on the Moana
veranda in a wide
sleeveless pullover with
silver metallic pinstripe
about $13, and matching
long sleeve cardigan
around $20 . . . also
available in white with
navy pale pink or baby
blue pinstripes. Both of
95% Acrilan® acrylic, 5%
metallic. Sizes S-M-L.
To block the sun's glare,
RAY BAN® SUN GLASSES
BY BAUSCH & LOMB

Wear-Dated® covers a lot of living



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The Golden New Worlds of

Waikiki 73

Touch the tranquil beauty of Japan in a hidden Hawaiian valley.

Like a rare, exotic gift that surprises and delights, Byodo-In Temple brings an unexpected taste of traditional Japan to a beautiful, secluded valley beyond Waikiki. A faithful replica of the 900-year-old temple at Uji, Japan, it enshrines a giant golden Buddha. Stroll along a carp-filled stream, through gracious Japanese gardens to a quiet meditation house. Or sound the heavy brass bell, that gongs a message of deep calm and peace.

Victor Costa for Suzy Perette

creates a modern-day goddess at Byodo-In Temple in a flowing white dress — cut away at the shoulders and slit at the bodice for beguiling bareness . . . of 100% Monsanto nylon, sizes 6-16, about $65. Wear Dated® covers a lot of living.

In a lush jungle garden, a spirited game of croquet.
Much of the island of Oahu is an impressive profusion of flowers . . . of jungle leaves and vines that weave and twine into a near-solid mass of stems and stalks, buds and fruit. Blossoms range from the fragrant frangipani to waxy anthurium, more plastic in appearance than real. And all provide a breathtaking backdrop for any isle activity.

Knits by Don
knows how to play the game in a long aqua dress with ribbed halter bodice and pointelle skirt . . . also in pink and white. Or stay on the ball in a pink turtle-neck dress with smartly ribbed bodice and full pointelle sleeves . . . also in aqua and white. Both of 100% Acrilan® acrylic, sizes 4-14, around $54. Fashion with a serious purpose — RAY-BAN® SUN GLASSES BY BAUSCH & LOMB.

Wear-Dated covers a lot of living

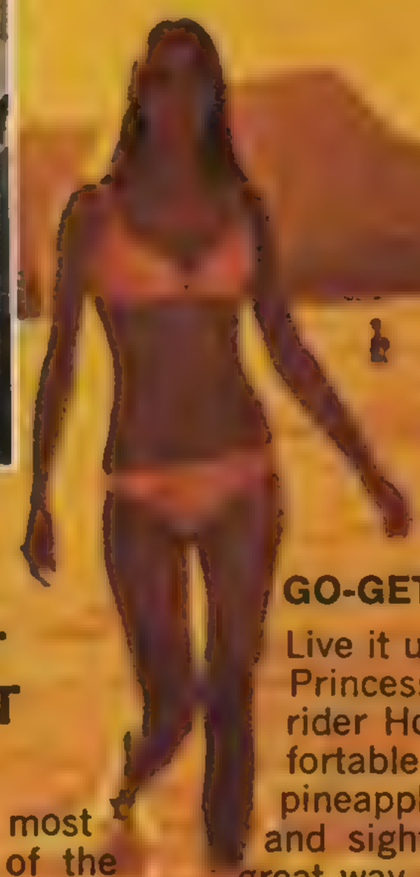
WEAR DATED
Monsanto

Monsanto

(For the store nearest you see the retail listing immediately following this editorial section.)

Waikiki 73





FLY TO THE GOLDEN NEW WORLDS ON UNITED'S FRIEND SHIP AND LET SHERATON HAWAII PUT YOU RIGHT ON THE SANDS OF WAIKIKI BEACH.

You've just had a glimpse of the **new** Waikiki — the most exciting vacation paradise in the Pacific. Now three of the nation's leading travel masters — United Air Lines, Sheraton Hotels and Avis Rent A Car — make it easy for you to experience it first hand, through fabulous Waikiki '73 vacations. Choose the one that fits your life style.

You'll be flown to Honolulu in a sparkling Polynesian atmosphere, aboard United's Friend Ship featuring superb cuisine by Trader Vic. After you arrive, you'll go straight to Waikiki Beach . . . Sheraton's beach. Of the five hotels right **on** Waikiki Beach, four belong to Sheraton — the Moana, Surfrider, Royal Hawaiian and Sheraton-Waikiki. Plus the Princess Kaiulani just across the street from the beach. Then spend a day or more exploring the worlds beyond Waikiki in a new car from Avis. Be as active . . . or as lazy as you like. That's what Waikiki '73 vacations are all about. We provide the basics. You provide the plans.

BARGAIN HUNTER from $59* **(Economy-priced Vacations)**

Enjoy 7 days-6 nights in a comfortable room at your choice of the Moana Hotel, right on the sands of Waikiki Beach or the Princess Kaiulani Hotel, just across the street from the beach. And be Sheraton's guest for an exciting Monarch Room show and cocktail at the famed Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

GO-GETTER from $105* **(Medium-priced Vacations)**

Live it up for 7 days-6 nights in a superior-view room at the Princess Kaiulani, Sheraton-Waikiki, Royal Hawaiian or Surfrider Hotel. You'll receive a flower lei greeting and a comfortable ride to your hotel, where you'll find a juicy, ripe pineapple waiting for you. Go native at a beachside luau and sightsee for one day in a new Duster from Avis . . . a great way to take in Hawaii's exciting marine experience, Sea Life Park, just a 25-minute scenic drive from Waikiki.

V.I.P. PACE-SETTER from $144* **(Deluxe Vacations)**

Enjoy the good life for 7 days-6 nights in a lavish, ocean-view room or suite at the Sheraton-Waikiki, Surfrider, Princess Kaiulani or Royal Hawaiian Hotel. You'll receive a warm flower lei greeting and a comfortable ride to your hotel, where you'll find a fresh, golden pineapple in your room. Be Sheraton's guest at a magnificent dinner and show in the Monarch Room at the famed Royal Hawaiian Hotel and spend a day sightseeing in a new Plymouth from Avis.

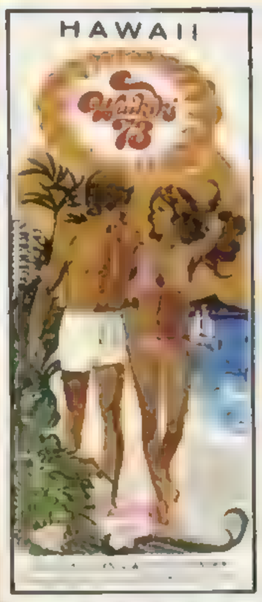
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*Plus tax per person sharing a double room. Air fare is not included in the prices.

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V-3

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The preceding 8-page section on Waikiki '73 was produced by Fawcett-McDermott Associates, Inc., Honolulu. Photography by David Cornwell.



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Featured styles available at the following fine stores.

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Suzy Perette
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Ann Taylor-All Stores
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Scott Barrie
Bloomingdale's—N.Y. All Branches
Marie Leavell—Dallas
Joseph Magnin—California, Colorado, Nevada, Hawaii
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Sakowitz—Houston
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Ultimo—Chicago
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Odds & Evens—Brooklyn, Cedarhurst, Long Island
Anna Darden—Durham, N.C.

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Lord & Taylor—New York
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Stix, Baer & Fuller—St. Louis
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Rich's—Atlanta
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BOOKS by May Sarton

One Life: Glory and Torture

Anne Morrow Lindbergh: life lived at its extremes, in her unretouched letters and journals

Few writers lead active, pioneering lives; few are thrust early into the public domain; none I can think of has had to bear such relentless exposure as Anne Morrow Lindbergh has endured from the time of her engagement to Charles. Many women struggle to maintain the polarity between an inner life and a husband's outward-bound adventures, but in the life of no woman or man I can think of has the tension been so great nor the poles as far apart as in Anne Morrow Lindbergh's life—and here lies the source of her genius, hard won, forged in equal parts of awareness, vulnerability, discipline, and courage. There is nothing easy or simple about it.

Anne Lindbergh surely made the right choice in giving us her autobiographical works—*Hour of Gold, Hour of Lead: Diaries and Letters of Anne Morrow Lindbergh 1929-1932* [the first volume, *Bring Me a Unicorn*, covering 1922-1928, was published last year; both by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.]—not retouched, just as they were set down at the time; for they have a marvelous freshness and truth. They could not be better than they are. We are given here a generous open gift from the very quick of her life: first, in its apotheosis when, newly married, she went off flying with Charles to test air routes across the continent, to South America, and finally north to the Orient; second, in its descent into hell, when her son was kidnapped and murdered, and the long inward journey back.

Anne Lindbergh's talent both as a writer and as a woman might have seemed a talent for intimacy and for the fruits of intimacy, the writing of poetry, children, a garden, summed up in her delightful image of sunlight through a jar of marmalade. Instead, that talent was asked to take in the whole sky, the whole earth laid open under the wings of a plane. Off the coast of Cuba she described the sea as "still and beautiful but iridescent and as if about to tremble and break, like a soap bubble." Because she looked at everything with a poet's eye for significant detail, we have a magnificent record here of what flying was like forty years ago in a small plane.

Those Hours of Gold were paid for in full by the horrors of a particular kind of fame, for Anne and Charles Lindbergh had become monstrous magnets of public attention: "It is like being born with no nose, or deformed—everyone on the street looks at you once and then *again;* always looks *back*—that second look, the *leer*. No one else gets that. President Hoover doesn't get it; Daddy doesn't get it; they get a dignified curiosity. But that look, as though we were a public amusement, monkeys in a cage. . . . Oh, it is brutal. We never catch people or life unawares. It is always looking at us." She had to learn to look back, and she had to learn to protect herself at the same time. What did it cost against this to keep an inner life alive, the life of a writer, a private life private, the life of a woman, when the slightest rumor of pregnancy made headlines around the world?

That was one part of the struggle. But in the Hour of Gold what is most poignant is to watch a young woman born into a family where everything could be shared and talked about, especially with two delightful sisters, learning extreme reticence. For years Anne Lindbergh had to censor even what she wrote her family. No wonder that at times the writer in her felt stifled and desperate. But in the end even this hard discipline worked toward a good (Continued on page 95)

NATURAL BIRTH CONTROL?

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Doesn't affect your hormones. Delfen is a vaginal foam made to approximate the natural condition of a normal healthy vagina. Works without affecting your hormones.

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Proven effectiveness. Delfen Foam contains one of the most effective sperm killing ingredients in use today—Nonoxynol 9. And while no method of contraception can guarantee 100% effectiveness for all women, tests on thousands of women plus the experience of hundreds of thousands of users prove Delfen to be highly effective when used as directed.

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Is Your Best Friend Keeping a Beauty Secret From You?

In every group of friends, there seems to be one woman set apart from the others. You know she's near your age, and yet she looks younger than you do. Each time you meet, whether it's at a PTA meeting, shopping, at the office or at a party, everyone notices the difference. And even though she's your best friend, you can't help envying her youthful look, and coveting it.

How can your friend look so young? Perhaps she is fortunate enough to share a



secret known to younger-looking women in many parts of the world, the secret of the lovely benefits of a remarkable beauty blend created to help women stay looking younger longer.

Now share the secret of Oil of Olay moisturizing lotion, available at drugstores in the United States. The unique blend, developed by beauty researchers, contains a wealth of natural moisture, tropical oils and other emollients. The special formulation penetrates the surface layer of the skin almost as you watch, to soothe away the dryness that accentuates wrinkles. As dryness lessens, aging wrinkles and lines become less apparent. With each successive day of use, you will welcome the difference in your complexion. Your skin becomes softer, smoother and more radiant, as suppleness and resiliency begin to return. The treasured fluid even helps retain your skin's own natural moisture, to keep you younger looking still.

Let your skin drink in the beauty blend twice a day for the most beneficial results. Lavish on Oil of Olay in the morning, to bring a moist, dewy freshness to your face and throat, and to act as a near-perfect makeup base. Smooth on generously before bedtime, to let the treasured fluid work wonders through silent hours of sleep.

Your best friend may have been the first in your group to experience the lovely benefits of Oil of Olay. Surely you should not be the last.

Beauty Hints

Are the little lines around your eyes giving away your age? Pat generous amounts of Oil of Olay into this delicate skin, and watch as the dryness that emphasizes tell-tale signs of passing years grows less noticeable day by day.

* * *

Each time you stroke Oil of Olay® on your face and throat, use the precious fluid remaining on your fingertips to soothe other dry areas. Elbows, wrists and even knees will respond beautifully to this cherishing attention.

(Advertisement)

GAMES by Sam Fry

Bridge: Losers May Be Winners

Brilliant play can rescue an overbidder—if he's lucky

If the perfectly bid bridge hand always made the contract and the ineptly bid ones went down, bridge might cease to be the exciting and stimulating game it is. At least to the average player.

North and South between them made a bit of a mess of the bidding on the deal below. But an unfortunate choice of the opening lead by West plus a real honey of a play by South brought home the "wrong" contract, whereas the "right" one would very likely have gone down.

NORTH
♠ K Q 10 6
♡ K Q 5
◇ A K J 3
♣ Q 4

WEST
♠ J 5 3
♡ 8 7 3 2
◇ 8 6 2
♣ K J 9

EAST
♠ A 9 7 4 2
♡ 6 4
◇ 9 7
♣ 8 7 6 3

SOUTH
♠ 8
♡ A J 10 9
◇ Q 10 5 4
♣ A 10 5 2

South professes not to remember the exact bidding that got a contract of six hearts by South instead of a sounder one in diamonds by North. South, a man, wanted to play the hand; his wife, sitting North, went along. And so what could have been a crashing victory for Women's Lib, had she objected, turned into a major setback. (She would have won her Liberation but lost the hand: it happens that a contract of six diamonds by North could be beaten if East leads a club.)

Against six hearts, West elected to lead the three of spades (North had bid the suit), "through unsupported strength." No other lead looked particularly inviting, and who can blame him for not having chosen a neutral heart or diamond lead?

When dummy came down, South took quick inventory. Barring the miracle of a singleton king, he had a sure club loser in addition to the spade ace. It was highly unlikely that West had underled the spade, so putting up the king or queen would avail nothing. Where to find not one, not two, but *three* club discards? The spade suit was the only possibility. A glimmer of hope appeared to South. If the three of spades lead was from three (or two) to the jack, and the ace could be extracted from East without sacrificing dummy's king or queen *or ten*, the three club discards would miraculously appear. So South brilliantly played the six of spades from the dummy.

Put yourself in East's position. (East was one of the country's finest players.) Would you have played the spade nine at trick one? Even as you and I, poor East went up with the ace. The spade-three lead, coupled with the complete duck in the dummy, just had to be read as either a singleton or possibly low from eight-five-three. The hand was all over once the ace of spades was played. East had been jobbed, Women's Lib went down the drain, and Men's Lib triumphed for the moment. ■



You can take a White Horse anywhere

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Imagine going to your linen closet and being able to choose any combination of prints, stripes, solids and plaids knowing they'll look beautiful no matter how you put them together.

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And it works for our sheets, pillowcases, towels, comforters, blankets and bedspreads.

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First we relate one pattern to another. Not only by the design itself, but also by the scale of the design to its background.

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That way, we can give you the kind of choice we think you should have. And you can get the kind of excitement we think you want.

For example, there are days when you may feel a little more daring than dubious. (The same feeling that makes you try a beef bourguignon for dinner instead of the usual pot roast).

Well, on those days, you might start with a bottom sheet and pillowcases in the bright, garden colors of Just Flowers. Add a top sheet and more pillowcases in green-as-grass Plaid Picket. (Both in 50% Dacron® polyester and 50% combed cotton). And complete the look with the appetite appeal of Fresh Fruit in a billowy Vellux® comforter.

Or, you might choose the same pattern in two colors. The same color in two patterns. Or even the same pattern in the same color.

Of course, whatever works for your bed will work for your bath too. With our luxuriously thick towels in the same beautiful patterns and colors.

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The consummate face treatment. This extraordinary new beauty complex not only moisturizes and limbers up your skin—but actually helps lock in precious moisture even in the driest environment. The secret of its success: an exclusive tri-activated formula fortified with natural oils, humectants and a unique patented compound that simulates the skin's own moisturizing factor.
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Only Fashion Tress could translate the most beautiful news from France into the most beautiful news in wigs. Smooth. Short. And very 1973.

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(Advertisement)



GREECE TODAY

new art forms with current interpretations

this page: the sculptural. Ilias Lalaounis fashions 22 kt. gold with primitive strength, ageless beauty. These, the Neolithic Collection, herald the return to classic and simple shapes in jewelry design. Other jewelry sculptures in 18 kt. and 22 kt. gold.

opposite page: the soft. Yannis Tseklenis wafts pure silk georgette into drifts of surprising romance. Here, an electric print is subdued by a pristine, proud line. Another of the excitements in Greek fashion today.

ilias LALAoUNIS



YANNIS TSEKLENIS



reports

The Well-Kept Nail.

On hand now, a remarkable 'nail-fitness program' based on the premise that color—no matter how ravishing—is just not enough.

In order to thrive, grow long and strong, a nail needs to be protected, bolstered, sheltered from daily knocks and moisture loss.

Here we have a gathering of 6 nail care-takers dedicated to giving your nails professional protection and pampering. Everything, from the couture nail colors to the gentle nail color remover, was created so that your nails might lead a long and happy life.



With a little effort, and in no time at all, even problem fingernails can mend their ways—and look as though they live in the lap of luxury.

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Moisture-Balancing Conditioner. For nails and cuticles. Helps toughen, fortify and brace against damage. Even fragile nails firm up fast.

Cuticle Sluffing Lotion. A moisturizing lotion that coddles cuticles and sluffs off 'raggedy ann' tissue.

Moisture-Balancing Base Coat. A protein-enriched formula that readies your nail for color. Gives nail enamel something perfect to glide over and cling on and onto.

Chip-Resistant Sealer. Provides a tough, glossy, detergent-resistant finish that gives your manicure even longer wear. Choose Transparent, Polished Pearl or Super Polished Pearl.

Color Remover Lotion. Takes it all off. But gently, gently. Not harsh, non-drying. Pleasantly scented.

The Nail Fitness Program by

Charles of the Ritz

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The Dolphins . . . a great team for a super three-piece look in polyester and cotton. Here's the lineup: blouse and pants in white with black dolphins $28.00 each. The winning jacket in white or black, $58.00. All sizes 6 to 16.

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MOVIES

(Continued from page 20)

that is life. *Deep Throat* recounts the bizarre adventure of a young lady who discovers that her clitoris, by some anatomical freakage has been transformed to her throat. From there on I imagine the story is evident—it is also a trifle tedious. Lovemaking is not a spectator sport; and while there are many lovely things one individual can do to another individual, they all have one thing in common—they look ridiculous on the late, kind of late, home movie, all in unlikely color and even more unlikely unlikeliness.

There is a kind of honesty to *Deep Throat*, and quite a lot of corny humor. One would hesitate to say that its rather attractive young star, Linda Lovelace, will go far; because clearly she already has. However, the social implications of *Deep Throat* are more significant than its claims on us as either entertainment or art. Its widespread popularity as porno-chic is as interesting, in its way, as all those months the book *The Sensuous Woman* spent reclining at the top of the best-seller lists.

Also, without *Deep Throat* and all the other widely available hard-core cinematic pornography, it is doubtful whether Mr. Bertolucci would have had the courage—or perhaps even the inspiration—to titillate millions with art, at five dollars a seat.

Sexist note—while Mr. Brando does not remove his pants to make love, it must also be admitted that in the far more hectic circumstances of *Deep Throat*, Miss Lovelace in all of her numerous amorous encounters omits to remove her bra. So—we all have our hang-ups! ■

UN-PORNO: FILMS FOR ALL

Godspell: The movie of the still-running worldwide smash musical by John-Michael Tebelak based on the Gospel according to St. Matthew is shot in familiar New York scenes—from the baptism of Victor Garber, the clown-Christ, in the Bethesda Fountain in Central Park to his crucifixion on Randall's Island. The film renews both text and town with no-impertinences-barred acting and exuberant top-pop songs by Stephen Schwartz.

Charlotte's Web: Fans of E. B. White's children's classic (that's everyone) will hate seeing the characters cartooned but like their voices—Agnes Moorehead as the goose, Debbie Reynolds as Charlotte (an odd, but good, choice), and a Templeton rat worthy of his rotten egg: television badman Paul Lynde.

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Nature.
Because I, too, am a woman, I must pause to marvel at you. You're the life force that makes the world what it is. And me what I am. Nature. You're a free spirit man has yet to conquer. I have never seen you, but I see you. When I look up at the sky. When I walk in the rain. When I hold a newborn baby. The world is your offspring. And I am one of them. For I am nature's child. As a woman, I am one with nature.

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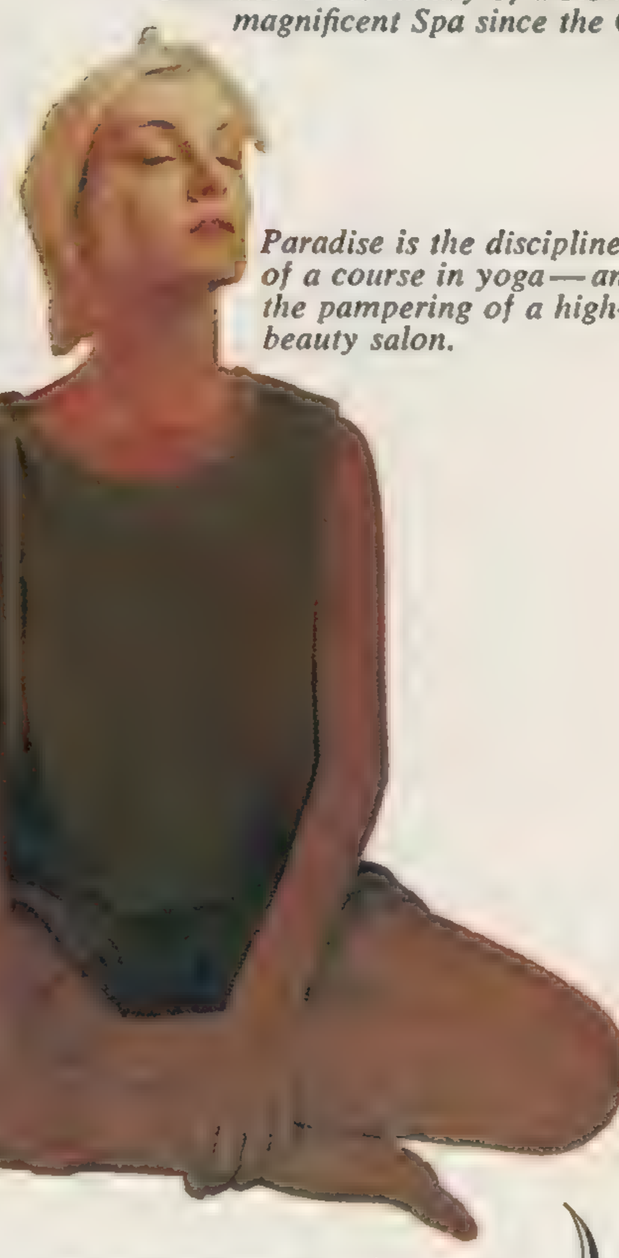




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(Continued from page 63)

Anne Lindbergh: "A generous open gift from the very quick of her life"

kind of tension in the style and perhaps helped her to invent certain silences that run through all her work and make it breathe.

The Hour of Lead follows on the Hour of Gold, and that horror is part of legend. Yet as we relive what happened forty years ago, live through it again, this time through Anne Lindbergh's private agony, it comes with the fresh force of a blow to the heart. She was right to believe that just here she has most to give, as she tells us in a remarkable introduction just what that journey to hell and back meant, step by step; by what means she learned to handle extreme pain; how for a time she was Orpheus trying to bring back the dead; how little by little she climbed back, fumbling in the dark, to be reborn at last with the birth of her son Jon, that infant who lay next to her heart through all that horror, yet who emerged whole, beautiful, alive—like a miracle.

By the end of this remarkable book, we have watched a person who thought of herself when she was engaged as a "page" to Charles Lindbergh's "knight" grow into a whole woman, a whole artist (think of the polarity here!); and the marriage itself a great difficult exemplar in which one born to "do" and one born to "be" were knit together through joy and agony, each to become fruitful in his own way. How many times must we be told and in how many ways, before we can believe it, that true power is given to the vulnerable? ■

NOTE: In the February issue, in Allene Talmey's review of *Calories and Carbohydrates: A Dictionary of 7500 Brand Names and Basic Foods with Their Caloric and Carbohydrate Count* by Barbara Kraus (Grosset & Dunlap), a quotation was taken from an early edition of that book. In editions now on sale, the quotation has been emended: "Diet Pepsi: 6 fl. oz. = 35 cal. and 8.8 gms. carbo.; No-Cal Cola: 6 fl. oz. = less than 1 cal. and less than .1 gms. carbo.; Tab: 6 fl. oz. = less than 1 cal. and less than .1 gms. carbo."



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READYBEAUTY

Men, Women and Perfume

Bernard Lanvin speaks his mind



The Lanvins

"In every country you find the women leading the men," so says Bernard Lanvin, tall, fair, and handsome third-generation head of the Paris house of perfume and couture. Here to launch **Via Lanvin,** a vibrant new fragrance—and the first major one from Lanvin since Arpege was created in 1927—Bernard stressed the importance of female influence. "The American man has become more sophisticated because of his woman. He wears more cologne because she likes it. He does what she says. In fact, a woman's influence on man's appearance is evident all over the world . . . although in Anglo-Saxon countries it works more slowly."

He went on readily to admit how much notice he takes of wife Maryll. Former Lanvin model, blue-eyed, brunette, and beautiful, she apparently chooses his clothes, while he chooses hers. "This is as it should be. You dress for the one you love—and my wife and I work as a team. She has been changed by me and I have been changed by her."

Never to the point of losing identity, however, for he likes to tear up the timetable racing through Paris in black leather rig on a powerful motorbike, whereas Maryll definitely prefers the slower pace . . . by chauffeur-driven car.

Bernard and Maryll conferred constantly over Via Lanvin during the five years it took to develop it. "Somebody must finally decide and it was up to me," said Bernard. "I don't have a chemist's 'nose' but I do have a feeling." That feeling was translated into a perfume we think is significant and appealing, floral in character with a special touch of jasmine, also surprising here and there with the emotive note of musk. To describe his fragrance in greater detail, Bernard said, "To me, Via Lanvin is a modern scent . . . for the new generation of women . . . sophisticated, well-traveled, interesting, cultivated . . . between 18 and 35 . . . everyone's ideal of a woman today."

Named by a Computer

"In finding a name we decided to work scientifically. We'd come up with seventeen names—Via Lanvin among them—knowing the final choice should include Lanvin followed or preceded by a word of no more than four letters. Because of pronunciation difficulties in the Japanese-, German-, and Spanish-speaking markets, we eliminated the letters 'R,' 'J,' 'G,' and 'L.' The computer's answer—and ours—was Via Lanvin."

"What we are selling is a certain way of life, not a certain fragrance—for on any ten women, it will have ten different effects. Women will always look to France for the best that country has to offer—a certain *douceur de vivre,* French wines . . . and French perfume."

(More Ready Beauty, page 100)

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the fragrance
that can shake your world.
(and his)

READYBEAUTY

Body Talk

. . . the cellulite story

If you ask Nicole Ronsard about cellulite, she could write a book. And she has—*Cellulite: Those Lumps, Bumps, and Bulges You Couldn't Lose Before* (Beauty & Health Publishing Corp., $12.95). The very first of its kind, it's devoted exclusively to cellulite—a subject Mme. Ronsard has been studying all her life. What prompted this putting-everything-down-in-black-and-white were the results she's been able to achieve in her New York treatment salon and the general lack of awareness concerning cellulite in this country. For the unenlightened, Mme. Ronsard defines cellulite as gel-like lumps composed of fat, water, and the residues of toxic substances that should be—but have not been—eliminated by the body. Lodged just below the surface of the skin—and most likely to lodge in the thighs—these lumps persist despite normal diet-and-exercise routines. Early on, we learn the causes of cellulite, how it can be recognized, and other places it usually affects. Then Mme. Ronsard gets down to the serious business of moving those immovable objects. Her plan of action is a six-point one: the proper diet; increasing the body's elimination; correct breathing; exercise geared to the trouble spots; massage; relaxation. All of which is clearly explained and illustrated both with photographs and attractive line drawings. Some of the things she touches upon—nutrition, deep breathing, swimming pool exercises, Yoga postures, ways to take it easy—make for an interesting, useful read—cellulite or no cellulite. . . .

. . . news in the tub

"Take advantage of your bath, making it a real beauty treat. Give yourself as much time as possible. Enjoy . . . ." This advice, from Nicole Ronsard who rates a warm, luxurious bath high on any list of relaxers. What follows are some scrumptious new ways to enjoy yours. . . . From Parfums Rochas, three new Paris imports: Milk Bath, enriched with the protein benefits of the real thing; a Bath and Shower Gel that foams, sudses, or just plain soaks you deliciously clean; and for the refreshing wind-up, a mist of Spray Talc. All three available in their Femme (fruity, flowery) and Madame Rochas (rich, warm) fragrances. . . . Chanel No. 5, a number that's no stranger on the tub scene, can now be found in two new guises—bubbly Milk Bath to clean and soften and silky Body Lotion whose deep scenting lasts long after everything else has gone down the drain. . . .

. . . face saving advice

Moving onwards and upwards, face cleaning according to skin type from Helena Rubinstein. The new Water-Activated Face Wash for normal skin is a mild, creamy lotion that does away with makeup and grime while leaving behind natural, necessary skin oil. Skin plagued with too much oil, on the other hand, can get help from Bracing Astringent Cleanser, a lemon-tart tingler that cleans, freshens, tightens pores. . . . And don't forget the kind of moisture a face needs to keep things soft and glowing—the kind supplied by Max Factor's new Geminesse Enriched Moisture Complex Cream, crammed with all sorts of soothing aids: natural lubricants, moisture-retaining humectants, and a patented compound, PCA (formulated to stimulate the skin's own moisturizing ability). You can let it work overnight or, during the day, wear it by itself or under makeup if skin is really dry.

How often should you shampoo your hair?

Shampoo often enough to keep your hair looking its best. Most women find their hair is prettiest the first day after they wash it—when it's so clean each strand of hair flows free and doesn't cling to its neighbor. If that's the case with you—it's good to know your hair can be washed as often as every day—if you use a gentle shampoo like Johnson's.





Shampooing can give your scalp the exercise it needs. You may have heard people say that frequent shampooing makes your hair get oilier. Not so! In fact, the gentle massage that a normal shampooing gives your scalp helps normalize oil flow. It's like "exercising" your scalp and exercise is as good for your scalp as for any other part of your body.



Bleached or dry hair often needs shampooing before it looks oily. Bleached hair is often rougher than normal healthy hair, so it can trap dirt and sprays. It can look dull and unhealthy before it looks oily, so don't wait for oiliness to shampoo. And this kind of hair needs a gentle shampoo, like Johnson's Baby Shampoo.



Shampooing can add fullness to your hair. No matter how you wear your hair, long and smooth or short and curly, your hair needs fullness to look its best. Hair can look limp even before it's oily—so shampoo often with Johnson's Baby Shampoo for a full, lively look.

You can shampoo every day with Johnson's Baby Shampoo. It's so gentle.

It can't harm your eyes—it can't hurt your hair!

by Joan Buck

London Fast-Talk

In England: people, fashion, arts, food, politics, cars, fun

Something crystallized the new feeling here the other day: a gloriously duded-out British cowboy with flowing bandannas ambling into **Lobb's** for a pair of hand-stitched shoes, made to last a lifetime. The joys and delights of London no longer have anything to do with Carnaby Street or the King's Road; it's back to the Connaught for cold salmon, back to the farm (preferably an ancestral tract of land) for the hippies. Which leaves a lot of clean people strolling the streets in search of some good silver salt and pepper shakers. Even Mick Jagger was seen in the silver department at Harrod's.

The feeling is concentrated, dedicated, and occasionally morose; Phase Two, the second stage of the Government's anti-inflation policy to keep wages and prices and morale down, succeeds in depressing the less ambitious into a state of near inertia. And what with air inversions and the peculiar climate here, inertia is the biggest hazard. There are of course the go-getters like thirty-two-year-old self-made millionaire **John Bentley,** but even he is feeling apologetic about the workers his **Barclay Securities** may have made redundant. So sorry, but industry marches on. No. 144 Piccadilly, which three years ago was the focus for a sit-in with attendant press-vandalism and general uproar, is now a large hole in the middle of Hyde Park Corner, lit by night with the klieg lights of intensive construction. Forty-one hotels of over two hundred rooms are being built in Central London, and the tourists' trade is expected to start flourishing like the growing castle at the end of Strindberg's *A Dream Play*.

Speaking of Strindberg, the World Theatre Season is bowing out with its tenth anniversary. **Peter Daubeny,** the brilliant impresario who has been responsible for some of the most exciting productions on the London stage in the past twenty-five years, is taking an "enforced rest" after this one, which promises to be the best yet. In the past ten years the World Theatre Season has brought the talents of the **Zulu** theater company, the Russians, Czechs, Poles, Greeks, and Italians to the Aldwych, thereby helping the regular theatergoer to have as many superlative intellectual comparisons as the early Kenneth Tynan: "But you should have seen the Prague production in 1953, as I did. . . ."

Lorca's "Yerma," directed by **Victor Garcia,** returns to the Aldwych with **Nuria Espert** in the lead role. This production was the most praised of all last year, and those who missed it then are already getting out the Lyrical Wax. The season opens with the **Bochum Schauspielhaus** from Germany, whose director **Peter Zadek** is bringing a spectacular revue about **Berlin** in the 'twenties and 'thirties. Called **"Little Man—What Now?,"** it is adapted from the book by **Hans Fallada,** published in 1931. Many people, including astrologer Frederick Davies, are saying that 1973 is **Hitler's** year; and a tide of Berlin nostalgia and prewar-Germany idolatry is sweeping producers of all races. Since the success of **Cabaret,** poor young Michael York can't get away from that time and that place—he plays another bemused British Innocent in **"England Made Me,"** a derivative film whose appeal lies in its Art Deco alabaster table lamps. It's getting a little tedious seeing the rise of Fascism and the persecution of the Jews as a background to popular entertainment, but perhaps eight performances of "Little Man—What Now?" will purge us of all that.

Among the "Eleven Companies from Ten Countries in Twenty-One Productions over Fourteen Weeks" (as the handout says) are **the Comédie Française** in two **Molière** plays, the **Umewaka Noh Troupe** from Japan, and two gems from the north: The Cracow Story theater with **Andrzej Wajda**'s adaptation of **"The Possessed,"** and **Ingmar Bergman**'s production of **"The Wild Duck,"** starring **Lena Nyman,** the girl who interviewed, and otherwise came in contact with, half the population of Sweden in **"I Am Curious (Yellow),"** **". . . (Blue)," etc.**

(Continued on page 107)

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Lemon Face Splash - gentle astringent with moisturizers and lemon oils to pamper skin. PH balanced.

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Lemon Eye/Throat Oil — organic oils, vitamin E and lemon blended to help replace natural skin oils and moisture.

Avocado Hand Cream — vitamin E enriched, PH balanced formula works like an invisible glove to protect hands.

Cocoaberry Dry Skin Cream—cocoa butter and vitamin E make this extraordinary formula a must for dry skin.

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LONDON

(Continued from page 102)

The Royal Shakespeare Company, whose natural habitat in London is the **Aldwych,** is up at Stratford with the **Shakespeare** repertoire. *Romeo and Juliet* started on March 28, with **Timothy Dalton,** who has been skulking around the movies playing Heathcliff and Darnley. In **"As You Like It,"** the part of Rosalind (the vivacious actress's big-time chance) will be played by **Eileen Atkins,** who was such a brilliant **Elizabeth I** in **"Vivat! Vivat Regina!"** in New York. By the way, a professor at Oxford called **Dr. A. L. Rowse** has just discovered the identity of the dark lady of the sonnets—one **Emilia Lanier,** who had a mole on the base of her neck. This discovery has given rise to a huge controversy, mostly based on the argument of "Who the hell cares." At least that's what Hugh Trevor Roper said.

Down in the East End, where, in the minds of romantic city-minded town planners, quaint cockle-and-mussel sellers chant their wares, **Joan Littlewood** has just celebrated the twentieth anniversary of her **Theatre Royal, Stratford East. (Game:** take the words "Stratford," "Theatre," and "Royal," and juggle them until you can come up with a new theater.) She has been bringing theater both polemic **("The Quare Fellow")** and amusing **("Costa Packet")** to the East End on and off since 1953 and plans for her **Fun Palace,** though temporarily shelved, are not abandoned. Her style, both as a director and as the head of a company, is free-wheeling, humorous, and energetic; and her vocabulary contains few words with more, or less, than four letters. Her discoveries include **Brendan Behan,** Lionel Bart (who did the music for **"Fings Ain't Wot They Used'T'Be"),** Terence Stamp, and Richard Harris. Bart recently returned to help her out on a project called **"Londoners,"** a re-adaptation of *Fings* which took into account the growing menace of property developers by having workmen wandering through the audience, leering at columns and support beams. In inimitable style, Miss Littlewood suggested that Bart appear in the show, whereupon he promptly broke his foot onstage. Thomas Wolfe forgot to mention the physical dangers of going home again.

The biggest successes in the **West End** last year were **"Private Lives," "Journey's End"** (a fantastic new actor named **Peter Egan,** get that, Otto, David, Sam,

(Continued on page 218)



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Beauty Lifesavers

New York diplomatic wives tell how they combat the climate, the dryness—plus a heavy social schedule

Señora Carmen Ortiz de Rozas



"I don't know which suffers more from the dry air in New York—my skin or my English furniture," said Señora de Rozas, wife of the Argentinian Ambassador to the U.N. "My beauty lifesaver is one I always stock up on when I'm in France. Guerlain's Secret de Bonne Femme—unfortunately, you can't get it here. It's a superb night cream, so quickly disappearing, so quickly moisturizing. I grew up with it. . . . I also grew up with a belief in once-a-week facials, starting early." Wherever she and her husband are stationed—they've been in Athens, Cairo, London, Vienna—Señora de Rozas soon tracks down a good skincare specialist. She's delighted with the one she's found here, Marina Vlady—321 East 45th Street, N.Y.C.; telephone, (212) 986-1067. "I find her treatments a panacea." . . . Three times a week, she exercises at the Sutton Place Spa to keep in shape—"the most important beauty plan of all."

Mrs. Robbert Fack



"New York taxes a woman's looks," said Mrs. Fack, whose husband is Ambassador of the Netherlands to the U.N. "It's hard to avoid looking haggard." Her beauty lifesavers: drinking lots of water, escaping to the country as often as possible, to "walk and walk." British by birth, Mrs. Fack has blue eyes, dark-blond hair, and delicate, fair skin. "I use a heavy moisturizer during the bath, so the steam can help it penetrate. I never wear cream at night—I feel the skin has to be free to breathe. For makeup, I use Almay products; they're very refined, unscented—good for delicate skin." Mrs. Fack does her own hair, abetted by Noelle, a paragon hairdresser who comes to the house to do comb-outs, coloring. Noelle is a mainstay of many New York diplomatic wives: "She's a marvel—but very hard to get." . . . If you want to give it a try, though, call (212) 744-7271.

Mme. Nsanze Terence



Young, very tall and slender, with a small head and marvelous long neck, Mme. Terence—wife of the Ambassador of Burundi to the U.N., the U.S., and Canada—suggests the beautiful Egyptian Queen Nefertiti. Her hair is brushed up, high, and back, in the style of Burundi; it's quite different from the American "Afro"—so different she hasn't found a New York hairdresser who can cope. So she does it herself, using Ultra Sheen to help style and hold. . . . Gentle, soft-voiced, Mme. Terence struggles against overeating from pure politeness at diplomatic dinners. She drinks no wine or spirits, but lots of milk and fruit juice; after four years here, is finally getting used to the taste of homogenized. . . . She loves American apples. . . . For dry skin, her beauty lifesaver is Mennen's Baby Magic—sometimes borrowed from her nine-months-old son, the youngest of her three small children.

Mme. Gerard Gaussen



Mme. Gaussen and her husband, the new Consul-General of France in New York, arrived in January from their previous post, Barcelona. After only ten days in New York, Mme. Gaussen found her skin "terribly dry—really chapped and chafed. I'm using Helena Rubinstein oil in my bath to add moisture." Slender and dark-eyed, with brilliantly white teeth, Mme. Gaussen radiates energy and vitality. Her beauty lifesavers are sports and the outdoor life—she rides, skis, and "both my husband and I are mad about golf." She doesn't wear much makeup, does wear a false chignon occasionally: "My hair is rather short, so there's a lot one can do with it." Her hairdresser—recommended by a cousin who lives in New York—is Monsieur Marc, 22 East 65th Street. About perfume: "You may think it strange for a Frenchwoman, but I prefer eau de toilette—mostly Dior. I like to feel, and smell, fresh."

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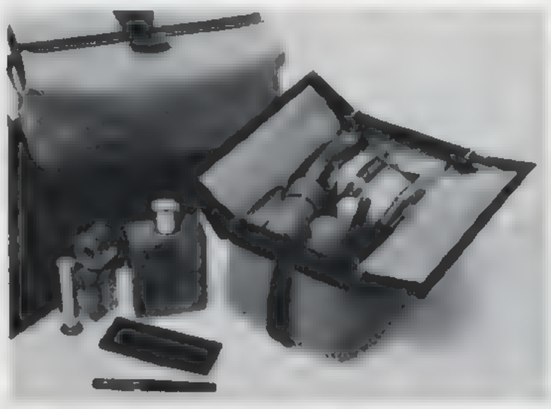
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How to be a Careful Traveler

The best beauty buys for your trip

When we go supersonic one day, the airlines might threaten to weigh us along with our luggage —so "small," "light," and "unbreakable" are obvious travel watchwords. Bloomingdale's, home of one of the most outstanding beauty departments in the world, is more aware than most that travelers can have space problems. *To make life easier* is a store credo; they stock a lot of useful, convenient, and ingenious items worth their weight and space (minimally speaking) in any suitcase. Such as . . . **The Stanley Steamer,** an electric device that steams out wrinkles fast; roller attachment for recreasing pants, brush attachment to freshen up fabrics ($9.95). **The miniature Braun hair dryer** adapts to foreign voltage, has brush and comb attachments ($22). **Shampoos** packed in individual plastic tubs, the size of a spool of thread; 24 to a box, camomile or strawberry, made in England by Crabtree and Evelyn. ($8). **Pierre Cardin's Fresh Air wig** collapses to nothing, helps make a tidy entrance ($40). **Mary Quant's makeup paintbox** has all the colors you're likely to need in a flat palette with mirror lid ($10). Roll on your magnificent **Norell perfume**—the roll-on size travels best ($7.50). Then there's the water-adapter, called **Two Shakes,** in a small shaker—to make hard water softer wherever you are. This is part of a Clinique kit of soap and lotions ($8.50). We like **Frances Denney's Bare Essentials**—moisturizer, makeup remover, hand cream, lip moisturizer, a pocket-size spray bottle of Interlude cologne; in a flat kit of green fake snake ($15). **The Allevia Travel Stick** by Alexandra de Markoff acts as a night cream, moisturizer, sunscreener ($10). **Useful conglomerates:** The Bon Voyage basket—wash-and-dry needs including washline and tiny clothespins ($6.50); the Voyager's Valet with foil envelopes of needs like shoe shine, polish remover, spot remover, deodorant, detergent ($4). **Compressed washcloths,** three to a mini-box, by Quettes. Add water, they expand ($2.10). All these things—and loads more—are found at public-spirited Bloomingdale's where, not surprisingly, on April 10, they launch an exhibition of Italian furniture with a huge charity party for the Save Venice Fund. The event is called "La Bella Campagna" . . . the beautiful country.

Packable health-and-beauty helps you'll most likely find in that place you miss the most when you're out of the country: the great American drugstore



Pomander balls from Rigaud, a royal fragrance to hang in hotel closet or put in drawers, combating the musty old-world smells that sometimes greet you on arrival. **Dramamine**—or whatever calms you down in motion-sickness pills—to keep you serene and steady on plane, ship, or the car heading for some of the fantastically winding roads you find in Europe (Yugoslavia's have to be the worst). **Roll-on deodorant** by Dial in neat handbag-size for security on day trips. A linen, plastic-lined, St. Thomas **flip-top travel case** (see photograph) to carry needed cosmetics and any other essentials you might need —your Oro Clean Aromatic Pocket toothbrush, unwaxed Dental Floss by Butler Co., Maybelline eyelash curler, Murine Clear Eyes Soothing eye drops, Tampax, and Midol to cover all your needs. A **pocket-size manicure set** with just what you want to use and no more; polish wrapped in a Baggie, Dorothy Gray's remover in foil-wrapped pads so nothing spills, nothing spoils. Halazone **water-purification tablets** by Abbott, if there's any question at all of water-safety in the place you're bound for. Lilly **sodium chloride (salt) tablets** if you're going to the tropics, and for that same tropical climate (especially Africa), an **insect repellent**—612 makes one in small stick form. (See your doctor about fever and tropical-ailment pills.) A **first-aid kit** by Johnson & Johnson, with plenty of Band-Aids, gauze bandage, and other basics. Remember to take enough of any prescription medicine you need, plus the prescription itself, in case a delay in your plans means a refilling job. **A good supply of razor blades,** not only for their usual work but the Gem Super Single-Edges can also be helpful for odd jobs—perhaps doubling as a knife to slice lemons, or cut a pill in half. **Soap'n Soak** by Scholl—a refreshment for feet that work so hard, and suffer so much on a trip. Electric ideas: **Carmen Auto Curlers** (work on the power of a car lighter), or a **Norelco heat comb,** to do a fast slick job on traveling hair—and a **Quicky immersion heater** to heat up a cup of tea or coffee or Lipton Cup-a-Soup when room service fails. Don't forget the World Wide Raz-Adapta by Todd for those foreign volts. An extra shower cap—Kleinert's makes pretty ones. **A few Flair pens,** felt and in color, one for every handbag, so notes and postcards can always be written. **A tiny sewing kit** by Gudebrod with scissors, needle, lots of thread colors in case you develop a wayward hem or button. **A ball of twine** that serves a lot of purposes—could tie up a flimsy package, make a handle, be a clothesline or emergency belt.



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By Maria Elise Crummere APRIL 1–APRIL 30

Horoscope

If you were born with the Sun in Aries:

You are a person who likes to lead. Since starting something new arouses Aries's energy, someone born in your sign must be in power at the beginning of every great change in history. Your courage and enthusiasm enable you to work with zeal and to excel. In 1973, at least until August or September, you will have a clear field, with Jupiter providing important opportunities and Saturn consolidating your efforts. Uranus will be in opposition, setting up challenges; but these barriers will divert you into exploring new paths. This will be a splendid year for you to build lasting foundations for progress toward your important goals.

Aries March 21–April 19

Love: With your ruler, Mars, in exciting Aquarius and joined to best-luck Jupiter, you will be stimulated and meet many new friends, a new love. The first week is your peak strength, a good time to secure a consent.

Work: During the third and fourth weeks, pressure those in authority to improve your power and financial future.

Health: You are feeling a resurgence of strength and an interest in new activities. Do not let overconfidence make you overdo. Moderation brings greater well-being.

Taurus April 20–May 20

Love: You prefer the known and reliable scene, but this month a new friend will introduce you to a social group where you will find a new romantic partner.

Work: Though you are not a speculator, early this month you can expand, become more enterprising. Move quickly or accept a business proposal the first week.

Health: With your ruler, Venus, in Aries, the sign of beginnings, you will feel like being unusually active. Remain steady; that suits your nature.

Gemini May 21–June 20

Love: Since you are dual in emotion, Mercury now in Pisces provokes doubts in your mind. To prevent a disappointment, follow your instincts, avoid making any commitments.

Work: The utmost is expected of you now, with Saturn in your sign. Move cautiously the first two weeks; then put lasting plans into effect. The month ends successfully.

Health: Early in the month, indecision may make you feel depressed, but after full moon on April 17, when Jupiter is good to you, you will feel great optimism and vigor.

Cancer June 21–July 22

Love: At new moon, April 3, a blow to a sensitive nerve may cause you to precipitate a break with someone you love. Wait until after full moon, April 17, for confrontation.

Work: Do not initiate or accept any business propositions during the first two weeks. Look around, but do not take action on any extensive project until the last ten days; let others take the initiative.

Health: Lack of activity makes you nervous; during a waiting time, work on hobbies to use energy constructively.

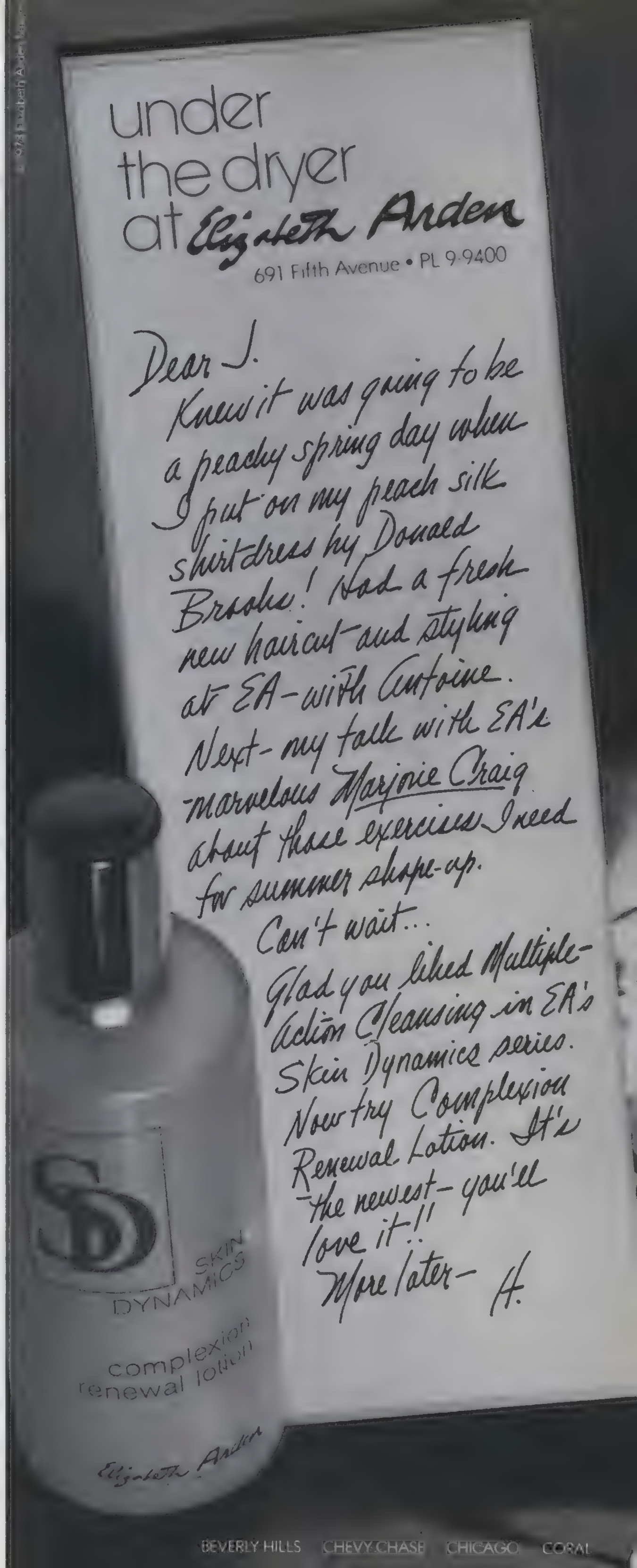
Leo July 23–August 22

Love: Jupiter in your solar marriage sign (Aquarius) will make you so popular you will have difficulty making a choice. Wait until full moon, April 17, then you can trust your judgment in making a decision.

Work: This period of opportunity is also good for your career; focus attention on promoting your aims.

Health: Your enthusiasm may be too intensified and could lead you into hazardous undertakings or minor accidents. Ease up to avoid putting too much strain on your health.

(Continued on page 118)




Looking great is what it's all about!
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HOROSCOPE (Continued from page 116)

Virgo August 23–September 22

Love: Your ruler, Mercury, is in Pisces, placing the initiative in the hands of the person you love; do not disagree or create an impasse until after full moon, April 17.

Work: Go along with your business partners until the last third of the month; then, take matters into your own hands and make the decisions. You can bid for new prospects that you will be able to control.

Health: Trust your feelings early in this month; if you feel apprehensive, do not move too quickly or overwork.

Libra September 23–October 22

Love: Venus is in your solar marriage house: a wedding is indicated. If not, you may be unable to make a choice among two or three ardent romances.

Work: With so many favorable opportunities in your life, you may be able to channel some of them into job advancement; the best time is before the full moon, April 17.

Health: The inertia that often makes you feel low disappears and you will be unusually active. Be the initiator now; your vigor will bring favorable responses.

Scorpio October 23–November 21

Love: You are excited by a new romance that is moving rapidly; slow down for happiness in the future.

Work: Your ruler, Mars, is closely joined with the planet of luck, Jupiter, with both of them in Aquarius; this is a most important time for you to start new business ventures. Such projects will prosper financially.

Health: You are in splendid health but are pushing yourself urgently. Since there is so much good fortune in your charts this month, you can afford to take it easy.

Sagittarius November 22–December 21

Love: Now, with your ruler, Jupiter, in Aquarius, you will attract a new love that will seem a dream come true. Move fast to secure this relationship.

Work: Pay attention to your job to take full advantage of this exciting and prosperous period between new moon, April 3, and full moon, April 17; don't let luck escape you.

Health: Your health prospers when you are busy promoting your ideas—the occupation most appropriate for you now; optimism is a healthy state of mind, especially for you.

Capricorn December 22–January 20

Love: You are a most conservative "romancer": but now, with Jupiter in your second house of values, you either will reevaluate someone you love or unexpectedly find a new admirer. You should enjoy this boost to your ego.

Work: Your ruler, Saturn, in the writing sign, Gemini, should promote a desire to write a book or to finish one you set aside years ago. Get it ready for publication now.

Health: From new moon, April 3, to full moon, April 17, you may feel anxious; good news will relieve tension the last week.

Aquarius January 21–February 19

Love: With Jupiter, the great good fortune, in your sign, opportunities surround you; but Mars, action, keeps you busy, making it hard for you to give time to love.

Work: Though love bids for your attention, it is urgent that financial transactions be studied between new moon, April 3, and full moon, April 17. You should find more than one good financial opportunity during this time.

Health: Jupiter in your birth sign assures the best of health; optimism will be high, a feeling of extreme well-being.

Pisces February 20–March 20

Love: You are pulled between a past love and a present admirer; wait until after full moon, April 17, to decide.

Work: You are very busy now completing a chore that you have neglected; finish it. After full moon, April 17, enter fully into a new project that will take you into a world of fresh interests and activities. The last third of the month brings you good financial returns.

Health: The first week brings many new ideas that stimulate a feeling of new physical energy and well-being.



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Delia's Boutique, Rio Piedras
Emily Shop, Hato Rey • Santurce
Estrella's Modas, Hato Rey
Helanie Fashions, Rio Piedras
Michelle's, Santurce
Nefeida Boutique, Coamo
Velasco, Hato Rey
Young Set Lingeries, Ponce
RHODE ISLAND
McCarthy's, Woonsocket
Shepard's, Providence
TENNESSEE
Gus Mayer, Memphis
Julius Lewis, Memphis
Kisber's, Jackson
TEXAS
Battelstein's, Houston
E. M. Scarbrough, Austin
Foley's, Houston
Intimate Apparel Shop, Lubbock
Joske's, Austin • San Antonio
Joske's, Houston
Lester's, Bryan
Lingerie Fair, San Antonio
Monnig's, Ft Worth
Ondria's Underworld, Richardson
Polly Adams, Laredo
Rhodes, San Antonio
Sanger Harris, Dallas
The Popular Dry Goods, El Paso
VERMONT
Bertha Church, Burlington
Magrams Fashion Shop, Burlington
VIRGINIA
Garfinckel's, All Stores
Miller & Rhoads, Newport News • Norfolk • Richmond • Roanoke • Virginia Beach
WEST VIRGINIA
Anderson-Newcomb, Huntington

V-4
Fill out order form and mail to your Favorite Store listed. Attention: Loungewear Dept.
Stretch Appeal™ designs all feature stretch tops of soft nylon and Lycra® spandex powernet. All are machine washable.
Please indicate quantity in size column.

STYLE	DESCRIPTION (left to right)	8	10	12	14	PRICE
9861	Lots-a-Dots Pant Dress with navy Stretch Appeal top, opaque Antron® nylon pants.					36.00
9862	Persianesque Print Blouson Dress of Banlon® nylon with inner Stretch Appeal top.					56.00
9860	Garden Path Print Dress, skirt of opaque Antron® nylon with green Stretch Appeal top.					30.00

Add state and local taxes where applicable.
Check or Money Order ☐ Charge ☐ Chg. Acct. #_____
name _____
address _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____



From the Outer World of Olga:

ADD A LITTLE STRETCH APPEAL™ TO YOUR LIFE

Shapely. Lithe. Free. That's the pretty body feeling you get with each one of Olga's new Stretch Appeal designs. Slip one on. Notice how the Secret Hug™ top softly curves you. Stretches in just the right places, to give you ...Stretch Appeal! Wear each design with or without a bra. At home. Or anywhere. It shapes your social life beautifully. Stretch Appeal. Priced from 30.00.

behind every OLGA® there really is an Olga

NOW THERE'S A COMPANY THAT'S GONE ONE STEP BEYOND VITAMIN E.



Why new E-SENTIAL from Goubaud de Paris beautifies your skin 24 hours a day.

Memorize the word "Squalane."

Because this new discovery, found in all skin lipids, helps Vitamin E penetrate your skin faster and work better.

So that Vitamin E and Squalane together can do a more complete job conditioning, softening and rejuvenating your skin than E alone.

You can find the magic combination of Vitamin E and Squalane in only one product.

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A formula so transparently soft, smooth and light you can wear it under make up or by itself. (It isn't shiny or greasy, and it's great for neck, throat, knees, and elbows.)

So at last you've got something that can work 24 hours a day at making your skin naturally glamorous.

And giving you back the glow Nature always wanted you to have.

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Discover Goubaud's complete line of natural organic cosmetics, starting with our special introductory offer of E-SENTIAL, regularly 2 oz. for $5.00, now only $3.50.

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Please rush me my 2 oz. jar of E-SENTIAL at the special introductory price of $3.50.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Price includes postage and handling.



Nature's Glamorizers

Available in better specialty shops and boutiques.

TRAVEL by Despina Messinesi

How To Use A Cruise

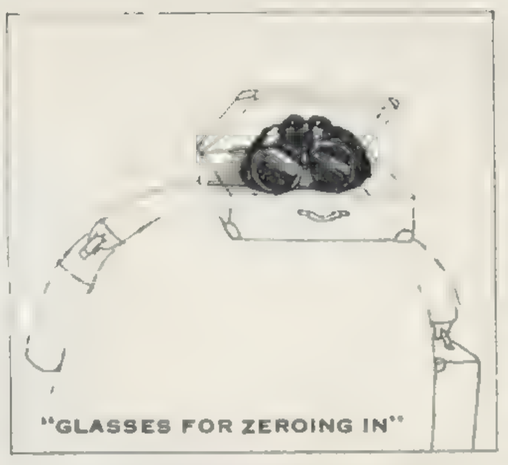
How to get more than your money's worth, while you unwind, shore-explore, eat extravagantly

What is cruising? Not a trip from port A to port B but moving "crosswise as distinguished from voyaging to a set point"—that's Webster's definition. Cruises promise and deliver pleasures; and, with a pinch of cagey know-how, benefits multiply.

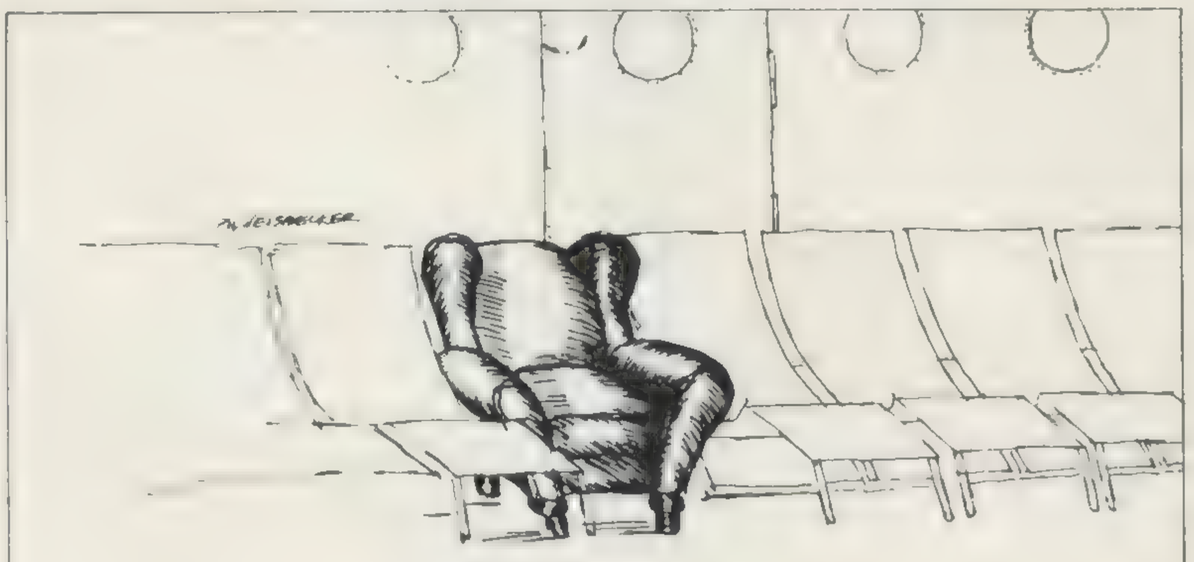
Check the ship's itinerary; sun-and-sea baskers check for the most days on the water; sightseers for the most ports of call. Every cruise schedule gives the precise number of days at sea, the hours in each port.

Bone up on the ports of call before sailing. Decide in advance which museum and what art treasures you want to see: architecture, a superb garden or zoo, your special interest. When in port, go off on your own to escape the herds also on shore trips. Take off in a car with a driver-guide. Most ships provide maps of the cities. Rubberneck shamelessly. Try the shops, sample the food and drinks at hotels. Swim at beaches. Getting lost and straying from tourist paths can be fun. Bring back armfuls of flowers. Even if you've been had. the adventure pays off. Hoard memories.

If you have friends in ports, write them ahead that you are arriving. Bring each one a present: the latest best seller, record, tape, lipstick. Being met and shown around by a resident can give you a memorable insight into a place.


"GLASSES FOR ZEROING IN"

On shipboard, as at home, shape your own life. On deck, find a favorite place. Although deck chairs may not be reserved on some cruises, passengers will soon catch on to which one's your spot. Among the ship's many bars, settle on one you like for the view, lighting, armchairs, barman. Learn the barman's name. In no time, he will become as staunch as a family retainer. (Pay and tip for drinks as you go along.)

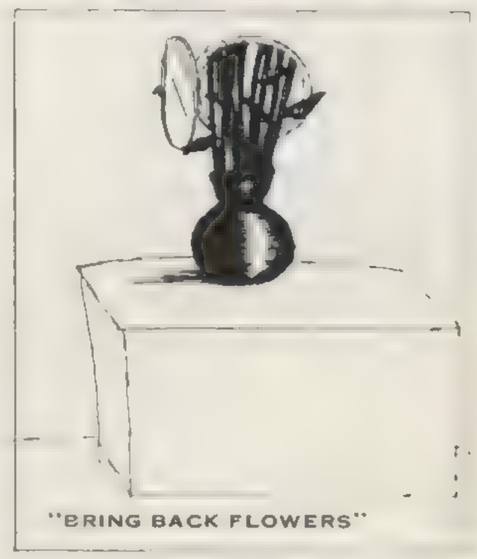

"FIND YOUR FAVORITE SPACE ON DECK"

Don't be pressured into the ship's hour-filling schedule. A single person may, without being an oddball, dine at a table for one or have all meals served in the cabin without being a recluse. On ships with two sittings in the dining room, choose the second one; the first keeps nursery hours. He (she) need not mix or mingle. Catch up on movies. Groups of friends sailing together may live in their own separate worlds. At the same time, joiners won't have any problems finding other joiners.

Go on an exercise kick. Walk up and down the ship's stairs instead of riding the elevators. (Passenger decks can add up to a six- or seven-story building.) Use the pool for underwater exercises. Book ahead, preferably before sailing, for saunas and massages. (When the ship is in port, no treatments; operators also go ashore.) Turn up at the morning dancing class, even if you know how; lessons are a terrific workout, plus fun.

On warm-weather cruises, pack masses of swimsuits with cover-ups for the trek from cabin to deck, for lunching by the pool. Bring clogs or sandals. On any cruise, pack more pretty things—not necessarily evening clothes—for dinner than you think you will need. Even after a day on shore when the ship's daily program reads "dinner informal," it's a comfort to slip into something fresh after a shower.

Carry binoculars. On cruises—Alaska, Norwegian fjord country, passing through the Panama Canal, gliding by distant shorelines; even on land for zeroing in on gargoyles, Byzantine mosaics—binoculars add enormous excitement, like zooming down on things by helicopter. (A distant white line in green hills may turn out to be a spectacular waterfall.) A telephoto lens for your


"BRING BACK FLOWERS"

(Continued on page 122)

If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Billie Jean King won't brush with anything else?



Where she rules, Billie Jean King is a tightly controlled figure of skill, energy and concentration. But off the tennis court, with her husband and friends, her natural warmth and spirit flow effortlessly. Billie Jean likes people. That's why she brushes with Colgate.

Colgate is made for people who like people. Clinical test results show it freshens breath as long as a leading mouthwash. And the taste is brisk and clean.

Only your dentist can give teeth a better fluoride treatment than Colgate with MFP. But a great cavity fighter can be a powerful breath freshener, too.

Ask Billie Jean King. She wouldn't think of brushing with anything else



Colgate with MFP...the breath-freshening cavity fighter.

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KAHLÚA® & Coffee.
What a cozy idea.

Kahlúa added to steaming hot coffee. Further enhanced by a twist of lemon or lime. Delicious!

For all sorts of Kahlúa treats, send for the Kahlúa Recipe Book. It's free. Because you deserve something nice.

Kahlúa. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. 53 Proof.
Jules Berman & Assoc., 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

TRAVEL *(Continued from page 120)*

Cruising: Shop at sea; on land, rubberneck shamelessly

camera will add closeup excitement to your snapshots.

Shop for perfume, watches, and little things in the ship's duty-free boutique. Prices may run a trifle higher than in duty-free ports, but the saving of effort and shore time wipes out the difference. Shop early; the good things sell out first.

For warm seas, pack extra sunglasses, a brimmed hat, a tennis visor. On rain-or-shine days ashore in cool places, a windbreaker that folds up to lightweight nothing can be invaluable.

The ship's medical office keeps regular hours; doctor's cabin calls, like house calls, cost more than an office visit.

The laundry-room scene on young cruise ships compares to the gathering-around-the-well in remote villages.

The newest cruise ships are generally one-class ships, not overwhelming in size. They carry about five or six hundred passengers in well-planned cabins stuffed with ideas one would like to use in guest cottages ashore.

On the "Royal Viking Star," streamlined for cruises from one week to sixty-nine days, airy cabins provide concealed spaces for clothes and paraphernalia: armrests of settees are bins for liquor and ice buckets; niches with railings to hold things are frames for desks with deep drawers; in the closets, sliding white wire baskets instead of drawers provide instant visibility—would work as well against humidity in a seashore house.

People on the "Royal Viking" are constantly aware of being at sea, whether in a silvery bar directly over the Captain's bridge, or in the upper-deck main dining room with floor-to-ceiling windows. (On summer Nordic cruises, because of the sun pouring in, women dine wearing daytime makeup.)

On the new "Island Princess," the crew is Norwegian; the stewards, chefs, and musicians, Italian; and the laundry is run by a dozen Chinese. Meal-sitting announcements by chimes over the loudspeaker end: "*Signore e signori, buon appetito.*"

Geared to sail mainly in warm seas, the "Princess" is layered with open decks (one with a huge sliding dome), has two pools and lightweight-but-solid aluminum deck chairs.

No squeaks, no vibrations disturb the soundproofed quiet of the cabins, arranged like sitting rooms. Magnetized drawers stay shut, clothes hang in closets on rods shaped like corkscrews to prevent them from skidding. In the shower, one neat dial controls the water pressure from needle-thin to fire-hydrant swoosh; an inner ring, the hot and cold water.

The traditions people joke about on cruises remain: cruise directors, Bingo, shuffleboard tournaments, costume parties, the Captain's dinner. When horseracing was intentionally omitted from the minute-to-minute shipboard activities on a certain cruise, passengers mutinied to have it brought back. An abundant and constant variety of food served from early morning to late, late night is a built-in fixture in that great cruising tradition. ■

Tipping tips

Tipping on cruises nags novices as well as seasoned voyagers; the total amount might be 15 or 10 percent of each passenger's ticket price. For starters, the shorter the cruise, the bigger the per-day tip. (Same idea as a weekend houseguest versus one staying a fortnight.)

A fair yardstick for tipping on cruises not over fourteen days for each person multiplied by the number of days and given on the last day would be: cabin and dining-room stewards, $2 each; captain, $1; wine steward, $1 or 15% of the wine bill; a flat $10 to the maître d', more for seating you at your favorite table. Hand out a couple of dollars to those who have served you diligently—deck, bridge-room, and lounge attendants; the groom who polishes shoes; and remember the masseuse.

Repeat passengers are the backbone of most cruises—the same staff may serve you again.

For more information about cruises, write: Vogue Travel, Department C, P.O. Box 3374, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.



Women don't travel like they used to.

Used to be a lady only tagged along. But not today.

Today's woman goes far on her own merits, thank you.

And when she does travel with a friend, it's United Air Lines.

Not just because United's a place-to-place airline with more places to offer than anyone else in your land.

But because we're a people-to-people airline.

People who take your bags at curbside and wish you welcome. People who'll find the right gate. The right meal. And the right way to get you there.

You know, the only limits today are in a lady's head.

So when you're ready to take off and fly, call your Travel Agent or United. You'll find a friend in the friendly skies.

The friendly skies of your land.

United Air Lines

Partners in Travel with Western International Hotels.


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SWIM AND SUN FASHIONS
WRITE FOR STORE NEAREST YOU
DeWEESE, INC. • 1825 South Hill Street
Los Angeles, California 90015

There's something almost "sinful" about being an Interior Decorator.

You can get paid handsomely for doing what you love to do. Arrange beautiful pieces of furniture, rugs, draperies, etc. Go on buying trips (even to Mexico and Europe). Advise many wealthy, interesting people. Enjoy the discounts and tax deductions not open to everyone. Even set your own hours. If all this sounds "too good," read on.

Putting together rooms that are both beautiful and livable is the work of an Interior Decorator.

But it never seems like work. Because no day is exactly like any other. There are always new challenges, new people to meet, new ideas to evaluate.

It's a pity that more people don't take up Interior Decorating, *professionally*.

Designing interiors means that you would be buying and handling beautiful, beautiful objects; warm and timeless antiques; distinctive rugs and a wealth of beautiful colorful fabrics; paintings; lamps; accessories to add the finishing touches. And so much more.

When you combine them all, creating, as you will, a room that is beautiful, comfortable and even dramatic—it is as satisfying as creating any work of art.

The people you buy from are artists, cabinetmakers, collectors, designers, and importers. People whose creative zest for life is bound to affect yours.

Interior design is growing so fast (*Forbes* magazine calls home furnishings, "perhaps the hottest growth field in the 1970's"), that jobs abound for trained professionals.

You can often choose a job with very flexible hours. Or set up your own business, right in your own home. And expect to be paid very well for your time.

You may wonder why more people aren't crowding into this rewarding, fast-growing field.



Of course, it's not for everyone. You have to love it. And until recently, professional training in Interior Decoration has not been readily available.

But now you can get thoroughly professional training. At home. On your own time schedule.

Train at home

Today, ICS, America's oldest home-study school offers a complete, practical and up-to-date program in Interior Decoration and Design.

The entire program is based on the experience of John Gerald, the founder of one of America's top-flight decorating firms.

And you can be sure there's no dull, dry text. Marguerite Rittenhouse, Ph.D., a well known educator, worked closely with Mr. Gerald. She also checked out every lesson with untrained but interested women, as well as sales people in furniture departments and decorating shops to make sure each idea or way of working is not only interesting but logical and easy to follow.

Right from the start, you work with top-notch professional equipment. Templates, sketching materials, architect's scale, folding rules, T-square, triangle, fabric swatches and color charts are included in the material you get. (The basis for your business workshop later on.)

Ways to make learning easier

You also receive: a three-dimensional viewer and 130 slides that put you "inside" rooms; and a cassette tape player with tapes—modern audio-visual learning aids that bring your lessons dramatically to life.

Each lesson takes you one step closer to your goal—the confidence and knowledge you need to be a professional.

Soon you'll be analyzing a room's architecture, exposure, and traffic patterns like a "pro."

You'll talk expertly about furniture periods, oriental rugs, color, balance, lighting, and more.

You'll master all the principles of Interior Design: form, proportion, scale, balance, and unity.

Your home as a showplace

Your friends will first notice the difference in your own home. You'll know it from their comments. Your advice will be sought. And you'll know you're ready to make a place for yourself in Interior Decorating.

At this point your lessons change from the principles of decorating to the practice of making money.

You'll learn how to get assignments. How to charge. How to set up your own business. Even what to say to clients who want to bring friends on shopping trips (*never*)— or to those who want you to talk budgets with their husbands (*always*).

You will be asked to complete assignments and return them to ICS. Skillful, interested instructors will review your work. Suggest new ideas or alternate solutions. Then return your corrected assignments to you with their comments.

Extra help as near as the phone

Although you work at home, you're never alone. You can call ICS —Dial-a-Question—toll-free—any time of day or night—to ask any questions about your studies.

Interior Decorating is an ideal part-time career that can grow into a full-time job when you're ready. And ICS is the ideal way to study—*at home*.

Send coupon for free information

To find out whether becoming a professional interior decorator could give you a more interesting and rewarding life, simply mail the coupon today. We'll send you by return mail "Should I Become an Interior Decorator?" a helpful booklet containing the questions you probably have on your mind right now and detailed information that will help you answer those questions.

We'll also include a demonstration lesson so that you can see how you can develop professional skill in interior design at home on your own time schedule. There is no obligation whatsoever.

ICS School of Interior Design

International Correspondence Schools
Scranton, Pa. 18515

Send me your free booklet, "Should I Become an Interior Decorator?" plus a demonstration lesson and other information about your training in Interior Design. I understand there is no obligation whatsoever.



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Now there's nothing standing between you and clingy clothes.

Gone is everything that's kept you out of those body-hugging tops.

Gone is everything that's stopped you from pouring yourself into those clingy knits and crepes.

Gone, all gone.

Smoothie Q by Young Smoothie® has come to your rescue with a body briefer with seamless Dacron* polyester cups.

A feathery few ounces of sensuous, silky Qiana nylon blended with the persuasive yet gentle control of Lycra spandex powernet to give you that all-in-one look all over.

With not a trace of a seam in the cups to spoil the natural look of the real you.

In beige and white, sizes 34-40 B, C, D cups, $17.00.

Smoothie Q® of Qiana*/Lycra*

The seamless-cup body briefer.

The Strouse, Adler Co., 90 Park Avenue, N.Y., N.Y.

WIN A WEEK ON THE RIVIERA AS THE GUEST OF ELEANOR HANSBERRY.



Dream up a slogan for Hollywood Bread and you may be the winner of a dream week in the south of France!

Now it could be your turn to visit the Riviera. No more "wish you were here" postcards. No more long evenings with someone else's color slides. That's you basking on an uncrowded beach. Or out for a leisurely drive through the countryside. That's you strolling through the quaint streets of Villefranche-sur-Mer. Shopping. Lunching at a sidewalk café. Relaxing. Enjoying yourselves. Got the picture?

Now put on your thinking cap.

In 10 words or less, write what you think would be a good slogan for Hollywood Bread. Mail your entry together with a Hollywood Bread wrapper (or a reasonable facsimile) and your name, address and telephone number to: Hollywood Bread, Box H, Hollywood, Florida 33020.

Contest is open to residents of the United States and Canada—21 years of age or over—except employees of Hollywood Bread, National Bakers Services, Inc. and its affiliated companies and members of their immediate families.

To be eligible, entries must be received no later than midnight, June 8, 1973. Winners will be announced no later than July 15, 1973 and the decision of the judges will be final. All entries become the property of National Bakers Services, Inc., which will not communicate with entrants except those selected, but reserves the right to publish names and addresses of winners.

Void where prohibited or restricted.

Winner will receive a fun-filled week on the Riviera for two with all transportation and living accommodations provided. Plus—winner will receive $500 in cash. Contest trip must be taken between September 15, 1973 and October 15, 1973.

Submit your slogan today on the entry blank below. And good luck!



Hollywood Bread
Box H, Hollywood, Florida 33020

Gentlemen: My slogan for Hollywood Bread is

_____

_____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

Entry must be received no later than midnight, June 8, 1973

A softer feeling hair spray for the softer kind of woman.



Now there's a hair spray that holds with body for the woman who wants to be soft all over.

Unlike ordinary hair sprays that only hold by sticking top hairs together, Protein 21 Spray also reaches way down to give body to individual hairs.

Protein 21 Spray gives your hair all the body it needs to stay beautiful looking.

And the softer feel that you want to stay beautiful feeling.



Protein 21 Spray holds with body for softer hair.

HEALTH by Melva Weber

Know How To Stay Well

News about: sex and smell . . . talking blood . . . how cigarette smokers menace us all . . . and a diet that's better than food

Which smell has appeal?

Fragrance is part of sexual attraction, and one group of doctors studying odors caused by perspiration thinks that even those sometimes-unpleasant smells are part of nature's ancient come-on for prospective mates. What causes perspiration odor? Does sweating dispose of body wastes? If so, are antiperspirants bad for your health? Answers and some surprises came from the doctors on the Committee on Cutaneous Health and Cosmetics, one of the many counseling groups of the American Medical Association.

Unpleasant perspiration smell has very little to do with the wetness that comes from warmth or exertion, the doctors have explained. You have two entirely different kinds of sweat glands: *eccrine* glands, which pour out an odorless fluid that is 99 percent water, 1 percent common salt, and very little else; and *apocrine* glands (located almost entirely in the armpits), which secrete a sticky, milky fluid that breaks down in a way that does cause odors.

Perspiration does *not* dispose of body wastes. Your three million tiny eccrine glands, lying coiled beneath the skin surface, have one special purpose—to regulate body temperature. The clear, faintly salted water that they produce evaporates to take away body heat. When you are very warm, eccrine sweating can make you feel moist while keeping you cool; emotion also can cause eccrine sweating when you are not overheated, producing a "cold sweat."

The apocrine glands are activated *only* by emotion and emit a complex, organic perspiration that decomposes swiftly and creates underarm odor. Deodorants that kill or inhibit bacteria can prevent this odor by not allowing the apocrine substances to decompose. Antiperspirants that keep the armpits fairly dry can help, too, by taking away the warm, moist environment that encourages bacteria. No known antiperspirant will stop eccrine sweating completely—but they are helpful enough for almost everybody.

Do men need stronger deodorants? Not necessarily, say the AMA doctors. Men and women produce about the same amounts of apocrine secretion and odor. But if armpits are unshaven, the hair may collect moisture and bacteria and be more odor-productive.

What makes odors in other parts of the body? Bacterial action breaks down rubbed-off skin cells under moist closed conditions—on the feet, for example. Vaginal secretions decompose readily when they reach air. Products that destroy or prevent bacterial growth, cut down wet perspiration, and mask odors with pleasanter scents are effective and agreeable; and while keeping watch for the rare instances of toxic reactions, irritations, or allergic responses to these substances, the medical profession gives its blessing to cosmetic sweat-stoppers and odor-fixers.

Tuning in on chirping fats

Listening to an injured patient's blood can help doctors give life-saving treatment. At Denver General hospital, Dr. Glenn L. Kelly and his associates have designed an ultrasound method that detects tiny fat emboli that escape into the bloodstream after accidental injuries. By using an ultrasonic sensor, the Denver team can hear any circulating fat globules "chirp." Fat emboli or particles in the blood can bring on heart disturbance, difficult breathing, high fever, and coma—all dangerous symptoms. But when fatty blood contaminants are detected, prompt medical treatment can help the patient.

The trouble with nonsmoking

A nonsmoker closed in with people who do smoke may be inhaling as much nicotine, tar, and other smoke by-products as the pack-a-day person does. Chicago's Dr. Donald Dukelow has pointed out that smoke from an idling cigarette has been found to contain almost twice as much tar and nicotine as the smoke inhaled by the person puffing on a cigarette; a nonsmoker exposed to smoke from someone else's parked cigarette may be taking in a toxic dose. Other research, Dr. Dukelow reported, has shown that smokers' children are sick more often than nonsmokers' children and that youngsters in poorly ventilated, smoke-filled rooms have increased heart rates and higher blood pressure.

Better detective, safer blood

The danger of getting hepatitis from a blood transfusion has been greatly lessened by a new way of testing, said to be about one hundred times more sensitive in detecting hepatitis antigen B in donor blood and plasma than any earlier test. The rate of detection of hepatitis virus in blood plasma or serum should be more than doubled by this new radioimmunoassay method, according to the Food and Drug Administration. The American Red Cross, now rapidly putting the new technique into use, expects to use it in three-quarters of its blood banks by the end of June.

Superfood

Helping the body to heal itself—medicine's major job—gets a big assist from a new technique called hyperalimentation: carefully balanced feeding through the veins to keep the body going at critical times. Dr. Stanley Dudrick of the University of Texas Medical School at Houston explained, in *Emergency Medicine* magazine, why high-powered feeding through the bloodstream is a life-saver for the badly burned or injured or for patients who have had major surgery. The body-weight losses that follow such crises, he said, are not merely excess fat but come out of the blood, bone, muscle, skin, liver, intestines, and other vital tissues. It is nearly impossible to get the massive amounts of nutrients needed in high-stress situations just by eating food. In injury or sickness, the body may need five thousand calories per day, and some severely burned patients have required up to thirteen thousand calories per day. The hyperalimentation specialist injects nutrient concentrations into a major blood vessel, where they can be absorbed readily to repair and build depleted tissues. With this kind of intravenous feeding, hospitalized children unable to swallow any food over many weeks actually can continue to grow and gain weight; frail premature babies may gain a fingerhold on life and growth; and badly hurt people may live through conditions that used to mean almost certain death.

Paganne



Gene Berk for Paganne designs
an oriental porcelain print
in lustrous, supple Qiana® nylon.

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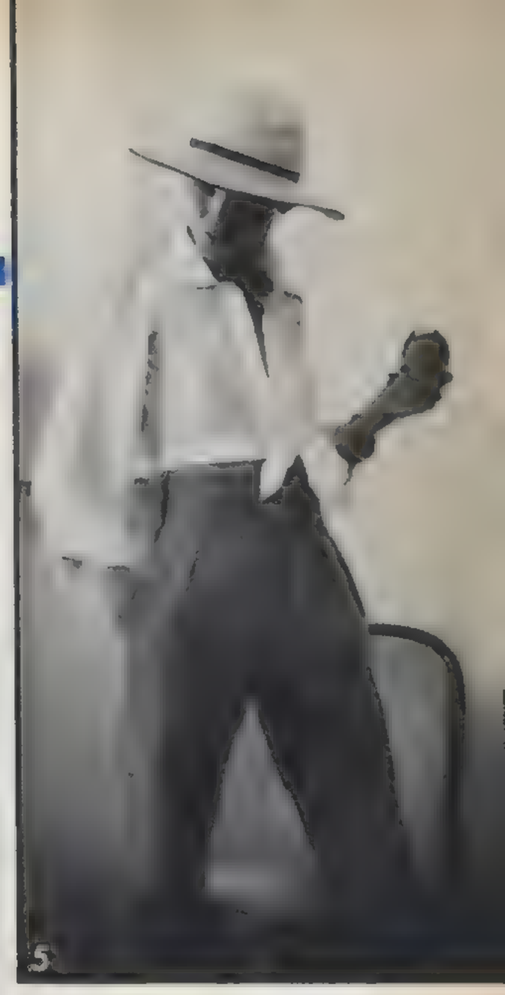
17th-century status symbol... tulips once cost $1000 a flower! (They were imported from Turkey to Holland . . . rare as diamonds!) 1. A Persian "tulipier" (when one could afford only 2 or 3 at a time). Jean Jacques Bloos, Ltd., N.Y.



3. Holly's Wonderful Bath Oil . . . "Essence"—lilacs, lemons, and vitamin E for a relaxing, rejuvenating bath! Holly's Harp, L.A.; Bonwit Teller, New York.







APRIL TRAVEL...

It has to do with feeling BEAUTIFUL! to "de-hotel" your hotel rooms, pack some Batik or Indian silk shawls (Far Eastern Fabrics, 171 Madison Ave.) to cover dreary beds and furniture . . . (wrap yourself in them on the beach, too!). How about some pink bulbs to soften the lighting! Your favorite room spray for delicious atmosphere . . . Vapourri at The Staircase, Beverly Hills.

PRETTY WAYS TO MOVE!

IT HAS TO DO WITH "ATMOSPHERE" . . . a slightly luscious perfume with jeans (Fracas, from Robert Piguet, Paris, heavily tuberose and very WOMAN!) . . . real gold and silver chains with a T-shirt, a tiny diamond pierced earring with a bathing suit. . . . 2. UNDERSEA JEWELS (we massed them together to give you a choice). Around the wrist, 27-inch ropes of abalone squares, a string of lacquered shells, from Cathy Stein. $25, Henri Bendel. At the neck, strands of chunk coral. $24, Ophelie, 673 Madison Avenue. . . . A seashell "gardenia" on a seashell "chain" from Rosecraft. $3, Macy's. 4. From The Right Bank Clothing Co., Beverly Hills, the tennis sweater "Super-feminized," short-sleeved, red-banded long white cardigan. $60. White ribbed cotton bicycle shorts, $24; shoulder basket, $18. 5. Tan "Bombay Bloomers" (shades of Indian English Army days). $30, from Jackie Rogers, 27 E. 67th St., N.Y. . . . Glamour . . . white crêpe de Chine blouse. $60, DeNoyer, 219 E. 60th St., N.Y. Straw "pêcheur" hat. $8, Right Bank Clothing Co., Beverly Hills. . . . 6. The April-indispensable SWEATER-COAT, white knit and hooded $60. Dominick Avellino for D.D. Dominick, 220 E. 60th St. . . . THE PERFECT EASTER BASKET: a charming shallow French tin pail covered in pretty Provençal print cotton, filled with wondrous treats—an old-fashioned molded chocolate rabbit, jelly beans, and coconut-, fudge-, or raspberry-filled chocolate hens' eggs. From Plumbridges, 33 E. 61st St., N.Y. PARIS: The coveted color is turquoise! BEVERLY HILLS: Delicate batiste lace-trimmed shirts worn with pastel satin ribbons tied around the neck or tiny ivory bead chokers (chokers at R.S.V.P., 9705 Santa Monica Blvd.).



FRESH PRODUCE



BARBARA BERSELL

7. News from Levi Strauss . . . the "Fresh Produce" line. (they show the collection in a crate suitcase) . . . 8. Tan brushed-denim jacket ($19), tan pleated trousers ($13). A pretty way to April-travel with a T-shirt and thin gold chains! Bloomingdale's, N.Y.



ARMY-NAVY CAN BE SEXY

9. "The weekend dress". . . khaki knit T-shirt ($3.99), khaki "rain" hat ($2.75), webbed canvas shoulder-bag ($3.99) —doubles as a duffle for weekend essentials! Kaufman's, 319 West 42nd, N.Y.





10. Kaufman's leather belt-pouch ($5.). Perfect for passport, makeup, or money when you don't want to be saddled down.

When other women order those sickening sweet drinks...



"Don't give up the ship!"

Forget all the adjectives.
The only thing that matters
in Scotch is taste.
Buy one bottle.

FOOD by Maxime McKendry

Eat For Energy

Fast-movers and the foods they choose for fuel



Adriana Jackson: pasta

Whirling through days at the Alexander Iolas Gallery in New York, where her husband, Brooks Jackson, is the director, doesn't prevent Adriana Jackson—blond Milanese pepper—from keeping a nearly permanent party going in their apartment, where Established and far-out artists swirl together—sometimes unexpected but always welcome. Adriana stokes her energy with "the Italian form of vitamin B_{12}": pasta. To give guests a chance at keeping up with her, she often serves pasta at the party, too, freezes Bolognese lasagne for sixty people, all ready to go. Below, her recipe.



Anjelica Huston: potatoes

A young beauty who left her childhood in Ireland—where her father, film director John Huston, is a Missouri-born settler—to study in England, where she has done some fashion modeling, Anjelica Huston now keeps up to the New York model's pace from an apartment on Gramercy Park. To power her for strenuous days of posing, she cuts out carbohydrates that bore her and concentrates on the kind she loves—potatoes, particularly mashed. "Potatoes aren't as fattening for me as those other starches; when I feel drained, I think they give me energy, improve my skin. In fact, I love all English food . . . Yorkshire pudding with drippings and real gravy and all those steamed puddings with jam sauces."



Bobby Short: beef

To reach his top spot in the pop-music world—singing behind his piano three times a night, Tuesdays to Saturdays, at New York's Carlyle Hotel, where he makes every age seem the right one for love—Bobby Short zipped through careers in California and Paris, developed the stamina of a long-distance runner. He's as careful of his diet as an athlete, eats one big meal a day—at lunchtime—and it's beef: broiled sirloin steak with *petits pois* or the crusty end of a beef roast. In summer, a meal of sliced cold roast beef with a vinaigrette sauce gives the same strong support. "If I still don't feel energetic," he said, "I have a steak sandwich . . . underdone . . . after my first show.



Edward Villella: honey

Nearly nude and absolutely still in the New York City Ballet's production of Jerome Robbins's *Watermill*, Edward Villella expresses more energy than other dancers project in conventionally athletic roles. To keep up the strength of his dancing, he finds vitamins E and B_{12} "mentally and physically reassuring," dines at four in the afternoon before performances: steak, salad, vegetables, yogurt with honey, ginger ale, coffee. While this power-dancer is onstage, he keeps a honey pot in the wings, gulps a spoonful at every chance: "In the bloodstream in two minutes."



Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.: soup

Rushing—with his bow tie seemingly permanently a-flip—to finish his new book on the life of Robert F. Kennedy, next in a dozen successes that include *The Age of Jackson*, *The Age of Roosevelt*, and his book, *A Thousand Days*, about the President he served as special assistant, John F. Kennedy, historian-professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., has stretched his energy to edit or contribute to another half-dozen books. For fuel-food he prefers, every day, a high-protein dinner of beefsteak (served with tarragon butter, string beans dressed with sour cream, and salad), ups the protein content by always starting with homemade green-pea soup. Below, left, the recipe his wife, Alexandra, uses.

Green-pea soup

two servings

1 package frozen green peas
1 cup chicken broth
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon chopped dill weed
1 tablespoon butter
Salt and pepper

Cook peas according to package directions; combine with broth, milk, and dill. Puree in blender, then heat, adding butter, seasonings.

Lasagne verde alla Bolognese

sixty servings

15 pounds packaged dry green lasagna noodles boiled in salted water until tender but not soft

Tomato sauce

6 pounds of ground beef and veal, a small quantity lean pork included
2 cups dry white wine
15 cups tomato sauce (not paste), Hunt's or Del Monte
6 onions, finely chopped
1½ cups finely chopped celery
7 small carrots, finely chopped
½ teaspoon fresh basil, chopped
½ pound butter
½ cup olive oil
Salt and pepper

Sauté vegetables in butter and oil with a little salt and pepper. Stir in meat and cook until lightly browned. Add wine, tomato sauce, basil. Simmer covered for 1 hour, adding a little water if too thick.

Béchamel sauce

2½ pounds butter
4 cups flour
8 quarts warm milk
Salt
½ teaspoon ground nutmeg

Melt butter, slowly stir in flour; stir until smooth and add a pinch of salt. Add milk slowly, stirring until smooth and creamy; season with nutmeg.

1 pound grated Parmesan cheese

In shallow buttered pans, alternate tomato and béchamel sauces between layers of pasta. On each layer of béchamel, sprinkle a generous layer of cheese. The top layer should be béchamel and then cheese. Cover with foil and freeze. The day of the party, defrost for 6 hours, bake at 350°, 15 min.; or if frozen at 350°, 30 min.

Warm beauty creams work better than cold.

Try this simple test.











Warm beauty creams do work better than cold. And Lady Schick's Warm 'n Creamy is the warm beauty treatment. The beauty machine that electrically heats the Facial Cleanser in seconds.

After cleansing, apply Warm 'n Creamy Skin Moisturizer. Feel the warmth working as it softens and conditions your skin. Warm 'n Creamy Body Lotion and Facial Freshener are also available at your favorite cosmetic counter. (All Warm 'n Creamy products are hypo-allergenic.)

Warm'n Creamy

Because warm works better than cold.

CREATED BY Loretta Young

DIVISION OF SCHICK

VOGUE OBSERVATIONS



APRIL IS A SOFT MONTH

Put violets in your green salad, cook spaghetti in ocean water, learn to make rose-petal wine . . . from the *Earth Mass* by Joe Pintauro (Harper & Row). Candice Bergen adds orange rinds to big flat baskets of potpourri, puts them under chairs. . . . N.Y.: There's a "run" on vetiver oil, earthenware pots of thyme-and-rosemary honey from Bloomingdale's. **1.** Paris-fancy, a silver bathing beauty clipped on a cap. **NEW PLACES, N.Y.** (watch out, Elaine!): J. G. Melon's, 1291 Third Ave., an any-time-of-the-day-and-night place for Southern cooking, steaks, salads ('til 4 A.M.!). Already discovered by the Paleys, Halston, John Schlesinger, Warren Beatty, et cetera. . . . **PRINCESS MARGARET TAKES TEA AT THE PLAZA!** And so do Louis Jourdan, the Maysles brothers, Princess Grace. . . . Afternoon Tea in the loveliest "English way" is the **NEW NEW YORK THING!** (shades of Fitzgerald-days). **7.** La Goulue, 28 E. 70th St., has tea service from 4 to 6 with silver teapots, croissants, pastries, and fresh flowers. **TEA AT HOME:** The shop, McNulty's Tea & Coffee, 109 Christopher St. Dimbula from Ceylon, "dragonwell" tea (the Nixons were served this in China), "pearl dew" tea from Japan, tikuan yin (the iron-goddess-of-mercy tea), hibiscus tea for herbal-lovers. . . . **THE LOS ANGELES PLACE:** Pips, the new game club. . . . **8.** Diana Ross at the opening backgammon tournament. **PARIS, JUST TO BE DIFFERENT. . . .** The boxing matches, Monday nights at the Palais des Sports—Alain Delon, Belmondo, Sylvie Vartan, and rafts of pretty girls. . . . **NEW PLACE TO GO:** Treviso, Italy (near Venice)—Relais di Campagna El Toulà. Alfredo Toulà has transformed the Villa Guarnieri into an incredible hotel with the same fabulous food as El Toulà, Rome! **APRIL THOUGHT:** The revival of "travel diaries" in beautiful leather-bound Florentine paper books from Ffolio, 888 Madison Avenue, N.Y.C.





APRIL HEADS—PARIS: 2. Pastel-colored straw "capelines" with crêpe de Chine dresses and pyjamas. . . . N.Y. 3. Doris Smith (better known as "Tookie"), her tiny "wrap-and-tie" head of silk.



EXTRA ROMANTIC! 4. Thea Porter's layers of peach chiffon, tiger lilies down the front. Available through Henri Bendel.





Summer un-dressing 5. Anne Holbrook's natural Indian cotton tucked and flowered "butterfly" dress. $16 from Judy's of California. 6. Maribou and flowers.



7. La Goulue, N.Y.'s newest restaurant . . . a turn-of-the-century Paris bistro. Owner Jean DeNoyer (of men's-shop fame) combed France to find objects, from mirrors to cut-crystal vases.

Norman Mailer's Birthday Party . . . historically a bust, but the ladies were ravishing! Left, Christina Appel; center, Mailer "busting"; right, the sexy back!



BERSELL, CUNNINGHAM





8. Backgammon expert, better known as Diana Ross

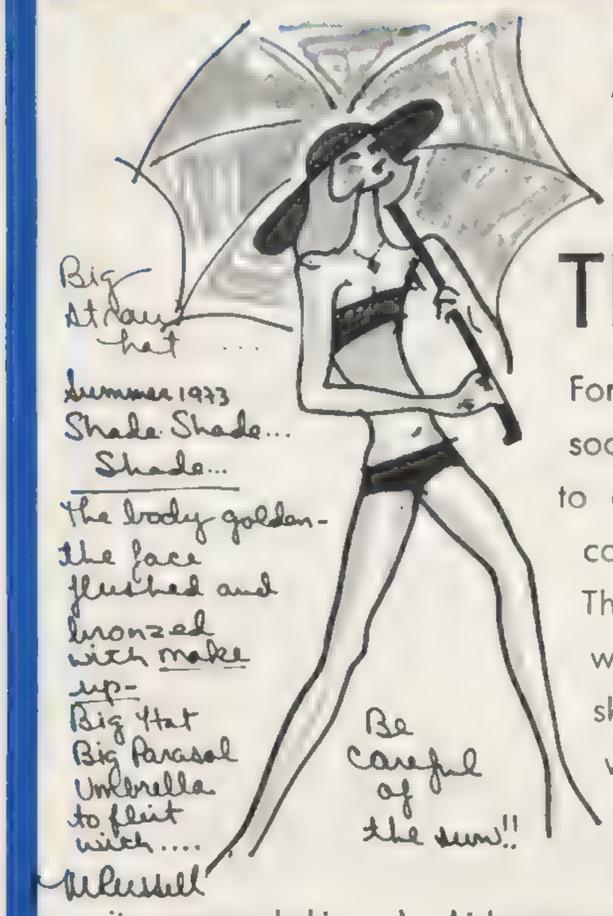
On your honor, you will promise to do your best by diamonds.
To wear them faithfully, every day, in some small and imaginative way.

A diamond is for now.

Your jeweler can show you many exciting diamond pieces starting as low as $100.

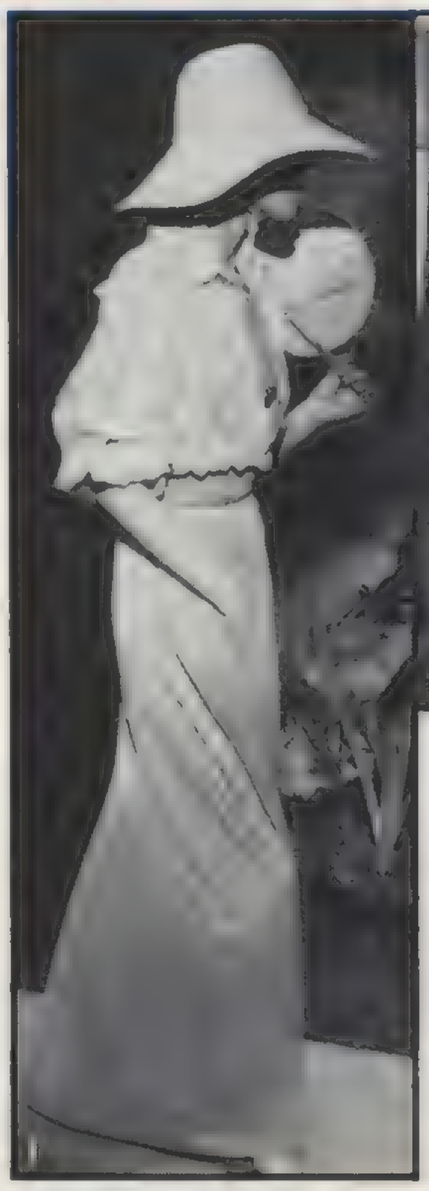
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd

VOGUE OBSERVATIONS



APRIL... SUN THINKING

For sun trips now, summer soon—Ways to look . . . it has to do with **BEAUTIFUL!** Discovery . . . Aida Thibiant at The Sanctuary, 7080 Hollywood Blvd., L. A. . . . The best skin care anywhere (the devoted flock, even from N.Y., for her "magic" restoration of the most sun- or city-ravaged skin. . .) . Aida uses wonder products from René Guinot, Paris (all organic and natural). Ali MacGraw, Britt Eklund, and Donald Sutherland are some of her endless "professionals" who can't do without her. **INTERNATIONAL BEACH BEAUTIES** . . . the word is sun-protection! Big straw hats from Jean Charles Brosseau, Paris; "beach" parasols (some of the prettiest are Indian cotton or pastel lacquered ones from China . . . the flirt of light filtering through the colors is ravishing). Bodies gently sun-bronzed and faces "bronzed" with a glow of makeup. **BEACH JEWELS—ROME:** Chains of gold and semiprecious stones . . . tiger's eye and gold from Bulgari, balls of rock crystal and lapis on fine chains from Perez. . . . Christina Brandolini's favorite beach look, a handkerchief knotted as a bra, a long skirt to the sand to walk in. Yul Brynner, a white silk shirt knotted at the waist, a solid-color "sarong," long to the ankles like the Balinese. **SWIM IN THE NUDE** (if you can)! Give yourself a body treatment with wet sand (like pumice) . . . do it underwater. **FEEL BEAUTIFUL! 5.** Onassis, King Hussein, the Whitneys, et cetera, hide away here . . . the Palm Bay Club, Miami Beach. $184,000 for the cement shell of a 3-bedroom apartment. . . . Communal dining, swimming, and their own heliport! **6.** Paper dresses from Paco Rabanne, for beach-playing when you feel excessive!



1. Pink flowered cotton-and-lace blouse, grey matte jersey skirt. (Slip down skirt, a body suit for bronzing!) 2. SUMMER EVENING, fern-painted natural muslin waist-wrapped skirt. 3. Under, the barest orange-and-fuchsia-striped bathing maillot. 4. PURE GIORGIO ROMANTIC, eyeleted starched white cotton "Mexican Wedding" skirt for walking summer beaches.



Giorgio di Sant' Angelo: A Movable Summer. . . . Raw silk, muslin, lace, church linen, straw umbrella hats. SURPRISE . . . strip to sexy maillots.

SUMMER BASKET LIVING



More of Giorgio, or How to Pack For Summer Weekends. . . . Keep beach essentials stacked in straw cases, ready for any quick escape!

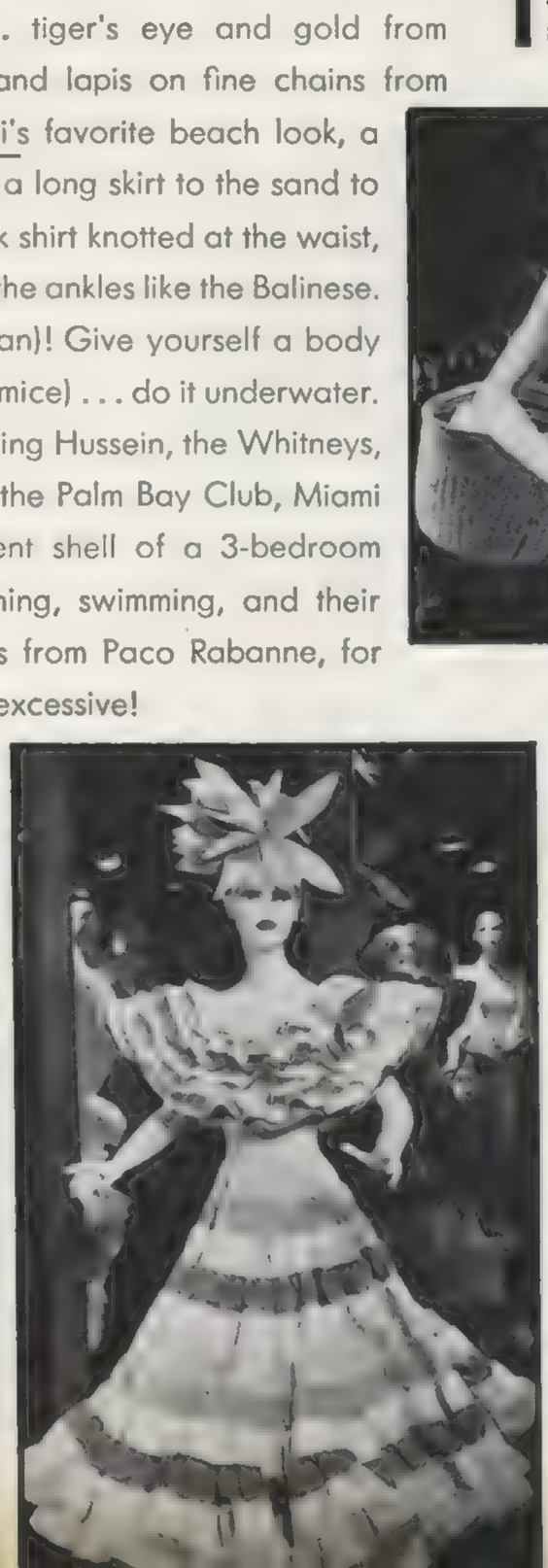
APRIL BREEZE-DRESSING... RED RAINDROPS ON WHITE COTTON LAWN BIAS-TIERED THIGH TO FLOOR. STEPHEN BURROWS, $140, BENDEL'S.



6. Chiquita Banana is well and living in Paris . . .

5. MIAMI . . . the world's most extravagant commune





Cristina Miller, 23, owner-skipper of "Inger," black-hulled 80' Baltic Trader . . . (restored as she was 73 years ago by Cris and some friends —it took 3 years!). Center: the saloon—antique beams and scrubbed pine—no mirrored stateroom ceilings here! To support her "dream living," Cris sometimes takes on cargo. (She's run cement, cars, even horses.) Sails the Caribbean from Bequia to Martinique . . . A distinctive way to keep moving!

CUNNINGHAM



Most men will tell
a woman, "You look great!"
Most women will say,
"I love your dress!"

Dr. Joyce Brothers

Which compliment would you rather have?
The one that says *you* look great, of course!
LEO NARDUCCI FOR AMBIANCE creates the total look
that puts the focus on you. This long-sleeved shirt-tent
can be sashed slim . . . or whirl free. It comes in a light and
lovely, breath-of-spring fabric: woven 100% Trevira®
Star pentalobal polyester by Fisher & Gentile.
Capture compliments!

TREVIRA
makes it easy™

Lord & Taylor, All Stores; Neiman Marcus, Dallas; I. Magnin, West Coast; Maas Brothers of Florida; G. Fox & Co., Hartford.

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APRIL 1973

VOGUE'S POINT OF VIEW

FIRST LOOK AT SUMMER

Two things are basic.
One is a bare sandal;
it will go with everything.
The other is a good body
—without which,
nothing goes.

And where have you heard that one before? Right here; many, many times. The point is, in the proving out, all fashion is only as good as the base it goes on. It's the emphasis that shifts; when the razzmataz is totally eliminated and clothes become more and more simplified, subtle, the whole emphasis is on the base. And that's where fashion is now: the simplest clothes ...on a beautiful base....If you're not in shape, get in shape. All over—in a bare sandal, a chip in the polish on your big toe is going to look like a crater. If your hair needs cutting, cut it. If you should be doing something about your skin, start doing it—there's a lot of skin showing, even for day, even shoulders. If you've got to lose five pounds, lose them—the dress that's made to hide bulges is not the dress you're going to want to be in this summer. It's not new or alluring, and it's not fashion. What is, is something with the approximate heft of a cobweb; breathe on it, it moves—with the body, around the body, on the body. ...Fashion isn't a disguise...it's a revelation.

BASICS NOW





THE CONFIDENT BEAUTY

Who is she? The woman we can all be —once we learn to be ourselves. Read on

Suddenly, the American woman has a look women all over the world want to emulate. It's basic, yet beautiful because self-knowledge has created it. Her hair is her flag, waving burnished and healthy—she gives it great care. Her skin has never been in better condition—she gives it great care also (with the best products). Her body gives her clothes a superb plus, and over and above all this is her mental attitude, one of self-confidence—which has nothing to do with conceit. Yesterday's stars liked to hide under wraps. Today's stars—Lois Chiles, Candice Bergen, Mia Farrow, all here in this issue—epitomize the American woman we are talking about . . . aware, vital, poised women, who realize making the very best of their looks is all very much a part of living. Whatever your vital statistics, your skin type, or your classic features, the amount of attention you attract (and retain) depends on your confidence quota. Self-doubt is a weevil that can destroy beauty, just as self-confidence can enhance whatever is there—because it's built on knowledge of your self, making the best of the raw material that is you.

LOIS CHILES (left) is lovely with an enviable shape, skin like a golden peach, and a rush of russet hair you want to touch . . . yet three years ago, age 22, Lois felt a complete failure. "I came to New York from the University of Texas where everybody was into petite-blond-cheerleader types and where I was pretty much of a permanent wallflower. I was sure I was fat and ugly and decided to bury myself in studies at Finch College until I found out what to do with my life." Overnight the picture changed. "Discovered" in a snack bar at Finch, Lois became a top model, still disbelieving anyone who told her she was a natural beauty while docilely agreeing with any photographer who told her she had too much hair and should "clip" it, had ugly hands and should hide them. Her quota of confidence grew almost despite herself; and, although today she says she is quite sure of herself, all those years of uncertainty have left a certain shyness that makes her all the more appealing. "I never felt attractive in Houston," she says "and perhaps I wasn't. Now I feel more attractive and people say I am, so perhaps it is just a matter of believing in yourself."

Lois Chiles, new star on the horizon (just now playing Jordan in Paramount's production of The Great Gatsby), knows more about confidence than most because a lack of it made her early years miserable. Makeup here, all by Max Factor. UltraLucent Blusher Stick in Russet Peach Frost, California Floral Lip Gloss in Honeysuckle Rose. Hair by François of Kenneth. Navy-and-white striped crew-necked T-shirt, of acrylic and cotton, at Halston Limited.

MELVIN SOKOLSKY

THE CONFIDENT BEAUTY

wears silk as light as light: she keeps in shape

Lois Chiles proves the point that beauty and fashion have never been more interrelated than they are today... the best of the best new clothes (Oscar de la Renta's are high among them) are made out of fabrics so soft, so subtle, so downright seductive that on hangers they look like little more than wistful sighs—and are worth little more than wistful sighs to women whose figures are not up to them. They reveal not only by baring skin—often they're strapless—but by taking their shape from the body in them. They take and give: the woman who makes having a good body as much a part of her image as her makeup may never have looked as ravishing before. To that end, Lois Chiles watches her weight. She doesn't believe in meals, only snacks. "I think if you eat three meals a day your stomach stretches and you eat more and more. I eat a little snack six or seven times a day—or night; maybe a bowl of gazpacho—I like to make it myself—a few olives or a chicken leg. That way I eat very little, yet never get hungry." To limber up, Lois rides horseback, bicycles around the park, and water skis whenever she can.

Oscar de la Renta aquamarine satin-faced crêpe de Chine dress and matching jacket (Abraham fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Maison Blanche; Swanson's. Hair by François of Kenneth. Accessory information, on the next to last page of this issue.

HELMUT NEWTON

LOIS CHILES

THE CONFIDENT BEAUTY

her glow-power starts with great care: skin care, for instance

Stretch, Lois, stretch...move that supple body like elastic and contemplate the bright future where, through the sheer efficacy of new treatment products, skin may stretch but *won't* sag. It used to be H_2O that American women depended upon, deluding themselves that water could penetrate and so return moisture to the skin. Then came the moisturizer in 1952, changing the skin-care picture completely. Now, moving us even more towards a wrinkleless society, comes a breakthrough in treatment from Revlon's astonishing laboratory, where thinking isn't just a year ahead but at least five. C.H.R. stands for Charles H. Revson, who gave three new products his initials for a name because "I believe these may be the crowning accomplishment of my forty years of research in skin care." For the first time, the skin has a chance to get a new supply of collagen, for the products are full of it, stabilized, 100 percent pure, water soluble—and, remember, collagen is the body's basic protein, acting as a kind of magic putty, keeping cells firmly in place in a healthy and natural formation of skin tissue. As long as the skin has the strength provided by collagen, it remains firm and pliable, but collagen weakens just like old elastic as skin gets older. Then every facial expression begins to count, begins to leave a trace. The collagen in C.H.R. is a completely natural substance, working for skin's good around the clock. C.H.R. Creme Concentrate was specifically created for night work, replenishing, tightening, firming the sleeping skin. The Moisture Concentrate part of the group is for all day and every day, under makeup or going it alone, effectively moisturizing, strengthening skin shape. And the Hand Creme Concentrate, as the name says, concentrates on the thinnest skinned—and most neglected—part of the body, the hands. You *can* indulge yourself and use C.H.R. anywhere on the body where firming-up is needed...remember, your midriff will be showing this summer and the upper arm will have fashion exposure, too.

Lois Chiles with Ursula, her Pyrenees watchdog, at her side, wears Oscar de la Renta's little brown wren of a dress that, like certain women, is a fooler; modest, self-effacing until it's too late. The buttoned-up brown silk is so supple, so revealing, that on the body it might as well be siren red. Pomezia fabric. About $250. At Bergdorf Goodman; Balliet's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin; El Palacio de Hierro, Mexico City. All makeup, 'Ultima II' by Charles Revson. Hair by François of Kenneth. Accessories, next to last page.

HELMUT NEWTON

LOIS CHILES



FIRST LOOK AT SUMMER FASHION

KAREN GRAHAM

Vogue's April cover star—and the keys to the season: clothes that stand for a whole new breeze of allure in hot-weather dressing . . . day, evening, in and out of town, wherever in the world you are —if it's summer, these are the kinds of things you're going to want to be in. . . .

Go to town in a pyjama for day

It's newer, more glamorous than being in tailored pants. And the way it feels is sensational . . . soft, sensuous, the fabric just sliding around the leg. . . . A narrow belt keeps a nice trim line at the waist and a bare, high-heeled sandal is a must, but don't fuss with something like this—if you're in shape, you're in business. . . . *At left,* Geoffrey Beene's crêpe de Chine pyjama in a navy-and-white apple print with a beautiful little shirt (pull it out once in a while and use it as a jacket—especially over white linen pants). . . . *Right,* red-and-white stripes over a red-sprigged halter —another marvelous day-in-the-city pyjama. This time from Bill Blass, who's done a whole collection in this vein . . . other tops, bottoms, patterns, solids . . . a sort of movable fashion feast that you could throw in a bag without looking and live off all summer anywhere on earth. (Florida, for instance, the sunshine scene on these and the next twelve pages.)

Left: By Geoffrey Beene, of Pomezia silk. About $345. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Stanley Korshak; Dayton's; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Right: Bill Blass cardigan and pants of polyester (Royal Woolens fabrics); halter of viscose and silk (Pomezia fabric). Jacket, about $165; halter, about $50; pants, about $95. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; O'Neils; Neiman-Marcus. Karen's hair and makeup, these 14 pages, by Rick Gillette. Accessories, next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN





The freshness of a soft blue dress

If there's one time of the year you want to be in a dress, it's summer. And if there's ever been a summer for dresses, this is it. Delicious . . . little wisps of dresses that float and flow about the body and show more of it—more throat, more shoulder, more leg. . . . And a bare sexy sandal at the end of the line. . . . *Left:* Like an oversized shirt, Carol Horn's fresh blue-and-white print in the gauziest cotton—cool on the eyes, cool on the body. With a loose, caftan-y top that slips back on the shoulder, long full sleeves to roll up, a drawstring at the waist—the perfect summer dress to keep you looking well all day. . . . *Right:* From Jerry Silverman, the clean uncluttered way to dress for summer—bright-blue Honan—opened at the throat, pulled in by a drawstring at the waist. . . . Tanned legs. Red sandals—this season's great neutral shoe.

Left: By Carol Horn, of cotton. About $50. Late April, at Lord & Taylor, New York; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. . . . Right: By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, of silk. About $130. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; L.S. Ayres; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; Frederick & Nelson. . . . Makeup is only as good as the skin that wears it. What's keeping the Frances Denney makeup here soft and glowing—their new Under Makeup Moisturizer with Protein. Accessories, next to last page.

KOURKEN PARCHANIAN

Karen Graham...

FIRST LOOK AT SUMMER



There's a different kind of shirtdress in your life

Forget about all those stiff little uniforms... today, if there's a collar it's full and soft and falls away from the neck, back on the shoulder... sleeves roll up... everything about it is airy, easy, relaxed. And inviting—you want to jump right in.... *Left:* Like wearing the thinnest handkerchief—white-on-white silk from Malcolm Starr, elasticized at the waist—it reveals the throat, the arms, the legs. Just button it on and go wherever it's summer.... *Right:* If you could spend summer in one dress, it would have to be this one—Bill Smith's chopped-off caftan, short and blowing. In natural thin cotton with light-blue stripes, roll-up sleeves.

Left: By Rizkallah for Malcolm Starr, of Palace jacquard-weave silk. About $95. At Martha; Gidding-Jenny; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin... Right: Bill Smith for the Skip II Collections. About $95. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's; I. Magnin... Anywhere, any weather, your skin needs a hard-working moisturizer. A good one to try: Formula 405 by Doak Pharmacal. All accessories, next to last page of this issue.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



The key thing is a white suit

Just when you thought softness was all there was to summer, Bill Blass does a suit like this. A real suit. And a knockout. One-button jacket and straight skirt in lineny white silk. Crisp, shaped —with narrow little shoulders—nothing stiff or rigid about it. Wear it with its own white georgette shirt . . . with a black halter. Or the sexiest way—the way it is here and on the cover—with nothing underneath. It's going to start a whole new feeling for being in a suit again. . . . (In Palm Beach, at the Colony Hotel.)

The key to everything...

A tiny white bikini from Snapdragon—if you can wear it, you can wear anything this summer. And that's the truth. The key to everything: a good body—narrow as an arrow and round where a girl should be round; good skin—supple, smooth, glowing.

Left: By Bill Blass. About $445. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Kaufmann's; Halle's-Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus. . . . Right: Shirley Bacher for Snapdragon; Arnel and nylon (Blue Ridge-Winkler Textiles). About $19. Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Burdine's; Joseph Magnin. . . . To help your skin through summer—Helena Rubinstein's new Skin Life Sun Survival System: a sunscreening lotion, an after-sun soother, and—kindest of all—bronzing toners and coloring tints that let you suntan without the sun. . . . All accessories, next to last page.

KOPKEN PAKCHAN AN

Karen Graham...
FIRST LOOK
AT SUMMER

Karen Graham...

FIRST LOOK AT SUMMER



Show a good midriff in a striped pyjama

An easy, soft pyjama. For a change. From pants-type pants . . . shorts . . . sundresses . . . anything else you might put on when you just want to relax and let go. This, from Diane von Furstenberg, in white jersey with a thin black pinstripe, loose legs, and a drawstring shirt—for day at a resort, for casual little evenings at home anywhere. . . . You could leave off the hat and do something pretty with a scarf . . . you could go without any shoes at all. The only real must here is a good midriff—tight and tan.

Show more leg with an oversize shirt

A great way to look in town (and a great way to get out of it on Friday, come back on Monday): a long, loose overshirt and short divided skirt in rusty red-white-and-navy print—something your legs can really get around in. . . . Other days, other ways: Instead of the tan low-heeled sandal here, try a flat red one. Try the skirt with a little navy T-shirt. The shirt with white pants, shorts, over a bikini—you get a lot to like from Geoffrey Beene.

Left: By Diane von Furstenberg. Ban-Lon pyjamas of nylon jersey. About $130. At Saks Fifth Avenue, Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. . . . Right: By Geoffrey Beene, of Fisba cotton. About $200. At Bonwit Teller; Halle's-Cleveland; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus. Hair combed by Rick Gillette. . . . The unseen protection: Coppertone's Suntan Cream—lets skin tan gently, evenly without burning first. Accessories, both pages, next to last page of this issue.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN





Karen Graham...

FIRST LOOK
AT SUMMER



The bare little dress for day

When we say you're going to have a pretty summer, we mean it. Think of a sharp clean pattern on something soft and light...of white next to glowing tanned skin...and the merest little slip of a dress. A delectable hot-weather look wherever you are (where Karen Graham is—the Hokin Gallery, Palm Beach...with, at left, a Trova sculpture and a Dubuffet, above)....*Far left:* Sunny days in sunny places, warm nights everywhere in a dress like this one from Bieff—big bold red stripes on white jersey, bare at the front, bare in back . . . the dress to make the most of a good body, a good suntan, a good mood....*Above:* Small on top, blowing from the waist, very very feminine—Chester Weinberg's short white crêpe de Chine printed with tiny black flowers boxed in black—freshness that lasts from one end of the day to the other.

Far left: By Neil Bieff and Arturo Herrera for Bieff Ltd. About $150. At Martha; Neusteters....Above: By Chester Weinberg, of silk (Pomezia fabric). About $240. At Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Marshall Field; Swanson's; Joseph Magnin....No matter what summer has in store for your hair, there's a new, neat way to keep it in line: DEP Net, an all-weather, all-time spray. Accessories, next to last page.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN





Karen Graham...
FIRST LOOK
AT SUMMER

Two great nights this summer

The most glamour. The most softness. The most dressed you'll be this summer. Evenings with a new ease, a new seductiveness ...in the clothes...in the way they fit and feel on. Short or long, bare or barer—this is one time to pull out all the stops...*Left:* The prettiest short dress you could hope to find—a pale-pink caftan from Donald Brooks in slithery satin chiffon, slit to the waist, long loose sleeves to fold back—a very supple thing for a body to slip into. With a pale, shimmery stocking on the leg, a bare strippy sandal—fantastic!...*Right:* The strapless black dress—a long, lean tube of jersey from Anne Klein that shows tanned shoulders, tanned arms in the best possible light—one good reason you'll be seeing a lot of black this summer. And another very good reason to have a body in top shape this summer.

Left: By Donald Brooks, of Abraham fabric. About $345. At Lord & Taylor; Dayton's; Swanson's; Balliet's; I. Magnin.... Right: ***By Anne Klein, of Nyesta nylon jersey. About $66. At Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Coifs and makeup, these 14 pages, by Rick Gillette....Makeup for evening—soft, definite, radiant: Pot O' Gloss Smoke Grey*** *eye shadow* ***and Rose Tinted Lip Gloss. Both by Yardley. All accessories,*** *next to last page.*

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN



CANDICE BERGEN

The more she "undoes" her looks, the more assured she seems

Hers is a beauty story backwards. Candice Bergen, raised as a beautiful child in that beauty forcing bed, the Hollywood community, came on as an aloof, fine-boned stunner from the start of her movie career in *The Group* in 1966. The bones, the beauty are as good as ever, but in the last few years Candice has been discovering Candice from the inside out. She left movies to prove that she is a gifted, witty, and able journalist and photographer. Now that she has licked her fear of deadlines, most recently pursuing the Masai through Nairobi (letter from Candice: "Tomorrow at 8 A.M. I have an appointment with a Masai witch doctor, at 4 P.M. an appointment with a Masai gynecologist...."), she is ready to return to films with a fresh approach. She has always been wary of and not quite convinced by the beauty others see in her. "I've never met any woman who thought herself a beauty," said Melvin Sokolsky, who took these photographs. "Candice is a watcher, an observer. When you're an observer, you're more a sort of scientist than a professional girl. She knows what shows on the face and what a camera can do with it." The result, Candice's determination to show the truth in a less-is-more approach to fashion and beauty. She was photographed, *left,* still damp from a shampoo wearing a make-up total of Blistex and Dior lip gloss, and, *on this page,* in the rain in her own daily rig: hacking jacket, turtleneck, jeans (or something like). In the evening she might switch to a velvet variation of the day look or to one of Halston's floor-length cashmere sweater-dresses.

Left: What to wear drying hair? A man's white-terry cloth robe from Alexander Shields.

MELVIN SOKOLSKY

MELVIN SOKOLSKY

Candice Bergen: a beautiful clown

"Candice sets up a screen of almost exaggeratedly refined beauty. She doesn't like to get too close to people too fast," Melvin Sokolsky said. "When she decides to let go, she's great." *Left:* Candice clowning on the beach—jollying a stray dog, walking pigeon-toed, making faces, imitating Paul Newman—played authentically a gawky, American, laugh's-on-me girl. In the afternoon, tucked away from a gale blasting outside, *this page,* she relaxed. "She knew, then, that she was looking beautiful, and she accepted it."

Clothes for horsing around or not: left, white pullover and pants, niftied up by being cashmere and silk. This page: The nothing-fashion of all time, a navy-blue cotton lisle shirt. All by Ralph Lauren. Sweater, about $110; pants, about $70. At Bloomingdale's; Britches of Georgetown; Polo, Beverly Hills. Tiffany earrings. Knit shirt, about $30 at Bloomingdale's. Accessory details, on the next to last page of this issue.

Candice Bergen: less is more

Here, Candice, whom you first saw photographed bare-faced, appears dressed and made up to what she considers the hilt. *Opposite,* her freckles are smoothed with a little foundation, her eyes deepened with Dior's Egyptian Clay Gel-Creme Eyeshadow and a smidge of copper glint up under the eyebrow (resisted by Candice until she saw that it didn't look stagy). Candice, who has collected American Indian jewelry, surprised even herself by falling for Tiffany's classic diamond-and-platinum ear studs. Her hair, loosely rolled up and back by the hairdresser Carrie White of Beverly Hills, is in the first *new* hairdo that Candice has liked in a long time: long hair giving the effect of shoulder-clearing short hair.

Candice's shoulders cleared, here, for a new fashion she approves, too: a black-and-white-striped strapless tube under a striped cardigan, both worn with sharp white sharkskin pants. By Anne Klein. Cardigan and tube of Nyesta nylon; pants of Fortrel and Arnel. Cardigan, about $38; tube, about $22; pants, about $64. All, available in late April at Saks Fifth Avenue; O'Neil's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres. Accessory details, on the next to last page of this issue.


MELVIN SOKOLSKY

LAUREN HUTTON... THE NEW ALLURE OF BLACK AT NIGHT

It's marvelous this season—bare black, transparent black, soft little tubes of black moving with the body—worn as Lauren wears it here, with hair shining, skin glowing, it's a whole new seduction scene. ...Below, a short, bare jersey tube from Robert David Morton—if you can take the plunge, take the dress. It's a knockout....A sneaker from Bill Blass right, all covered up, hiding nothing: a transparent skim of georgette over a long halter-cut tube of matte jersey, showing arms, back...and the outline of the body beneath.

Below: *By Robert David Morton, of Antron nylon and Lycra (Webco Mills fabric); about $115. Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Lillie Rubin—South and West; Stanley Korshak; I. Magnin. (Beauty aside: Skin that can take this kind of exposure might take its cue from Alexandra de Markoff—their Allevia Body Treatment is good news all over.)* **Right:** *By Bill Blass, of silk georgette (Kabat Textile) over rayon (Jasco Fabrics). About $325. Saks Fifth Avenue; B. Forman; Hutzler's. Lauren's hair on these and the next two pages, combed by Ara Gallant. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.*





AVEDON



LAUREN HUTTON... IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT

Subtle, sexy black... the never-fail allure.... Galanos's one-shoulder tube of silk crêpe, left, *simply flowing on the body—one of the most ravishing big-evening looks you could hope to be in this or any season....Halston's floating sensation,* right—*his short see-through caftan in black chiffon, through which is seen a tiny bikini bra and flippy skirt in black silk jersey.*

Left: By Galanos, of Staron silk. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin....Right: From Halston; caftan of silk (Kabat Textile), bra and skirt of Jasco Fabrics jersey. About $280. Martha; Hutzler's; Jacobson's.... (Beauty aside for skin that shows: Clinique's hypoallergenic Aromatic Polish—where it goes, skin not only glows, it smells delicoius, too.) Accessories, next to last page this issue.

AVEDON



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

People are talking about . . . The staggered return of the POW's, joyous and shattering at once, with plenty of steak and ice cream but less solid fare in the way of jobs and reorientation. . . . The curious new use of the word "positioning" in ad lingo, meaning the description of how a thing relates to "significant people" as opposed to all people.

People are talking about . . . Barbara Bel Geddes, buoyant, bright of eye, and ready for anything as the wife-and-mother in *Finishing Touches*, the affable new Jean Kerr play, mostly about people over forty, and chocked with one- and two-liners that suggest the author has been having a literary fling with Peter de Vries; lines like "feeling closer to God in Schrafft's." . . . Cleo Laine, the British blues singer married to bandman Johnny Dankworth, and just hitting the high spots here with her sweet, smoky, jazz-club voice. . . . *Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me*, a Truffaut satire on satires, one of the funniest French flicks around; action centered on the Sam Colt Saloon where actress Bernadette Lafont takes up with a pop music man who makes love to a recording of the sounds at the Indianapolis Speedway. . . . This fragment of Irish pragmatism: "What's the use of keeping dogs if you're going to do your own barking."

People are talking about . . . *Lost Horizon*. Ross Hunter's Hollywood bonanza of a movie with Liv Ullmann, adorable Tibetan children, and Bobby Van absolutely swell singing and dancing "Question Me an Answer.". . . French franc-banks shaped like a bust of Finance Minister Valéry Giscard D'Estaing.

People are talking about . . . James Reston, Jr.'s mind-prodding book, *The Amnesty of John David Herndon*, the documentary of a paratrooper who volunteered for Vietnam, served for fifteen months, was wounded in the Tet offensive, then deserted to live in exile with thousands of other young Americans, not all deserters; Herndon, through careful handling and the right breaks, won his amnesty, leaving, however, the grave, untackled questions of whether amnesty should be universal, conditional, or handled case by case in an endless skirmish of paper, whether America can be "magnanimous in its disappointment."

People are talking about . . . "The Painting and Sculpture Collection: A New Perspective," directed by Chief Curator William Rubin, and on now at New York's Museum of Modern Art; opened with a tribute to Alfred H. Barr, Jr., first director of the Museum and far-sighted acquisitor emeritus, it is the first rehanging of the collection since 1964; in the garden, four giant sculptures including Picasso's "Construction in Wire," welded in America from his maquette. . . . George Burns and his no-charm-left-undone record, *A Musical Trip with George Burns*, singing savory little ditties that range from "Ain't Misbehavin' " to "With a Little Help from My Friends," all cigar-flavored.

People are talking about . . . Five bucks a dance, which is what the first Arthur Murray tango lesson costs—but will they teach you the spinning jazz waltz on the sound-track record *Last Tango in Paris?* . . . Jerzy Kosinski's novel *The Devil Tree*, the tortures and fantasies of a young man with so-o-o much money; quick takes of his sometimes fascinating, sometimes maddening explorations of the *Zeitgeist*, including encounter groups about which he tells it like it is. . . . "From Within," a milestone exhibition of art at the Everson Museum, Syracuse, ranging from hard-edge to chain-gang representational, all executed by the inmates of Auburn Prison (maximum security), for which James Harithas, the Museum's director, has written a compelling catalogue piece on the "modest but incisive contribution" art can make to improve the prisoner's situation and his ability to visualize himself in terms of the "inside" and "outside" worlds.

People are talking about . . . 'Hi ho, Silver," heard again in the land with the radio revival of *The Lone Ranger* ("I'll keep my mask and continue as an unknown man") along with *Gangbusters, The Green Hornet, Fibber McGee and Molly*, and—you've got it—*The Shadow!* . . . The new "open marriage" between Barnard College (female) and Columbia's undergrad school with each preserving its own identity, gaining a free exchange of courses, and steering clear of the recent maxim: "Coeducation will cure everything from what's wrong with the liberal arts to arthritis." . . . The perfection of the Balenciaga exhibit, organized, actually invented by Diana Vreeland, at the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum—white porcelain mannequins, clothes in "the colors of the church, colors of the bull ring."

People are talking about . . . "Soul Train," a wow of a TV show rather like "American Bandstand," which taught kids to dance fifteen years ago; this one has new combos, stars like Stevie Wonder, and a dance contest. . . . The superb show of "Impressionist and Post-impressionist Paintings from the U.S.S.R.," lent by Russia to the National Gallery—Cézannes, Picassos, Gauguins, Matisse, and more; for the first time, Renoir's "Child with a Whip" (from Russia) and its companion painting, "Girl with a Hoop" (in the National Gallery's collection) will be shown under one roof.

People are talking about . . . The groovier, if not behoovier Erich Segal (to use some of his words) now turning his hand to such light-hearted reading as *Fairy Tale*—it's about hillbillies and a secondhand-car salesman, not a *Love Story* but a money story. . . . *El Grande de Coco-Cola*, the sleeper of the Off-Broadway season, an uninhibited polyglot take-off of a nightclub show with five people including a baggy-pants M.C. passing off his family as international stars.

"She makes men aware..."

MIA FARROW, THE GREAT GATSBY'S DAISY

Incredible eyes . . . quick . . . shy . . . intelligent . . . deeply in love with her man, André Previn, Mia Farrow has weathered turbulence on TV's *Peyton Place* and in her own life but remains what she calls "a very private person." Mia knows her mind, takes the independent road. The movie *Rosemary's Baby* dipped her in stardust, and now she's landed the most coveted role going—Daisy in the movie of *The Great Gatsby*, F. Scott Fitzgerald's sweet and bitter novel of the 1920's. To Jack Clayton, the director, "she's a girl who knows about people who break things; otherwise she couldn't be Daisy—it's that vulnerable quality that makes men want to protect her." After dozens of others, Mia tested for the part with a temperature of a hundred and something because Clayton said, "There's no such word as can't." For him she emerged as "the most real and suitable Daisy—someone who has the class; someone who is incredibly feminine, aware that men find her infinitely attractive; someone who makes men aware that an extremely beautiful woman is sitting next to them . . . a butterfly, a natural flirt." Like Fitzgerald's wife, Zelda, the prototype of all his heroines, she might say with a thrilling laugh Daisy's own line, "Sophisticated—God, I'm sophisticated!" She is, and she knows how to throw it away. To Jack Clayton *Gatsby* seems sure to change her whole career, making her not just a star but a star of highest voltage.

SNOWDON



OPEN OPINIONS

John Lahr

Theater columnist for New York's Village Voice, *sharp-minded John Lahr has his second, third, and fourth books published this spring—the third is his first novel,* The Autograph Hound *(Alfred Knopf). For us, he analyzes the American taste for non-participation.*

Getting high by looking on

"Good luck," the autograph hound said to me. "All the luck in the world." He held out his pad. While I signed, he talked. He'd been watching me. I'd never seen him before. He knew my name; he told me stories about myself. He asked after my mother and sister. As we parted, he slapped me on the back—friends. Then, he blitzed into the theater crowd, "Are you famous?" A lady winced and hurried to find her husband. A man shrugged and walked away. "Nobodies," the autograph hound said, prowling through the maze of bodies for another score. Even though his obsession was benign, the autograph hound scared people. They didn't want to see him. They signed—sometimes inventing names for themselves—just to get rid of him. And, yet, how different was he from them, from me? This crowd had just come from a play, and I had just finished reviewing it. We were all living off other people's energy. (Like you, reading about me.) In urban America, nobody can be marked absent from the freak's roll call.

The voyeur never risks himself, so he never grows. His sensations are secondhand. Afraid of failure, he watches "victories" at a distance. He has lost confidence in his ability to act for himself; he dreads his body. He seeks distraction, but not discovery. Broadway—with its porno films, its massage parlors, its theaters, cinemas, its penny arcades—epitomizes America's craving for distraction. To live in other people's dreams is a way of evading the failures of one's own. Every blazing neon light, every monumental sign offers a name, a face, an image to worship and in which to lose ourselves. The autograph hound carries the "captivation" of the stars to its logical extreme; he is enchanted. But so are the majority of Americans. Technology numbs us to society's death-dealing. Nicholas Johnson, the former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, has estimated that the average television viewer, between the ages of two and sixty-five, will spend nine full years of his life in front of a television screen. Television offers the illusion of proximity to events—talk shows, news reports, interviews. Our inner landscape is overloaded. We know more about the world and can do less about it. We feel the voyeur's impotence. Instead of being at the center of life, we find ourselves forever on the outskirts of history. Soon, Americans will be able to banish even this reality from their television screens—choosing to replay their favorite film cassette instead of facing the oppression of society's bad news.

Isolation is the mode of American existence. From the President in the White House to the poverty-stricken in the ghetto, people are increasingly trapped by fear. They look out at the world and sometimes the world looks in at them. But there is no interaction, and so there can be no genuine understanding. The voyeur tries to turn isolation into an asset. His *frisson* of pleasure is the thrill of the actual event merging with his fantasy. The autograph hound is high on the effervescence of celebrity, and the society around him is high on the spectacle of its decay. The threat of destruction is the most awesome emotion. Since, like all voyeurs, we exist at a distance from ourselves and the world, we must go to extremes in order to feel. Excess is the only thing that penetrates our profound isolation. Violence makes us retch and swoon. Outrage tickles our fancy. Literary and physical destructiveness titillates our imagination. Violent art, violent living, violent games—we paint ourselves repeatedly into tableaux of danger in order to master our deeper spiritual malaise. We scare ourselves into life. ■

Peter S. Feibleman

Living in Spain Peter S. Feibleman, theatrical and once an actor, wrote The Columbus Tree, *a novel just published by Atheneum. Other novels, a Broadway play came first. Now he will live in New York.*

New York arrival: the smell of stress

I stood last month in Kennedy Airport waiting for my bags, watching an attractive middle-aged woman and wondering where I had seen her before. For the last several years I had lived partly in Spain, partly in California or New Orleans, making my living as a writer, living where the writing took me. Spain had been my home, on and off, for a long time; I had always wanted to do a novel about it and had never been able to. But now, after five years of work, the novel was finished and about to be published; New York was to be my home for the next few months. Standing in the airport, I thought that it would be strange living in a big city in America again; I watched the attractive woman who was marching back and forth in a short sable-lined raincoat and I knew that something about her was familiar.

The plane had brought me from Louisiana, where I had been making field trips into the bayou country and coastal marsh, doing research for a magazine article. On one of the trips I had gone to visit the Rockefeller Wildlife Refuge and Game Preserve, to find out why pelicans had totally disappeared from that part of the world. The pelican is the unofficial Louisiana State bird; its loss is a local-government scandal and efforts are being made to reinstate the bird along the coast. Curious about the reasons for the bird's disappearance, I made an appointment with Ted Joanen, the zoologist who heads the program where the problem is being studied. The road led me south through the coastal marsh, called by the Cajuns "La Prairie Tremblante" (The Trembling Prairie).

The Rockefeller Refuge, part of a muddy fringe that stretches into the Gulf of Mexico, is an immense tract of marshland with a few buildings fenced in at one end like the nucleus of a big shapeless amoeba. Ted Joanen welcomed me and then had one of his assistants drive me, in a rattling station wagon that reeked of formaldehyde, through a small part of the 93,000 acres. The assistant explained that he had been transporting specimens of dead animals back to the main building for postmortem examination. The marsh was alive with birds of all kinds. Pairs of elegant snow geese streaked above the grass in lazy violence, and ducks and great blue herons stood and stared, side by side, at the slow-moving car. The only odor that is worse than the stench of death, the odor of formaldehyde, was so strong inside the car that my eyes were watering; and when I got back to Ted Joanen's office and washed my face, I could still smell it.

Sitting in his laboratory, Joanen explained: "The pelicans died from pesticide contamination . . . there were traces of pesticide poison in the brains and livers of the dead birds." I asked him whether the pesticide in use was a new one. "No," Joanen said, "it's been used for years. All of the pelicans didn't die at the same time." I asked why not. Joanen put his feet up and crossed his wide hands behind his head. "That was the strange part," he said. "They'd all been eating the poison for generations . . . in each case it went into the fatty tissues of the bird's body and was stored there. It never had any ill-effect, unless . . . ," he leaned forward. "Unless the bird in question was under stress," he said. "There's the point. The poison was totally harmless as long as it remained in the fat. But if the pelican was under stress of any kind, then the body fat was metabolized—you know, used, burned off by excess energy—and then, of course, the poison went straight to the brain or the liver and killed the bird." The zoologist unhooked his hands and leaned back again. "Stress for a pelican can mean . . . well, a hurricane, or a population explosion in one small area when there isn't enough food to go around. That sort of thing. Gallinaceous birds, chickens for instance may be less intelligent, but they don't store poison—

(Continued no page 225)

Penelope Mortimer

Truth-telling creator of the ironic and probing novels The Pumpkin Eater *and* The Home, *critic of movies and writer of screenplays, Penelope Mortimer is a funny, subtle Englishwoman who isn't Libbed.*

The war inside my head

The other day I was talking to a very tall Women's Liberation enthusiast. Come to think of it, I don't know a small Women's Liberation enthusiast. She said, "You should join." I said, "I don't really want to join anything." She said, "That's rather sad." I said humbly, "I'm sorry."

I am. My inability to join anything is an affliction. But as far as my role as a woman is concerned, I am clockwork-conditioned and can't, it seems, do a thing about it. I accept the fact of this conditioning. I think that I understand this conditioning. I live with it like an unsightly, but normally unseen, birthmark. And I suffer from the women's complaint that undoubtedly Dr. Eric Berne had a name for, the symptoms of which are stabs and blotches of resentment, sullen fury and hysterical inclinations to murder. I confess to occasionally thinking of my seventeen-year-old son as a male-chauvinist pig. Thinking, mind you. Never saying. That would be unsuitable, unmotherly, and, above all, bad manners.

The tall Women's Liberation enthusiast doesn't have a son. Her husband, to tell the truth, has faded to little more than a look of puzzled recollection on his wife's handsome face. While I agree, sometimes even passionately, with many of her beliefs, while I often long to join the monstrous regiment led by Generals Kate Millet and Germaine Greer, I am imprisoned by an ancestry of diaper-changers, bread-bakers, jam-preservers, floor-scrubbers, sewers-on-of-buttons, human dishwashers, and defenders of the faith.

If these women ancestors had been oppressed masochists, dim little nobodies lurking in their husbands' shadows, there might be more hope for me. But they were sensationally competent, remarkably intelligent, and their combined strength of will could have flicked the world out of orbit as easily as a speck of fluff off a child's Sunday jacket. The two I first remember, my grandmothers, had eleven children each and populated large areas of Australia, Canada, and the United States. They outlived their husbands—pleasant, liberal, hard-working fellows, no doubt—by fifty years. They were by no means wealthy, but they were careful. I do not believe that they thought of themselves primarily as women; I believe that if they thought of themselves at all, it was as people with wombs. The fact that the wombs may have been overworked seemed, I'm sure, no more unjust than the overwork involved in building up a business or running a factory. In all probability, they managed it with a great deal less fuss.

It is they, on the battleground of my personality, who wage war against the tall Women's Liberation enthusiast and her sisters. It is they who, while I am writing this, sound a piercing whistle (or Pavlovian bell?) that sends me scurrying off to cook the lunch.

Inconsistently, I rebel, though scurry all the same. Would I be free if I worked in an office and, when somebody else blew the whistle, fought my way to a Wimpy Bar? Would I be free if somebody else—almost certainly a man—were paying for my lunch? What is freedom? Is it the government of oneself, by oneself, for oneself—and (ghosts wielding their gamps and rolling pins insist) the inadvertent benefit of others. For myself, as a so-called independent woman, it is learning to become a detached observer of my own conflicts. ■

Martin Gottfried

Working drama critic for New York's fashion-industry paper, Women's Wear Daily, *writer of serious theater books, Martin Gottfried is frothing up a musical, here seems facetiously uncritical of trends in psychotherapy.*

Sex among the shrinks

It has been revealed that a growing number of psychoanalysts are having sexual relations with their patients. For heaven knows what reason, some people feel that this is improper and even opportunistic behavior on the part of the analysts who, I am sure, would generally agree that those who condemn such sexual therapy have emotional problems of their own. What is it about analyst-patient sex that is considered improper? Perhaps it is felt that the analyst is using the patient for his own pleasure; that he may be capitalizing on the patient's emotional vulnerability as well as trust; that, for want of a better phrase, finding action available, he cannot resist. This is an implication of the lowest of motives. Could anyone imagine that such sex is *fun* for the analyst, that he is simply interested in a little hanky-panky?

To dispense with a semantic problem at the outset, I am going to consider the analysts male and the patients female. This will free my essay of he-she clutter when pronouns are needed. It also is consistent with studies that show these sexual relations to occur mainly between male analysts and female patients. I am sure there are many excellent female analysts who are sexually attractive; everyone is, after all, though analysts do tend to apply this therapy to their prettier patients. The reason why they do not engage in sexual therapy with less attractive female patients or with homosexuals is too scientific for the average reader.

In a small proportion of cases, no fee is charged by the analyst for either the sex act or the foreplay (supplementary therapy). The suspicious might consider this a bribe for the patient's sexual consent. How callow! Were it so, the patient would be placed in the position of a prostitute, which would not be emotionally beneficial. (Considering the complaints about medical costs, you would think that free therapy would be appreciated, but some people are compulsive malcontents.) Most analysts, however, do insist on charging their regular fees, since both the sex and payment itself are therapeutic, especially if the fee is beyond the patient's means. A disturbed mind might interpret this as an egotistical act on the part of the analyst, being paid for his sexual services. Some might call it male prostitution, adding snidely, "Nice work if you can get it." Nonsense. Who are they to analyze? Let them look for sex on their own couches, to paraphrase the Old Testament.

According to the studies, most sexual therapy is satisfactory to the patients (for the therapist, it is but another contribution to a human being's emotional health). Those who do complain that their analysts are not sexually satisfying obviously suffer deep-rooted sexual problems. Many treatments continue for periods as long as one year, ending when the analyst considers the treatment complete and bids the patient good-bye, hoping they meet now and then. Some patients have resented this, indicating a sense of rejection. Analysts consider such rejection therapeutic. The patient should feel pleased that her treatment has been concluded, except, perhaps, for a booster shot, if you will, some future afternoon. On the other hand, the patient who abandons her analyst is only asking for continued emotional trouble, unless she finds another who provides similar treatment. Such a patient would be interesting enough to invite to a psychiatric convention for group study in depth.

Finally, there have been instances in which a spouse has learned of the treatment and expressed disapproval. This seldom involves the analysts' wives—broadminded women who have had the benefit of professional explanations from their husbands (and, incidentally, need no therapy outside the home). Patients' husbands are not so well informed and have been known to grow enraged at both their wives and the analysts upon learning of this course of treatment. Of course, such wives have betrayed the confidential relationship necessary for therapy; and, obviously, the husbands have problems of their own. Such irrational jealousy may well have contributed to the difficulties that sent the wives for help in the first place. The analyst would probably advise such husbands that the sexual therapy will ultimately be good for the marriage, of course charging the normal fee for such advice. Altruism is too often distrusted in this cynical world of ours. ■

Brando's "Tango" partner:
What next for her?

By Valerie Wade

Maria Schneider, sexy new kid in the movies, talks about Bertolucci, instant fame, Andy Warhol's flash camera, bisexuality, and why she may turn into Antonioni's star

The only interview about her appearance in the film *Last Tango in Paris* that Maria Schneider says she enjoyed was a short spot for television news that ended with the smitten interviewer, shoeless, probably stoned, sprawled across the bed with her. Maria did the interview because she had heard that the camera crew were young Jamaicans.

The first time I met Maria in Paris, I was surprised. I'd been expecting a dull neo-Parisienne hippie with a swollen head. Maria turned out to be honest, funny, alarmingly strong on native intelligence. She was fairly sure that Bernardo Bertolucci would make her into an instant star, as he had done for Dominique Sanda in *The Conformist*, and was determined not to let stardom ruin the way she wanted to live or let it interfere with the friends she wanted to be with.

A year later, here in New York, Maria was being difficult as ever about interviews with most people; and no doubt because of her boredom with the whole publicity business, her interviews tend to have a certain sameness.

It's difficult for an interviewer to get Maria's flavor over accurately in print. Her English is far from perfect, learned "from movies and in bed with lovers." Some of her phrases she just translates literally from the French, which can give a misleading pretentious ring. Maria's loyalty is strong: she avoids photographers (as well as interviewers) but let pictures be taken for Vogue because the photographer—Ewa Rudling—was a friend.

For someone who is in her early twenties, Maria has experienced and discarded more "scenes" than most people encounter in a lifetime. She left an unconventional home life at fifteen; tried modeling and "a few lousy French films," including one by Roger Vadim; lived with Brigitte Bardot, and generally hung around the hard-core French-movie set and Paris-by-night-club world. Three years after her departure from home, she was acting opposite one of the best actors in the world, directed by one of the most talented directors, in what has become the most notorious movie of the year.

Maria's thirty-nine-year-old Rumanian mother runs a book shop in Paris; and her father—she is illegitimate—is French actor Daniel Gélin. He made himself known to her only when she was fifteen. She denies that her bisexuality and preference for living with girls now has anything to do with Gélin's lack of any interest in her until recently. "Maybe before, but I have passed through that. It looks proud to say that I know men; but I think I do know them very well. A woman can adapt herself and think more quickly than a man does. Women are free, really; more open. We speak the same language. Men, they get afraid sometimes, I don't know, they get afraid of me; because I was so young, much younger than them, and I was not looking for what they were proposing—security, possessions. With Joey [her close companion for the last six months], it grew so quickly, you know, in comparison with a man. I still have men lovers but I don't want to live with them. They bore me so quick—just a wall."



Marie Schneider visits New York: photographs (above and opposite) taken especially for Vogue by a Swedish friend, Ewa Rudling.

Just sixteen when she met Bardot, Maria was one of many extras on a Bardot picture. On life with a star, she said, "I begin to learn that the big star . . . meet? . . . How do you say? . . . the myth thing, was completely unreal; and Brigitte is living the myth for years so she accept it. She use people around her that court and follow her."

Warren Beatty vividly remembers his first impression of Maria at this time. The entourage was having dinner with and around Bardot; and he became fascinated by this forceful, grumpy-looking girl who just sat glowering at them all. Maria remembers that he was the first to say that she would be great in movies. She is no longer part of that particular group, though she has remained a good friend of Beatty's.

If Maria has become a sex-symbol, she did nothing to manufacture it; and the last thing she wants is star treatment. "I will never ask for a car, or a hairdresser, or a special makeup man." Since the film, she has lost twenty pounds and has cut off a lot of her hair, because the perm she needed for the part dried it. I have never seen her wear anything other than jeans and a loose shirt or sweater—usually with a man's trilby stuck on her head. The only makeup I've ever noticed on her face is a couple of strokes of mascara—and that is an effort. She prefers the way she looks now but would still like her breasts to disappear some more. She never thinks about diet. So far I've only seen her actually finish a tub of ice cream she was having for breakfast (at four in the afternoon) and some apple-crunch pie after a barely touched salad.

About her acting ability, Maria said, "I think I have something in me . . . er . . . it is very natural for me to do movies because I forget it. Because for me, life is movies—movies is life. I go in the only moods I can have." Her next film, recently shot in London, will show if she needs a good director to bring her out or if she can project her emotions alone. "I did one film directed, with Bernardo, and the other one is completely undirected, and I wait to see that."

In fact, Maria rowed with her second director after one week of shooting, unsuccessfully tried to get out of her contract, "I was black . . . how do you say? . . . blackmailed," and finished her work without direction. With Bertolucci, whose direction she respects enormously, she followed as best she could. She has no false modesty about her contribution, and feels that both she and, especially, Brando invested a lot of themselves in the picture. Neither was nervous about acting out the director's sexual fantasies: "Maybe Marlon has even less problems than me; neither of us need that submission." She does think some of the film a put down to women. In the famous buggery scene with the butter, she found herself yelling out "freedom, freedom" instead of "family secret, family secret" as scripted.

Maria is passionate about acting and loved working on *Tango*, although she is not so crazy about the idea that Bertolucci "invented" her. "He was looking for someone for the part and it was just a meeting, a contact between two people. And not just somebody who just pick one person—a spark has to happen." She is very excited about the prospect of working with Antonioni, who, according to her friends, is crazy about her. About their first meeting, she laughed and said, *"C'était bien.* He is quiet and very peaceful and open in many ways. . . . I was waiting for an intellectual but an inhuman, because of the way he treat the actors; but he was real with me, with me he was different. I have got enough of instinct and physical living and feeling to connect with him, and so we mix very well, very well."

During her New York visit, I fixed up a meeting between Maria and Andy Warhol—each had expressed interest in the other. From the moment Maria put her head through the Factory door, it was obviously a mistake. Everybody in the room—from Andy and his secretary to his friend Briget Polk and the film editor, Vincent—was armed with a flashing camera; not to mention the crafty video camera waiting to record Maria's meeting with (Continued on page 226)

EWA RUDLING

Her English is far from perfect, learned "from movies and in bed with lovers"

IN KASHMIR:
"THE MIRACLE IS ALWAYS A POSSIBILITY"

A world traveler, a woman of perception and fascination, Marella Agnelli, left, took these photographs and wrote this text—telling how she found the "Paradise on Earth" of the Mogul emperors, in the Indian Himalayas.



DAY ONE: Chaos at the Srinagar airport, suitcases that can't be found, porters begging for tips, and police opening everything, checking on everything. The border with Pakistan is nearby and the area is full of soldiers.

We (my sixteen-year-old daughter Margherita, her friend Amanda, my brother Nicola, and I) get into two old, battered taxis which rattle off towards Srinagar at top speed. Just as in England, they should keep to the left side of the road, but the driving technique here is different. The cabbie keeps to the middle of the road and hardly ever leaves it. If a car comes from the opposite direction, both cars accelerate without the slightest sign of fear. When they're about a couple of yards apart, with a sudden twist they both get back on the left side. The use of the brake is practically unknown; people, chickens, children, cows simply have to run for their lives. A terrifying experience. We reach the banks of Dal Lake, a place called Nehru Park. On the opposite bank, a row of houseboats. Comfortable and spacious, some new and freshly painted, others old and decaying, they are probably the result of necessity rather than a fancy of the Victorian epoch, when British administrators and their families went to Kashmir to escape the torrid heat and monsoons of the Indian summer. An old law, perhaps still in effect today, forbade the sale of land around Srinagar and its lakes to foreigners. We cross the lake to our (Continued on page 215)

In Kashmir: the capital, Srinagar, right, overlooked by the massive fortress of Hari Parbat and interwoven with water —its tranquil look is deceptive. Opposite page: Vivid faces in the crowd at a Moslem sanctuary in Anantnag and, bottom, Gujar child-shepherds in the snowy peaks near Sonamarg.



GARBO LIVES!

a never-before look at the private woman



Garbo: "What a waste... always alone... it was so stupid not being able to partake more"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Beaton first met Garbo in 1936; ten years later when they met again, she asked him to take photographs—for her passport. Garbo cooled their warming friendship suddenly the next year, but Beaton's persistence brought them together in California after six months. We begin our sections from his diary at that point:

MARCH 3, 1948

"I was determined not to ask you to come," Greta said, "but when you telephoned I was on the point of sending you a telegram. Suddenly I get so restless." In the brilliant California sunlight her beauty was finer and more delicate than one could have imagined: the skin of a polished flawlessness, the eyelashes like a peacock's tail. . . . A friend of hers considers California unhealthy because the bugs and insects never die. They just live underground in winter and go on multiplying, so that soon the whole place will be overrun by them. "But," said Greta, "where today, except in Tahiti, could you lead such a healthy life? And for your work—you're quite undisturbed, and when the day's over in the studio, you can go for long walks in the mountains and by the ocean. There's so much sun, everything grows, and you can be out of doors all the time—I'm never inside." . . . We set out along the sand where she had walked many hundreds of times, in all weathers, including the driving downpours of the rainy season. We set off with incredible zest, health, and vitality, climbing over breakwaters and rocks, running after the seagulls and pelicans, and wrestling with one another. We walked for many miles unseen by any eyes; and when, at last, we felt the need of a drink, we came across a Coca-Cola booth wherein to quench our thirst. Refreshed, we returned to the shore and again started wrestling, to find that a group of delighted roughnecks were watching from the booth.

Greta was very acrobatic and, finding a certain iron framework from a deserted swing, did a number of spectacular exercises. She is in Olympic trim and goes through an elaborate ritual of training every day. Her body is that of a seventeen-year-old girl—lithe, strong, supple. It is no doubt the Scandinavian in her that makes her so mindful of health.

Further along the shore there were gatherings of sea birds. As we approached, they would take to the air in a dark, hovering cloud. But occasionally one bird would be left behind and, terrified, would run from us with a broken wing trailing. Greta was deeply upset by the sight. "Oh, the misery! It knows it is going to die—the others will peck it to death. That is the law of nature—the sick are outcast and doomed—and there is nothing that we can do." We watched a small, disheveled, black-headed gull on which the cruel birds had started, and it was wretched to see it awaiting its inevitable end. Further along we watched another tragedy of impending death: a bird caught by a wave could not defend itself and was knocked about helplessly. Greta said: "I've seen it so often. We can only try not to frighten it: that is all we could ask if we were in that predicament—but I wish I could give it a fish." . . .

Nearing the motor she sang boisterously and invented some dialogue as if she were a tough guy making me a proposition. It was done with such realism, and her ear is so exact, that I felt maybe she could have been a dramatist. I was also surprised to discover how many aspects of life she knows about. One would have thought perhaps she was a little remote in her ivory tower, but she is ready to appreciate all types, and this tough guy was utterly realistic and rather frightening. . . .

This evening, at her house a noise of dry leaves scraping together was heard from outside in the alley. Like a frightened animal, Greta was on the alert, then in a flash was peering through the slats of the blinds. This was a most pathetic sight, for she spends hours at the windows trying to see if anyone is about. Ever since her house was burgled, her nerve has gone, and she is in a bad state of restlessness. We went through the empty rooms to see that no one was hiding in them. I was allowed to see the series of rooms that are unfurnished, the storeroom, dining room, drawing room, the suites of vacant rooms. Yes, the house is much too large for her. Having peered in all nooks and crannies, I convinced her that all was well. . . .

MARCH 4

Today, in her garden, she demonstrated some Hindu exercises that she had taught herself from a book and which left her quite sweating and exhausted. Then she lay down and relaxed. . . .

As we lay basking in the sun, I watched the contours of her face and noticed that the little lump at the bridge of her nose, which I had seen in her photographs, is of cartilage and not bone: she had never known that it was there. I asked why she had always worn this heavy eye makeup, and she answered: "Because I am an Oriental." She explained that only in the last six years had she worn lipstick: "Because my lips became so thin and pale, but I despise lipstick—it's messy and degrading! But oh, what's the use—I look so pinched and pale! I couldn't sleep very well last night. I kept hearing noises in the alleyway as if someone were working there. I tried in vain to see anyone, but the noises went on all night, and I thought, 'He can't be working all night.' It was a sound as if someone was dumping some metal objects on the ground."



It's hard that Greta should be kept awake when sleep is so rare and precious to her. . . . She told me of her difficulty in driving the car: she

BY SIR CECIL BEATON

famous photographer and stage designer, who tells about the legendary Greta Garbo in pages from his diaries, in Garbo photographs he took for Vogue

is scared of parking and, since she finds it hard to choose a suitable place, drives around and around. Once she was in a great predicament. Having run out of paint while painting her garage, she stepped into the buggy in her filthy shorts to buy some more tins. When she parked the car, it was in an isolated spot; but on returning to it with the paint cans, other cars had parked close, both front and back, to hers. She was appalled. She tried to get out, but in vain. Her heart beat, she panicked. She jumped out of the car and started to walk for miles. . . . At that moment her friends, the Reginald Gardiners, appeared. "How are you?" they asked conversationally. "Oh, I'm in terrible trouble." "No, not really? How bad?" When she told them, they roared with laughter and came to her rescue. . . .

In the afternoon we motored through a high winding path into the mountains and got out near the summit to walk. The afternoon sun was still hot, but quickly the day was coming to an end; and, in the distance, the mountains were the blue-purple of Greta's eyes. This is one of the times when I want most to remember her, for now her beauty is at its zenith. Her fine skin has the sheen of a magnolia; her hair falls in smooth, lank bosses; her figure is lithe and thin with flat haunches, flat stomach. She is in high spirits and starts reciting poetry, singing old songs, and being the most companionable of human beings. When she wishes, she has the capacity to talk by the hour, and her brain is alert and quick. She recounts how she used to walk alone for miles in the mountains. She would talk to herself, and shout and sing, and "go to the little boys' room," thinking she was all alone and free of the world to do anything. But one day she saw a photograph of herself walking in the mountains, miles away from anyone, and she recognized the spot. It must have been taken by someone hiding in some bushes. "When I saw it, I got such a fright. I though maybe I'd be followed and attacked—anything might happen—and since the burglary, I'm afraid to be alone. I never used to be like that—but I am now!" In that house down that mountainside a friend of hers, now dead, had lived. Once he had become drunk and pointed a revolver at her, and she had fled out into the night and gone into some stranger's house and said: "I find I'm without a car." They had been nice people; and, although they must have realized something was very wrong, they had not talked and the story had never reached the newspapers. . . .

We dined in her house and Greta talked about her inability to cope with servants. When she had had a chauffeur, she never knew what to do with him in between pictures. She felt self-conscious when he was hanging about doing nothing, so sometimes she would get into the car and tell him to drive to Arrowhead, sixty to seventy miles away. Here she would go on the lake in a canoe and read a book, and later she would telephone for the chauffeur to come all the way back to fetch her. Often she would be driven to Santa Barbara, nearly a hundred miles away. There she would go into a tea shop and, after ten minutes, return to the car and be driven all the way back—a five-hour journey for that one cup of tea. "What a waste of the best years of my life—always alone—it was so stupid not being able to partake more. Now I'm just a gypsy, living a life apart, but I know my ways and I must not see people."

MARCH 6

But for a telegram arriving from The Condé Nast Publications, asking me to remain on a few extra days to take photographs for them, this would have been my last day here. . . . Being Sunday, "the Dragon" was out for the day, and so Greta prepared lunch. . . . She hurried around the kitchen with professional efficiency. She showed me how to cut the celery and carrots for the salad. Expertly she tended the stoves, opened and shut the right cupboards, and stacked trays. A sort of devil possesses her under these conditions, and she becomes almost inhuman with little time for pleasantries and remote from affection. When the lunch is prepared, then she can relax and become human again; Greta said: "I can work hard—harder than anyone. Afterwards I can lie down in the sun almost forever: I have an infinite capacity for relaxation." . . .

MARCH 7

We arrived in high spirits for our first Hollywood party together. It was fascinating to watch her mesmeric appeal at work. She is like a magnet in attracting crowds, little children of all sorts, to herself. The vast cinema-



screen picks up this quality so that the enlarged picture is not just an expanse of emptiness (as is the case with most other actresses in close-up), but has something that draws all the audience to her. It is something she can summon at will, but can never entirely discard, so that when least she wants it she will be surrounded by admirers. It is something that cannot fade, that will always be with her. . . . With lowered eyelids she laughs and all the men and women become sycophants, but the Scandinavian peasant in her never loses touch. . . . Tonight this magnetism was turned on at full strength: Greta much lauded as *La Divina*—a lot of pleasantries, flirtations, jokes, and badinage. Greta assumed the role of great seductress, then said to Sir Charles Mendl, "No, Sir Charles, I have no glands." Charles was horrified: a doctor present took her remarks seriously and gave her a talking to. "You see yourself as a frigid woman—you're not." They went into a long, serious huddle, but Greta laughed about it to me later.

MARCH 8

. . . Over dinner Greta talked of a walk alone in Sweden: "The ground was shining with stones like diamonds. Suddenly I realized they were part of me: our bodies are all particles of a bigger unit. The sudden knowledge of it made me feel so happy; for I felt if we die, we become part of the earth again: our ashes are thrown to the seas and they all come back—you can't waste anything in nature. And I love nature, and it was good to realize that we're all part of this entity of which nothing can be destroyed." . . . We went back to her house where, in the hall, she sat listing the number of empty rooms. I told her that, with her short coat, tight trousers, lanky hair, and pathetic urchin face, she looked like Oliver Twist. It was a picture that I shall never forget—her eyes filled with sympathy and sadness, down-cornered mouth, sensitive nose, and parchment skin. She became like a tired fifteen-year-old and more seriously beautiful than I have ever known her. . . .

MARCH 10

Greta talked about last night's party. "I was sitting next to a young actress, and I suddenly saw myself reflected in a mirror, looking lined and wrinkled. I appeared so old, and I realized how quickly youth has gone—it has gone in a flash." She then talked of death and of the (Continued on page 217)

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



The prettiest, wittiest, worldliest musical in town, created by a genius-mix of 1973-minded innovators

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC



DUANE MICHALS

Not the crowned heads of Europe gathered at the turn of the century, in Baden-Baden or some other Continental spa, but the star-shiny cast of the Harold Prince-Stephen Sondheim-Hugh Wheeler A Little Night Music. This waltzy musical, confectioned from Ingmar Bergman's Smiles of a Summer's Night, is fraught with sexual complications, rife with Wildean wit, and works a kind of heady, hearty, high-summer magic about love, age, discretion. It is as beautiful to look at as a dream of Edwardian glamour, what with fancy, fine furbishings by Florence Klotz; hairstyles by Charles La France; and a mysteriously mobile forest of white birches, country-house splendors created by Boris Aronson. We scooped up the entire cast—stars: Glynis Johns, Len Cariou (standing next to hair-ribboned maid, far left), Hermione Gingold (seated center above) —set them down in Boston's Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, a palazzo that the redoubtable Mrs. Jack Gardner had transported stone upon stone from Venice to the Fenway: the museum's halls were suddenly as alive as the stage of New York's Shubert Theatre is now. . . . At the star-glazed party after Night Music's stand-up-and-cheer Broadway opening, Sardi's eddied with apprehensions until Len Cariou leaped onto a chair shouting, "It's a ravel Barnes is a ravel"—LEO LERMAN

A potent and chilling story, of a time —like ours?— of menace, by

Vladimir Nabokov

THE LEONARDO

AUTHOR'S NOTE *"The Leonardo" ("Korolyok") was composed in Berlin, on the piney banks of the Grunewald Lake, in the summer of 1933. First published in* Posledniya Novosti, *Paris, July 23 and 24, 1933. Collected in* Vesna v Fialte, *New York, 1956.*

Korolyok *(literally: kinglet) is, or is supposed to be, a Russian cant term for "counterfeiter." I am deeply indebted to Prof. Stephen Jan Parker for suggesting a corresponding American underground slang word which delightfully glitters with the kingly gold dust of the Old Master's name. Hitler's grotesque and ferocious shadow was falling on Germany at the time I imagined those two brutes and my poor Romantovski. V.N.*

This story, translated by Dimitri Nabokov, will be included in A Russian Beauty, *a Nabokov collection to be published by McGraw-Hill.*

The objects that are being summoned assemble, draw near from different spots; in doing so, some of them have to overcome not only the distance of space but that of time: which nomad, you may wonder, is more bothersome to cope with, this one or that, the young poplar, say, that once grew in the vicinity but was cut down long ago, or the singled-out courtyard which still exists today but is situated far away from here? Hurry up, please.

Here comes the ovate little poplar, all punctated with April greenery, and takes its stand where told, namely by the tall brick wall, imported in one piece from another city. Facing it, there grows up a dreary and dirty tenement house, with mean little balconies pulled out one by one like drawers. Other bits of scenery are distributed about the yard: a barrel, a second barrel, the delicate shade of leaves, an urn of sorts, and a stone cross propped at the foot of the wall. All this is only sketched and much has to be added and finished, and yet two live people —Gustav and his brother Anton—already come out on their tiny balcony, while rolling before him a little pushcart with a suitcase and a heap of books, Romantovski, the new lodger, enters the yard.

As seen from the yard, and especially on a bright day, the rooms of the house seem filled up with dense blackness (night is always with us, in this or that place, inside, during one part of twenty-four hours, outside, during the other). Romantovski looked up at the black open windows, at the two frog-eyed men watching him from their balcony, and shouldering his bag—with a forward lurch as if someone had banged him on the back of the head—plunged into the doorway. There remained, sunlit: the pushcart with the books, one barrel, another barrel, the nictating young poplar and an inscription in tar on the brick wall: VOTE FOR (illegible). Presumably it had been scrawled by the brothers before the elections.

Now this is the way we'll arrange the world: every man shall sweat, every man shall eat. There will be work, there will be belly-cheer, there will be a clean, warm, sunny—

(Romantovski became the occupant of the adjacent one. It was even drabber than theirs. But under the bed he discovered a small rubber doll. He concluded that his predecessor had been a family man.)

Despite the world's not having yet conclusively and totally turned into solid matter and still retaining sundry regions of an intangible and hallowed nature, the brothers felt snug and confident. The elder one, Gustav, had a furniture-moving job; the younger happened to be temporarily unemployed, but did not lose heart. Gustav had an evenly ruddy complexion, bristling fair eyebrows, and an ample, cupboard-like torso always clothed in a pullover of coarse grey wool. He wore elastic bands to hold his shirtsleeves at the joints of his fat arms, so as to keep his wrists free and prevent sloppiness. Anton's face was pockmarked, he trimmed his mustache in the shape of a dark trapezoid, and wore a dark red sweater over his spare wiry frame. But when they both leaned their elbows on the balcony railings, their backsides were exactly the same, big and triumphant, with identically checkered cloth enclosing tightly their prominent buttocks.

Repeat: the world shall be sweaty and well-fed. Idlers, parasites, and musicians are not admitted. While one's heart pumps blood one should *live*, damn it! For two years now Gustav had been saving money to marry Anna, acquire a sideboard, a carpet.

She would come every other evening, that plump-armed buxom woman, with freckles on the broad bridge of her nose, a leaden shadow under her eyes, and spaced teeth one of which, moreover, had been knocked out. The brothers and she would swill beer. She had a way of clasping her bare arms behind her nape, displaying the gleaming-wet red tufts of her armpits. With head thrown back, she opened her mouth so generously that one could survey her entire palate and uvula, which resembled the tail end of a boiled chicken. The anatomy of her mirth was greatly to the liking of the two brothers. They tickled her with zest.

In the daytime, while his brother worked, Anton sat in a friendly pub or sprawled among the dandelions on the cool, still vividly green grass along the canal bank and observed with envy exuberant roughs loading coal on a barge, or else stared stupidly at the empty blue of the sleep-

inducing sky. But presently in the well-oiled life of the brothers some obstruction occurred.

From the very moment he had appeared, rolling his pushcart into the yard, Romantovski had provoked a mixture of irritation and curiosity in the two brothers. Their infallible flair let them sense that here was someone different from other people. Normally, one would not discern anything special in him at a casual glance, but the brothers did. For example, he walked differently: at every step he rose on a buoyant toe in a peculiar manner, stepping and flying up as if the mere act of treading allowed him a chance to perceive something uncommon over the common heads. He was what is termed a "slank," very lean, with a pale sharp-nosed face and appallingly restless eyes. Out of the much too short sleeves of his double-breasted jacket his long wrists protruded with a kind of annoying and nonsensical obviousness ("here we are: what should we do?"). He went out and came home at unpredictable hours. On one of the first mornings Anton caught sight of him near a bookstand: he was pricing, or had actually bought something, because the vendor nimbly beat one dusty volume against another and carried them to his nook behind the stand. Additional eccentricities were noted: his light remained on practically until dawn; he was oddly unsociable.

We hear Anton's voice:

"That fine gentleman shows off. We should give him a closer look."

"I'll sell him the pipe," said Gustav.

The misty origins of the pipe. Anna had brought it over one day, but the brothers recognized only cigarillos. An expensive pipe, not yet blackened. It had a little steel tube inserted in its stem. With it came a suède case.

"Who's there? What do you want?" asked Romantovski through the door.

"Neighbors, neighbors," answered Gustav in a deep voice.

And the neighbors entered, avidly looking around. A stump of sausage lay on the table next to an uneven pile of books; one of them was opened on a picture of ships with numerous sails and, flying above, in one corner, an infant with puffed-out cheeks.

"Let's get acquainted," rumbled the brothers. "Folks live side by side, one can say, but never meet somehow or other."

The top of the commode was shared by an alcohol burner and an orange.

"Delighted," said Romantovski softly. He sat down on the edge of the bed, and with bent forehead, its V-vein inflamed, started to lace his shoes.

"You were resting," said Gustav with ominous courtesy. "We come at the wrong time?"

Not a word, not a word, did the lodger say in reply; instead he straightened up suddenly, turned to the window, raised his finger, and froze.

The brothers looked but found nothing unusual about that window; it framed a cloud, the tip of the poplar, and part of the brick wall.

"Why, don't you see anything?" asked Romantovski.

Red sweater and grey went up to the window and actually leaned out, becoming identical twins. Nothing. And both had the sudden feeling that something was wrong, very wrong! They wheeled around. He stood near the chest of drawers in an odd attitude.

"I must have been mistaken," said Romantovski, not looking at them. "Something seemed to have flown by. I saw once an airplane fall."

"That happens," assented Gustav. "Listen, we dropped in with a purpose. Would you care to buy this? Brand new. And there's a nice sheath."

"Sheath? Is that so? Only, you know, I smoke very seldom."

"Well, you'll smoke oftener. We sell it cheap. Three-fifty."

"Three-fifty. I see."

He fingered the pipe, biting his nether lip and pondering something. His eyes did not really look at the pipe, they moved to and fro.

Meanwhile the brothers began to swell, to grow, they filled up the whole room, the whole house, and then grew out of it. In comparison to them the young poplar was, by then, no bigger than one of those toy treelets, made of dyed cotton wool, that are so unstable on their round green supports. The dollhouse, a thing of dusty pasteboard with mica windowpanes, barely reached up to the brothers' knees. Gigantic, imperiously reeking of sweat and beer, with beefy voices and senseless speeches, with fecal matter replacing the human brain, they provoke a tremor of ignoble fear. I don't know why they push against me; I implore you, do leave me alone. I'm not touching you, so don't you touch me either; I'll give in, only do leave me alone.

"All right, but I don't have enough change," said Romantovski in a low voice. "Now if you can give me six-fifty—"

They could, and went away, grinning. Gustav examined the ten-mark bill against the light and put it away in an iron money box.

Nevertheless, they did not leave their room neighbor in peace. It just maddened them that despite their having got acquainted with him, a man should remain as inaccessible as before. He avoided running into them: one had to waylay and trap him in order to glance fleetingly into his evasive eyes. Having discovered the nocturnal life of Romantovski's lamp, Anton could not bear it any longer. He crept up barefoot to the door (from under which showed a taut thread of golden light) and knocked.

Romantovski did not respond.

"Sleep, sleep," said Anton slapping the door with his palm.

The light peered silently through the chink. Anton shook the door handle. The golden thread snapped.

Thenceforth both brothers (but especially Anton, thanks to his lacking a job) established a watch over their neighbor's insomnia. The enemy, however, was astute and endowed with a fine hearing. No matter how quietly one advanced toward his door, his light went out instantly, as if it never had been there; and only if one stood in the cold corridor for a goodish length of time, holding one's breath, could one hope to see the return of the sensitive lamp beam. Thus beetles faint and recover.

The task of detection turned out to be most exhausting. Finally, the brothers chanced to catch him on the stairs and jostled him.

"Suppose it's my habit to read at night. What business of yours is it? Let me pass, please."

When he turned away, Gustav knocked off his hat in jest. Romantovski picked it up without a word.

A few days later, choosing a moment at nightfall—he was on his way back from the W.C. and failed to dart back into his room quickly enough—the brothers crowded around him. There were only two of them, yet they managed to form a crowd. They invited him to their room.

"There will be some beer," said Gustav with a wink. He tried to refuse.

"Oh, come along!" cried the brothers; they grabbed him under the arms and swept him off (while at it, they could feel how thin he was—that weakness, that slenderness below the shoulder offered an irresistible temptation—ah, to give a good squeeze so as to make him crunch, ah, hard to control oneself, let us, at least, dig into him on the move, just once, lightly. . .).

"You are hurting me," said Romantovski. "Leave me alone, I can walk by myself."

The promised beer, the large mouth of Gustav's fiancée, a heavy smell in the room. They tried to make him drunk. Collarless, with a copper stud under his conspicuous and defenseless Adam's apple, long-faced and pale, with quivering eyelashes, he sat in a complicated pose, partly doubled up, partly bent out, and when he got up from his chair he seemed to unwind like a spiral. However, they forced him to fold up again and, upon their suggestion, Anna sat in his lap. He kept glancing askance at the swell of her instep in the harness of a tight shoe, but mastered his dull anguish as best he could, not daring to get rid of the inert red-haired creature.

There was a minute when it seemed to them that he was broken, that he had become one of them. In fact, Gustav said, "You see, you were silly to look down on our company. We find offensive the way you have of keeping mum. What do you read all night?"

"Old, old tales," replied Romantovski in such a tone of voice that the brothers suddenly felt very bored. The boredom was suffocating and grim, but drink prevented the storm from bursting out, and, on the contrary, weighed the eyelids down. Anna slipped off Romantovski's knee, brushing the table with a drowsy hip; empty bottles swayed like ninepins, one collapsed. The brothers stooped, toppled, yawned, still looking through sleepy tears at their guest. He, vibrating and diffusing rays, stretched out, thinned, and gradually vanished.

This cannot go on. He poisons the life of honest folks. Why, it can well happen that he will move at the end of the month—intact, whole, never taken to pieces, proudly strutting about. It is not enough that he moves and breathes differently from other people; the trouble is that we just cannot put our finger upon the difference, cannot catch the tip of the ear by which to pull out the rabbit. Hateful is everything that cannot be palpated, measured, counted.

A series of trivial torments began. On Monday they managed to sprinkle his bedclothes with potato flour, which is said to provoke a maddening itch. On Tuesday they ambushed him at the corner of their street (he was carrying books hugged to his breast) and hustled him so neatly that his load landed in the puddle they had picked out for it. On Wednesday they painted the toilet seat with carpenter's glue. By Thursday the brothers' imagination was exhausted.

He said nothing, nothing whatever. On Friday, he overtook Anton, with his flying step, at the gate of the yard, and offered him an illustrated weekly—maybe you'd like to look at it? This unexpected courtesy perplexed the brothers and made them glow still hotter.

Gustav ordered his fiancée to stir up Romantovski, which would give one the opportunity to pick a quarrel with him. You involuntarily tend to set a football rolling before kicking it. Frolicsome animals also prefer a mobile object. And though Anna, no (Continued on page 216)

The creator, spark, and power at Revlon, he built an empire on the way American women look

BY KATE LLOYD

CHARLES REVSON: the man from beauty

When Charles Haskell Revson wants something done, he wants it done, in his phrase, "1-2-6." The people who work with him "get to the net" without blowing words on steps 3, 4, and 5. As Chairman of the Board of Revlon, Incorporated, as well as the creative and executive force behind a cosmetics industry he began in 1932 with $300 and spiraled to $435 million in sales in 1972, Mr. Revson has no time to waste.

In his office on the forty-ninth floor of a white marble status tower in New York, the only informal notes in the Chairman's imposing office are a slew of framed photographs of his wife, Lyn, and needlepoint she has done for him, including pillows with a motto he dictated: "Nobody loves a smart ass." Charles Revson is nobody's smart ass. A grey-haired man whose roughly polished looks suggest an Edwardian gentleman boxer, he walks like a boxer or a sea captain and wears good tailoring with the loose unselfconsciousness of a secure man. He has said, "No one can make you insecure without your consent," and his presence suggests that he has spent his life refusing that consent. His voice, not loud, does not rise even in anger. He listens with his eyes as well as his ears—a pale, intense gaze, eyebrows an ess-curve, down on the right, up on the left.

Asked where beauty is taking women now, Charles Revson said, "There is more individuality now than ever. The most we can do today is guide people, offer a choice, and give a stamp of approval. I think the tawny look is most vibrant now, that women should wear makeup a shade or two darker than their skin, but we can't tell them there is just one way to look. After all, a woman today can go from a $2,000 dress to a $5 pair of pants in four seconds—and more and more do."

Do women make mistakes about their looks? "Some people have a problem separating 'sheen,' 'luster,' 'dewiness' from 'greasiness' in makeup. They think verve comes from what is really a greasy shine on the face. Women can get used to a bad look and no longer see it."

Can women be swayed from bad beauty habits? "If a woman has worn eye makeup just one way all her life, to get her to change takes evolution not revolution. There are throwbacks in beauty as there are in fashion. If a woman, for instance, has always used a heavy cream because she thinks it's richer for dry skin, it takes years to convince her that skin can absorb only so much, that heavy creams are not necessary."

What should women watch out for as they grow older? "I've known women in their sixties who look forty-five, but their hands and necks give them away."

A man of awesome power, character, and energy, a looming Old Testament father-figure (although he's neither tall nor bulky), Charles Revson is, to his staff, a superb teacher, not out of the kindness of his heart but because he cannot run the company alone and must depend on others' standards of excellence. "It's not 'Moses has spoken'—it's thinking, watching, observing, then helping," Mr. Revson said. "Anyone who goes around here thinking I'm 'it' is crazy." Lots of crazy people work at Revlon.

Who is Charles Revson anyway? "You will never know him," his son Charles, junior, said. "He has spent so many years disciplining every action, every word, you will never see the man underneath." Nor are his sons sure they know the man underneath. John, who like his younger brother Charles is an executive at Revlon, said, "I think he's a little more giving of himself as a father than as a boss. I consider him a very good boss. He tries to share his experience, to pass on his thinking if people are smart enough to take it. His whole life is the company. He does not say 'I did' but 'the company was successful.' "

The company is so successful that it produces in its cosmetics operation alone —without counting proprietary drugs or pharmaceuticals—close to 4,000 products in its own factories. Charles Revson is fanatical about excellence. Every Revlon factory everywhere in the world must live up to the specifications of the laboratories in the Bronx at the Revlon Research Center, a boxy white building almost nudging the Bruckner Boulevard overpass and the apple of Mr. Revson's corporate eye. By now, quality control concerns all reputable cosmetic manufacturers in this country; but most competitors will admit Charles Revson led the way.

In New York, the executive wing with Charles Revson's office stretches behind a locked door, discreetly buzzed open by a receptionist. Thick-red-carpeted halls have a cathedral hush; heavy wooden doors close with a faint, manorial thunk. Everything is polished clean, solid. The dark wood paneling in Mr. Revson's office is no veneer. The black leather-topped conference table with eight Father-Bear black leather chairs, the massive desk, the dark coffee table with malachite ornaments stand with the authority of good goods on a spotless pale-beige carpet. "If the carpet were dirty, Charles would have it cleaned. He sees everything, every detail," said Irving Botwin, vice-president of Revlon Development Corporation and executive assistant to Charles Revson. "And you can believe, when he has that carpet cleaned, that some time during his career he discovered that a clean carpet wears better than a dirty one."

Charles Revson learned by doing. As a boy so poor that at one time he and one of his two brothers shared a single pair of shoes, he had to. When with his brother Joseph and the chemist Charles Lachman he started his business, deeply in debt to loan sharks, every dollar seemed a fortune. "People get used to whatever they have," he said. "When you have a dollar, a dollar seems a lot. When you have $10,000, that seems a lot." Talking about the once-spectacular-seeming ads for "Fire and Ice" in *Life*, he added. "They're not gutsy now. Then they were my life." He meant his life-or-death.

Charles Revson may get used to what he has, but he doesn't change. Walking down a waterfront where his yacht, "Ultima II," is moored, he looks at the gleaming boats and asks himself where do all these rich men come from before he remembers that he's one of them and that his yacht is the second largest in the world. "I appreciate what I have," he said, "but I don't impress myself." Learning by doing, Charles Revson rarely makes the same mistake twice. "He uses mistakes as a proving ground for improvement," Mr. Botwin said.

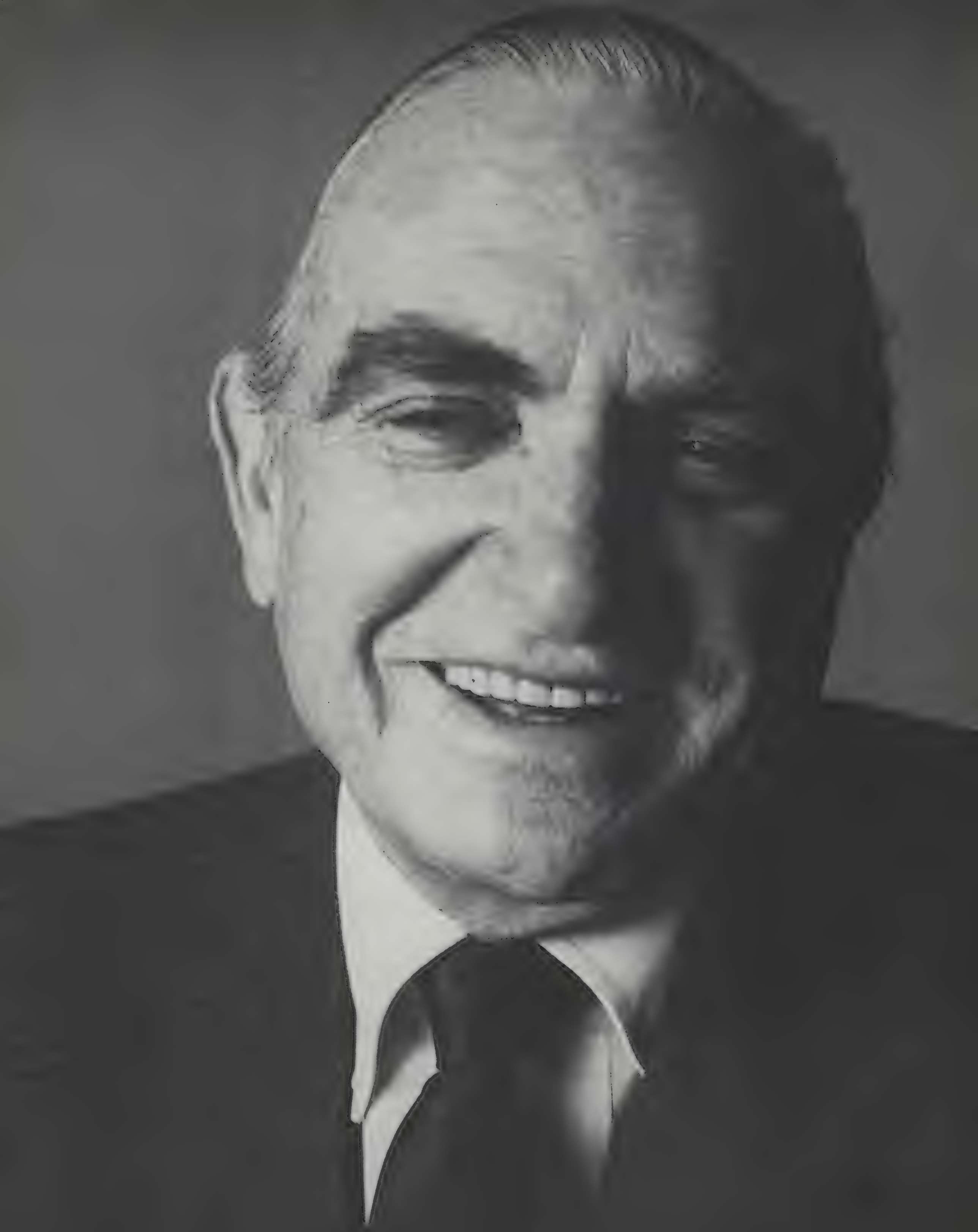
Charles Revson is the single reason why his vast, rich corporation has become neither slack nor complacent. "He's impatient," said a vice-president, "but impatience gets things done." "It's always possible to make cosmetics that are easier, safer, better," Charles Revson said. His senior vice-president for marketing and research, Norman Greif, said, "God knows the world doesn't need another nail enamel, but we wanted to bring out something at a lower price point." So they did.

The first impression of Mr. Revson is of a thoughtful, atten- (Continued on page 214)

"Men know, equally as well as—and sometimes better than—women, what women should look like."

—Charles Revson

AVEDON





The new CONFIDENCE of American beauty

BY SHIRLEY LORD

It all starts with her hair

HAIR CARE

A crop of hair isn't called that for nothing. Hair is a crop, just as dependent on the food we eat for its structure and well-being as is the sugarcane upon the rain and sun.

Hair can't cry; but if it's "famished," it can show it in a variety of ways . . . by breaking easily, split ends, and a drab and lifeless look. No wonder, when each strand is growing from and is nourished by the hair root, which in turn picks up vital nutrients from the bloodstream.

As Dr. Irwin Lubowe, clinical professor of dermatology at New York Medical College, wrote in the New York State Journal of Medicine, "since the significance of hair has made it almost tantamount today to a sex symbol, dermatologists and other related scientists have increased the tempo of research in the field of diseases of hair and scalp."

They certainly have, and their disquieting revelations center around the belief that scalp disorders (mostly described as dandruff by the layman) have risen markedly in the last decade... modern stress and modern diet apparently to blame.

HAIR IN SIGHT

Whether the number of scalp disorders has really risen or whether contemporary hairstyles have forced women—on taking a hard look at the state of their hair and scalps—to run more to their doctors is a moot point.

Once upon a time the test of a good set was its staying power. Anyone who went to the salon came out with a style back-combed and lacquered to the crisp consistency of candy floss...and if it didn't last a few days, the stylist was in trouble.

In other words, the frizzy perms of the 'forties, the beehives of the 'fifties, and the fussy contrived curls of the early 'sixties hid a multitude of sins. When hair was finally allowed to tumble down in all its glory, with the ends very clearly in sight, the word *condition* started to grow in importance alongside style and cut, and even the lowly shampoo emerged Cinderella-like as a luscious beauty aid.

FOOD FOR HAIR

Dermatologists are as agreed today as they were a decade ago that nourishing hair from without isn't effective at all if it isn't nourished from within; and, as hair is 97 percent protein (3 percent ash), high-quality protein and vitamins provide the best food for lovely hair. (Continued next page)

KAREN GRAHAM: LOOK-AGAIN HAIR FOR NIGHT

Hair care makes the hair style more than ever these days . . . because the style lets the hair be itself, nothing tortuous, nothing contrived. Here, Karen Graham allows an alluring wave before letting it fall just a fraction below chin length, curving beautifully because of the way it is cut, with a great sense of proportion. It shines beautifully, too, because of the Azurée Herbal Conditioner by Estée Lauder—packed with protein, herbs, and aromatics. Hair styling by Rick Gillette. Golden-and-silvery expandable bead bracelet by Willie Woo.

KOURKEN PAKCHANIAN

hair care

(Continued) Conversely, all the fatty things that are bad for the skin are even more so for the scalp, which has many more oil glands.

A lack of good protein (eggs, beef, fish) is enormously responsible for a number of hair ills: abnormal hair fallout; ultra-fine "impossible" flyaway "baby hair" (hair thickness is partially hereditary, but is also controlled by the hair bulb or root and the amount of nutrients it receives); hair that refuses to take color or waving or falls out of shape in an hour; plus the most frequently heard cri-de-comb, dry and lifeless hair. This is basically the result of atrophy of the hair bulb, which causes improper formation of the hair cuticle, so weakening the hair shaft and leading to easy breakage. Even premature grey is caused, in some cases, by a missing link in the nutritional network...for grey is simply a sign of a poor supply of pigment, color running out in the cortex.

HAIR MIRACLES

As Dr. Lubowe has pointed out, the fascinating and almost magical side to research on this level has shown that massive doses of vitamin B (now there is a B-complex supplement that supplies 50 milligrams of each component) and a regular diet of foods providing vitamin B—liver, oysters, broccoli, crab, mushrooms, and skim milk, among others—may restore pigment power and so eradicate premature grey.

It has also been proved that optimal, as opposed to insufficient, intake of good protein (particularly an egg a day) can reverse the character of baby-fine hair to normal and occasionally even to coarse. More about this in Dr. Lubowe's new book, *The Modern Guide to Skin Care and Beauty* (E. P. Dutton).

Fresh fruit and vegetables are important to healthy scalps, especially spinach and watercress (iron); so is lots of water and, again, vitamins play their part, especially vitamin B in the form of yeast tablets, E in supplement form. Some Far Eastern studies indicate vitamin E is important to the stimulation of hair growth; and, as it is impossible to get sufficient E from our food, supplements are necessary.

Too much citrus intake is thought to cause a scaly scalp—which has nothing to do with applying the juice of a lemon externally after shampooing to fair, greasy hair—an old-fashioned but still efficacious way of calming down the oil flow while revving up natural lights.

TIME FOR TRICHOLOGY

In the United States, dermatologists specialize in both skin and scalp, and there's no recognized body of doctors for the individual who wishes to concentrate on scalp alone.

In Europe, there are many specific places for scalp treatments, such as the Scalp and Hair Hospital in London where many trichologists—specialists dealing specifically with the study of hair and its diseases—receive their training.

The Trichological Institute was founded in London in 1902 but, ironically, it is really only in the last few years that it has received the public recognition it deserves for its important work. "Condition" is the word of today.

All trichologists in Europe tell their patients that the most effective and important way to control hair health is through diet. Michael Landon—a member of the Institute of Trichology who runs a hair clinic for MichaelJohn in Carlos Place, London—is typical of his profession in that he gives every patient a diet sheet along with her (or his) treatment.

The patient with a scaly over-dry scalp is warned away from carbohydrates, spices, and alcohol, encouraged to increase vitamin B (in supplement form as well as in natural foods), cheese, eggs, nuts, and green-leafed vegetables. Those with overactive sebaceous gland disorders showing an over-oily scalp are encouraged to eat more fruits, egg white, lean meat, and fish and to drink plenty of skimmed milk, completely avoiding cheese, effervescent drinks, salad dressing, nuts and eating as little egg yolk and fat as possible.

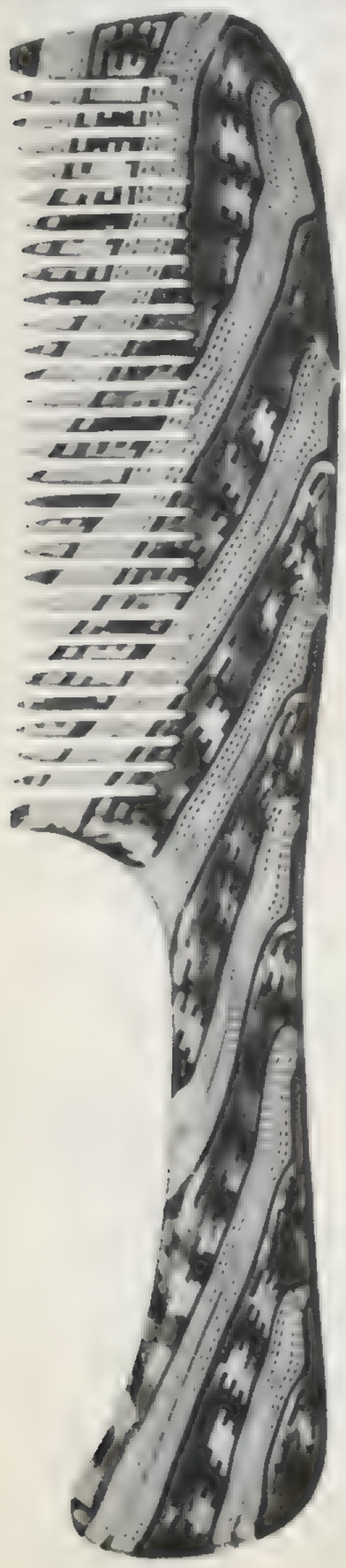
HAIR STORMING

In 1968, the progressive Redken Laboratory, under the guidance of its founder, Paula Kent, set up a consumer service available at beauty salons across the country offering a microscopic examination and analysis of hair problems free of charge.

Redken was deluged, mostly with evidence of national dandruff. This (Continued on page 224)

THE RETURN OF THE COMB...

...find out why on page 224. Below, a handmade comb in a green-gold-black-white Art Deco pattern. By Sandy Cole for Namasté. $5. Henri Bendel.



LAUREN HUTTON: LOOK-AGAIN HAIR FOR DAY

Hair moving brightly, swiftly across the forehead to show off its luster on top right down to its ends; styled by Ara Gallant. Makeup minimal—all by Bonne Bell: skin glowing with new Good Nature All-Over Moisture Lotion (filled with sesame oil, wheat germ, and protein), mouth glossed with Red Lipglazer Stack Pack.

AVEDON

BEAUTY NOW

hair color

JANICE SARTO: HAIR COLOR FOR THE BLACK GIRL

A sunny band of color for Janice Sarto, just framing the face, enlivening the features—chestnut to mahogany, by Clairol. Makeup by Nicholas of Charles of the Ritz. Lips: Rusticana Red Liqui-Creme lipstick. Face: Rose Moisture Glow to "warm up" skin tone, and Earthen Liqui-Creme to soften features. For eyes: Softlit Taupe Brow Softener on eyebrows and on brow bone to highlight; Blue Lashique mascara....Chokers by Jehri Coates.



BEAUTY CONFIDENCE THROUGH COLOR

When is a confidence trick acceptable, applaudable even? Right now, when it relates to a woman changing the color of her hair the contemporary way...the right color adding confidence...the right amount of color doing the trick.

Right now, Leslie Blanchard (19 East 62nd Street, New York) is busy creating sunny looks for those who like to stay out of the sun, yet want the glow it gives. "Multicoloring hair the new tortoiseshell way gives a sun-flecked look, not to be confused with that streaked 'old newspaper' effect that's so overdone," says Leslie, "and the warmth of this color reflects on the skin."

This tortoiseshell head is one of Leslie's finest works of art to date. He lightens fine strands picked at random to an exact pale yellow with Clairol's Basic White Lightener. Then he applies Clairol's Cream Toner in Buttercup Beige and Rose Beige to alternating strands. He follows this up by covering the rest of the head with the two toners mixed together, so the original lightened strands shine from beneath in streams of amber, honey, and soft brown—tortoiseshell, in fact.

What is the ideal "canvas" for this multicolor job? None other than mediocre brown, otherwise known as mouse. All fair-to-light-brown heads can apply.

TOTAL COMMITMENT

With the emphasis on how *fast* and *easy* hair coloring is today, it's even easier to forget that a drastic change is as much of a commitment as it ever was.

The woman who wakes up brunette wishing to be blond by lunchtime can certainly get there, but in no way can she backtrack to black hair in time for tea, or even by next week...or next month. If, knowing this, she decides to go blond all the way, it's time for the Big Step. It used to be the Big Strip—all color out of the hair—but nowadays top colorists know how to "pre-lighten," which really means leaving behind just enough color to be useful towards the end result. That's why you don't see so many brassy blondes about. The Big Strip didn't help color...or hair.

Once the brunette has been pre-lightened to the expert's content, a toner goes on to add the blond color she has in mind. This is called double-process blonding, well described as a permanent form of hair coloring, for the new shade well and truly enters and takes over the inner cortex layer of the hair shaft, altering whatever natural pigment is there.

CHANGE AND CHANGE AGAIN

The less fully convinced woman moves more slowly, getting addicted to color in small doses with highlights, streaks, frostings, often using such semipermanent products as Happiness (which revs up any true color tendency in the hair) and Loving Care (which is a lovely—and loving—way to cover up grey). Semipermanent hair coloring isn't fully penetrating and therefore slowly washes out with each successive shampoo. It's the best way to discover how much of a change you *really* want to make.

LUCKY BLONDES

Blondes are luckier than brunettes because they have so many alternatives to choose from in the color spectrum. They can become blonder with a one-process lightening product or try many, many delicious shades of red or, of course, go quite brunette—although no Dresden doll should even contemplate changing to a Spanish señorita. The greater the contrast between skin tone and hair color (whichever way it goes), the more aging it's bound to be.

THE BLACK WOMAN HAS A CHOICE TO MAKE

While the blonde has some advantages over the brunette and redhead, the white woman altogether has an easier time fulfilling her hair-color whims than the black woman. The black woman has a choice to make. If she likes to straighten her hair, totally relaxing it, it's not a good idea to color it, as hair damage can result. If she's Afro-minded, Leslie Blanchard likes to frame her face with a halo of lighter-colored hair, using the one-process permanent product True Brunette, which takes out pigment and adds a different shade simultaneously.

As Leslie points out, the black woman rarely has black hair. It's usually a dark brown which, under True Brunette's auspices, turns into a rich mahogany with chestnut undertones, not enhancing just the hair but skin tone, too...for hair color—the right amount, the right shade—is as important as any cosmetic. Color gives confidence. (On page 224, a list of hair colorists.)

RANDI OAKES: TORTOISESHELL LOOK FOR SUMMER

Randi Oakes' natural harmony of healthy skin and hair; here, lips and eyes treated with vitamin- and protein-rich Acti-Vita Emollient. Dogwood Beige lipstick, eyes shaded with Sandal Wood—a delicate taupe—and cheeks warmed with Rosy Cheeks Accent. All by Germaine Monteil. Tortoiseshell hair colorings, all by Clairol. Hair styled by François of Kenneth.

MELVIN SOKOLSKY



your body-image—tone-ups to improve it



A sampling, here, of an exercise system developed by Anni Fabry—a mostly Hungarian expert with a Who's Who of a clientele—and demonstrated by one of her prize pupils, Merrill Scott, the pretty brunette wife of tennis champ Eugene Scott.

1. The side-squat for arms and midriff—sit on floor next to the heels, arms stretched up and over to the same side as feet. Alternate sides (rapidly as possible), repeat 6 times. 2. For thighs—lie on right side, up on elbow—grasp left leg with left hand. Keeping leg straight, try to bounce leg and forehead together. Do 5 times, repeat on other side. 3. For hips and fanny—lie on right side, raise trunk up on hands—swing left leg forward, then back, at right angles to other leg. Do 4 times, repeat with right leg....

Anni Fabry's address: 400 East 85th Street, N.Y.C.

color gives CONFIDENCE

Estée Lauder sometimes wonders if other people think and dream in color as she does—and has been doing for as long as she can remember. "Color gives confidence," she often says and—reaching for their lipsticks—millions of women all over the world would agree with her. The Lauder gift for predicting color trends seasons ahead is uncannily accurate. Long ago, she knew 1973 was going to be the prettiest year in decades, a year for such wistful face colors as her new Palazzo shades for eyes, Tuscan Teal, Venetian Sky, Terra Cotta. "Co-ordination at all costs" isn't her credo, although she certainly believes in a valid relationship between beauty and fashion. Essentially practical in her approach, she says it is skin tone that counts in determining which color and how much color a woman should wear, particularly as she grows older. "Then it's better to wear colors to give a tender look," she says, "not too bright, but always fresh." Her keen eyes see the important difference between French beige with its grey neutral quality and American beige with its pink undertones. The subtle nuances of complexion tones are taken into account, not only when deciding on new foundation and powder shades, but for lip and nail colors, too. . . . As Mrs. Lauder explicitly states, "A woman's mouth should not walk into a room before the rest of her face, nor should her eyes." When creating nail-enamel colors, skin tones are considered above everything else—"a sharp red against a beige hand just isn't becoming." The object is to flatter the hands, not just the nails. She often wears white, and reiterates "brides are beautiful, aren't they, and white makes you feel and look happier." Black plays a part in her wardrobe, too, but "never wear black when you're tired. It pulls you down." There's a special room in the Lauders' Palm Beach house where spring colors are finally decided, and the location was chosen because of the room's north light—the "truth" light as it's truthfully called. "New York's winter light is too dark," Estée Lauder says. "In Florida, at any time of year, I can take a flower and duplicate its color to a T."

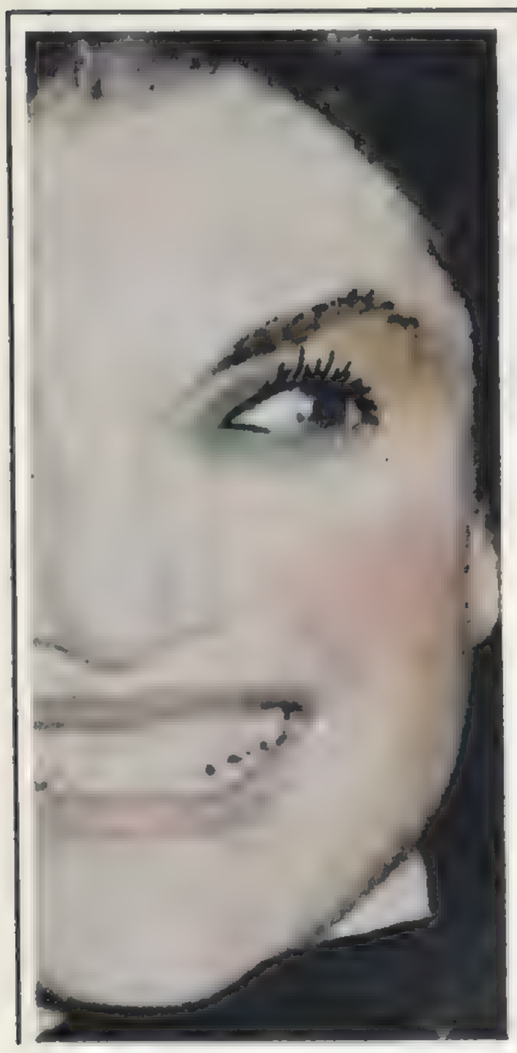
TAKE THE WEIGHT OFF YOUR MIND WITH COLOR

Color counts, brightening your day, your journey. The traveler here wears Estée Lauder's Spanish Melon Lustrous Nail Lacquer as she weighs in with her favorite Louis Vuitton suitcase. For easy finding, she belted it with bright straps. Manicure by Moi of Davian. Louis Vuitton 22-inch suitcase ($385) and Terraillon scale ($25), both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Piaget watch, at Van Cleef & Arpels. Both luggage straps by Ruza Creations.

BEAUTY NOW



PENN





JACQUELINE ONASSIS

"There isn't a woman alive who doesn't look better with a hint of brown eye shadow below the brow bone. Mrs. Onassis is no exception. She has, of course, an exceptional face, but a lot of face, and her eyes are particularly wide apart. I'd use that hint of brown immediately below the brow, then completely circle the eyes with color—a light green, I think, running a dark liner half a line above her lower lashes towards her nose. All to break up the space."









BARBRA STREISAND

"Barbra is a perfect example of a woman who dared to stay the way she was made. Her nose may not be the prettiest, her eyes may seem too close together, but she's *someone*, instantly identifiable, no carbon copy of anybody else. A decade ago, she might have felt she had to conform and have a nose 'job' or whatever, but her timing was lucky. She had the perfect opportunity to be an individual and she took it. Her own makeup is so good, I'd only suggest she use more cheek color, say a sharp pink, to further define her bones."





DIAHANN CARROLL

"I like to see black women as fireflies —glinting and glossy in the darkness. Diahann is already there. She knows the black woman needs hardly any foundation but a great amount of rouge. I'd use a plum color—and a kilo of charcoal all over her lids, with a thick, smudged black line above her top lashes. I believe in a little smudge . . . precise lines are so boring. All this, to make her eyes bigger, with some mystery. Oh, yes, with lots of lovely long lashes, too. I'd like to reshape her brows. Brow shape is more important than most women realize."

BARBARA WALTERS

"I have such admiration for this woman
—she has such character, pale colors
would just be silly for her face.
I'd use a dark red to brown color
below her brows; liner beneath
her lower lashes, as well as a touch of
white pencil above them—actually
'inside,' on the pink of the eye—
to give a look of even greater candor.
Deep pink on the cheeks, moving the color
near to her nose, for rouge placing
depends a lot on hair style—
it doesn't have to go out to the hairline
where, ironically, the hair often hides
the shading effect. There's so much
intelligence coming out of that mouth,
lip color isn't important, but I'd
choose a dark earthy pencil or gloss."

TRICIA NIXON COX

"Just as Barbra Streisand is the look
of now—strongly individual—
so Tricia gets unfairly criticized
for being what was once the epitome—
the pretty All-American girl.
I would concentrate on
giving her a fresh, distinct outdoor
look—sporty, yet with style.
I'd color her face with a mask of
healthy color—nose as well. She needs
much more eye makeup to give her
more sophistication—say a deep blue
all around the eyes, loads of mascara,
and, again, that hint of brown
mystery below the brows."

HAPPY ROCKEFELLER

"I feel this could be a very
striking face if only Mrs. Rockefeller
liked makeup more. She has strong
features that need to be softened.
Her cheekbones could be more
rounded with deep pink, and her chin,
too, with a light beige. Most of all,
in common with all women,
she needs eye makeup to establish
identity—lots of dark brown to cover her
eyelids, lots of dark-brown mascara
and liner, plus much lighter brows.
Happy has all the basics for great
beauty as we Italians like to
see it—live, vital, very warm."



BERRY BERENSON

Everyone can be changed WITH MAKEUP

Pablo Manzoni tells you why—and how

Pablo Manzoni, Creative Director of Elizabeth Arden, is possibly unique. Not because of his exceptional talent for creating stunning swans—luckily, there are a few others with this ability, otherwise Pablo would be swamped; not because he is the only facemaker to win a Coty Award (1965); but because he believes in encouraging a woman to live with her flaws where possible, admires faces where nature has apparently made a few mistakes, and tries to teach his considerable clientele to appreciate signs of maturity—lines—if they're in the right places.

"Defects grow on you," he says, "whereas perfect beauty is a bore." Then, with an Italian empathetic sigh, "how quickly perfection fades, too, leaving the woman usually bereft. Beautiful women can't help leaning on their looks.

Prior to coming to the U.S. in 1964, Pablo was celebrated for the looks he created for the Italian couture houses, beauty complementing fashion in a way never seen before. Today, the creating of "looks" is part of his work, but only a small "fun" part. In 1970, he started a service for Arden, advising women on makeup and overall styling following cosmetic surgery. Before long, clients were coming to ask his advice before the operation; and, to his surprise, he frequently realized surgery was not really necessary.

"I had an advantage—my own attitude, for in Italy it is automatically considered the most beautiful women are over forty. I came to the decision unless a defect in a woman's face was causing a mental imbalance, I would advise against surgery and, show her how to use makeup to succeed."

The service has been so successful that, today, Pablo's artistry is more and more directed towards showing women literally how to face up to life, rebuilding lost egos, sometimes even "discovering" a great face.

Without tools, no craftsman can work. Pablo knows he's fortunate to have the best at his disposal. Especially useful will be the new Elizabeth Arden Creative Coloring Pencils (in stores, May 1), 26 supersized shades which can be used everywhere . . . to arch a brow, shade a lid, shape a cheekbone . . . something Pablo knows more about than most.

how your SELF-IMAGE shows in your looks

an interview with Arnold A. Hutschnecker, M.D.

Dr. Hutschnecker, a slight man of penetrating eye whose manner ranges from stern to a little bit devilish, is a practicing psychotherapist who has treated some of the most beautiful women in the world—and some of the most routine. He is the author of *The Will to Happiness;* that and his rare gift for expressing immediate concern and warmth led Vogue to his door for this interview.

Do a woman's looks reflect her own image of herself?

Definitely. Your self-confidence, for example, is evident in your looks; in every move; in your mannerisms and everything about you. If your looks show a lack of self-confidence, it probably is the result of some inner problem. . . .And now, with the powerful effect of TV, we have a sharpened awareness; we have learned to be more conscious of taking in the impact of the total personality as we look at the screen. But this is at best only a two-dimensional projection of what the live personality conveys.

What can you tell about a woman at first sight?

Well, as a doctor one is clinically trained—and this does not specifically have to do with psychiatric evaluation—just medically, one is trained to look at the whole person and try to perceive the important characteristics. There's a way a woman enters a room; the way she is dressed; her stance and posture; how she takes in her environment or ignores it because she is too preoccupied and apprehensive. It all shows whether she is secure or insecure. By the way she sits down she has already conveyed a great deal of information.

You can observe anxiety, frustration, depression, insecurity, hostility, fear, or the attempt to hide things . . . I search the face and the eyes, especially the eyes—is there life in them? are they dull or sad? cold? calculating? scared? shifting? does she have a tendency to look away from you or straight at you? does she hide behind dark glasses? . . . Is her face tense, or is there a readiness to smile? is it troubled? noncommittal? cold, marble-like, indicating that she will give only as much information as she is prepared to offer? From all of this one determines the strategy of how to talk with her, how careful in the choice of words, how gentle and patient the approach must be.

Are all women so easy to decipher?

No. Women have a vast command of conditioned gestures; they do things with their hands, their gloves, their handbags . . . "May I smoke?" . . . inspect their fingernails, turn their rings, all sorts of things to gain time. It is obvious that every woman, except for the really disturbed, will try to present the image she wants of herself. Never- (Continued on page 226)

NEW PUT-ON: Instead of whooshing or spraying, more and more women now dab on fragrance; specifically, tiny dabs of aromatic oils and essences—flower, fruit, civet, amber. Musk was only the beginning. The difference lies in the potency (a little goes a long, long way) and in the variety of scents you can scheme up by mixing them. Try Max Factor's new Aromatic Body Potions—six come together in one neat box. If you'd prefer to leave the scheming to an expert, Perfume Workshop at Bloomingdale's whips up custom-made scents while you wait.

NEW PUT-ON 2: According to a perfumer's recent survey, American women favor stronger, longer-lasting scents than any other women in the world. Weil de Weil, the first new Weil perfume in 27 years, has plenty of power—staying power, too. Whether you pronounce it "vay" like the French, "wheel" like the English, or "while" like most Americans, Weil de Weil makes a definite impression.

STARTING OUT WEST: *California women buy more fragrance than any other women in the country—so say the powers bringing Empreinte here, Courrège's first fragrance, an entreaty of jasmine, Bulgarian rose, sandalwood, and amber. In France for the past eighteen months, it has already captured a heady young audience and is also the favorite of Farah Diba and Princess Grace. I. Magnin stores will carry Empreinte exclusively for six months before it arrives at Bonwit Teller—and so in the East—in the fall. It's an exclusive price, too—with a deluxe, one-ounce version in spectacular bottle at $100; you can make do with a quarter ounce for $15.15 (normal bottle). Prestigious Hermès of France have also chosen to go West to open their first American boutique—in Beverly Hills, where you will find everything Hermès in leather and silk and Calèche in every shape and form.*

EXERCISE: The latest supporter of the sound-mind-in-a-sound-body school of thought is Bobby Fischer. This champion, who made his fame and fortune while sitting still, nevertheless has to draw on reserves of stamina and physical well-being for concentration and playing ability. He walks a lot, plays tennis, watches his diet, and—also very important—gets as much rest as he can. "If I stay in shape, I can go on playing chess indefinitely." Other sitting-down games-people, such as backgammon players, find they play better longer with vigorous workouts before the game.

MORE EXERCISE: Dance exercises—modern, jazz, ballet, whatever—are fun, effective. Now, good news for men: some dance spots (such as Dance 'N Shape in New York) offer all-male classes with strenuous masculine routines—an upbeat alternative to squash.

STILL MORE: The big toe, you may feel, doesn't need exercise. Not so. Yoga practitioners, who believe it coordinates harmony and rhythm in the body and improves the auditory nerve, recommend toe stretching, pulling, and flexing as often as possible throughout the day.

BEAUTY NOW



SKIN HELP: More and more serious-minded products get down to business in more than one way. Skin needs protection from dryness, pollution, the sudden differences between indoor and outdoor temperatures. Irma Shorell's Moisture/35 provides this help and does a little firming at the same time.

MAKEUP: *Colored eyebrows are on the way—not dark, pencil-heavy colors but sheer, light pastels to soften the face and complete eye emphasis. Practice with powdered shadows—the brow shades are not yet on the scene, but watch for them.*

BODY CARE: When it comes to helping tired, troubled feet, no one has done more than the Scholl Company. Now, they're coming out with a line of cosmetics for the entire body. The point: they make you feel better, not just look better. The first two: Cocoa Butter Softening Lotion and Rough Skin Remover.

Drawing by Antonio

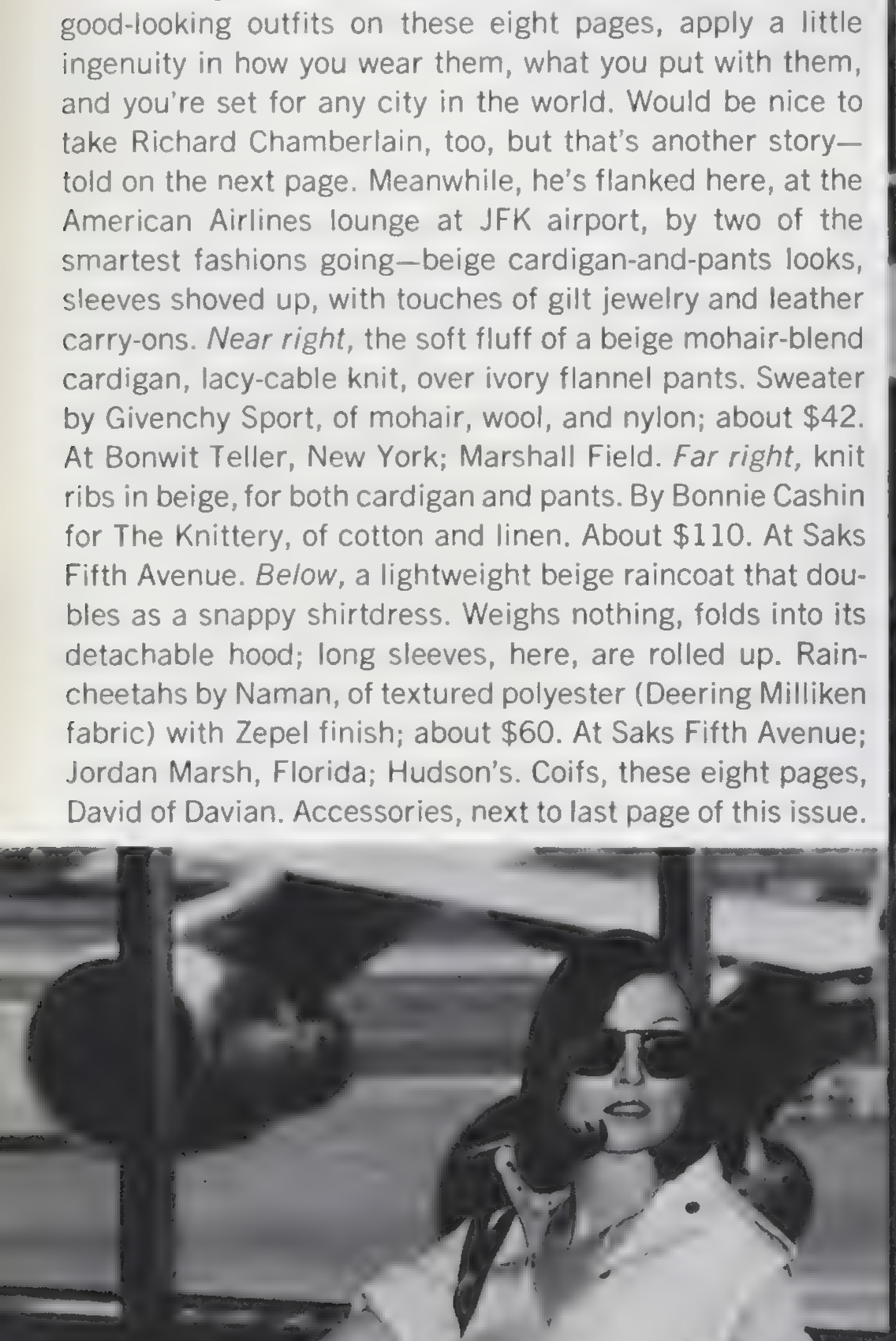
BEAUTY POTPOURRI

BARE PUT-ON: *Summer clothes stripped to essence: truth-be-told proof for a good body. Long bare midriff, bare shoulders, pants wrapped, tied low to announce good hips. These calculated bits of navy-blue jersey, the sum image of the bare-plus, sleek-plus summer collection by Karl Lagerfeld for Chloe. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Marie Leavell.*

THE TRUTH ABOUT TRAVEL CLOTHES

there aren't any... only clothes that look great on the way, great when you arrive

Forget clothes that merely "pack well"—just about anything packs well these days. It's either fashion or it isn't, and if it isn't it gets you nowhere. Take, for instance, any of the good-looking outfits on these eight pages, apply a little ingenuity in how you wear them, what you put with them, and you're set for any city in the world. Would be nice to take Richard Chamberlain, too, but that's another story—told on the next page. Meanwhile, he's flanked here, at the American Airlines lounge at JFK airport, by two of the smartest fashions going—beige cardigan-and-pants looks, sleeves shoved up, with touches of gilt jewelry and leather carry-ons. *Near right,* the soft fluff of a beige mohair-blend cardigan, lacy-cable knit, over ivory flannel pants. Sweater by Givenchy Sport, of mohair, wool, and nylon; about $42. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Marshall Field. *Far right,* knit ribs in beige, for both cardigan and pants. By Bonnie Cashin for The Knittery, of cotton and linen. About $110. At Saks Fifth Avenue. *Below,* a lightweight beige raincoat that doubles as a snappy shirtdress. Weighs nothing, folds into its detachable hood; long sleeves, here, are rolled up. Raincheetahs by Naman, of textured polyester (Deering Milliken fabric) with Zepel finish; about $60. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Hudson's. Coifs, these eight pages, David of Davian. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.





"I was $2,000 overweight on my way back from London—with only six bags"

—*Richard Chamberlain*



TRUE TRAVELERS

good looks that stay that way— simply great to please the weather, the moment, the man

These are self-possessed clothes, the kind that do the job wherever, whenever. They're good-looking, workable, tireless. True travelers. . . . *Above,* in American Airlines' lounge at JFK, a shirtdress that's also a raindress—khaki-colored Dacron and cotton—with plenty of pockets, snap closings, long sleeves, here rolled up. Waist, elasticized. A rain hat and shoulderbag, part of the picture. Dress by Cacharel Division of Mallory; about $60. At Bloomingdale's; Joseph Magnin. . . . The other two good-looks, so pretty they got seats next to a good-traveling man—Eddie Albert. *Near right,* short ivory dress in two pieces—a long-sleeve shirt sashed over pleats. By Nardis of Dallas, of Dacron; about $65. At Joske's Houston; The Broadway. *Far right,* plenty of fashion mileage here, in a two-piece look that's all in one. Beige knit dress with neat little U-neck, short sleeves, bandings and buttons in Burgundy red. By Leslie Fay, of linen, cotton, and acetate; about $44. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Maas Brothers; Hudson's. Accessory information, next to last page of this issue.



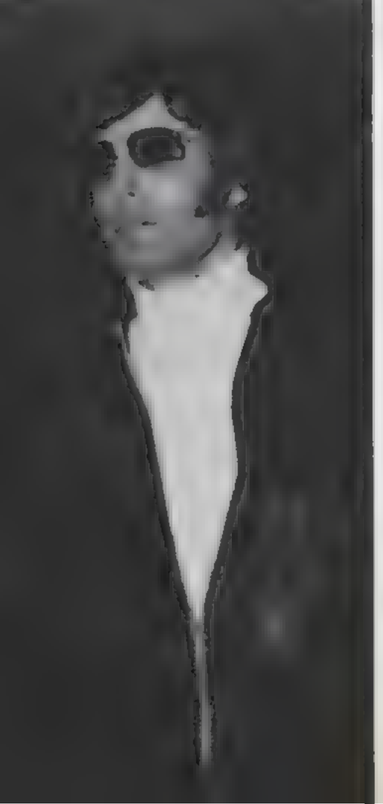
Richard Chamberlain on the move

Professionally, Richard Chamberlain (at right) has been traveling in time and space from the Blair Hospital of the Kildare days on TV back to the lush romanticism of czarist Russia and Regency London in *The Music Lovers* and *Lady Caroline Lamb* in the movies, Shakespearean courts on the stage. Next stop: Rostand's seventeenth-century Paris when he plays *Cyrano de Bergerac* next fall in Los Angeles. . . .And he does one hell of a lot of traveling between Europe and America for these engagements. "I love going places, but I don't especially like getting there — plane travel is such a drag. . . .Usually I wear jeans, because they're soft and don't itch after a couple of hours on a plane, a sweater and windbreaker." . . .Lots of un-matched luggage that he buys as he needs. "I'd go lunatic if I (Continued on page 223)

"I can live for a week out of one carry-on garment bag"

—Eddie Albert





CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

Eddie Albert carries on

When he travels, in conservative suit and tie, Eddie Albert (above) takes along his guitar. On long flights in half-empty planes, "I sing and accompany myself on the guitar — folk songs of the Auvergne, Hugo Wolf, German *lieder* — not loud, and the noise of the plane seems to drown out the music anyway, so the other passengers aren't disturbed." Aside from the guitar, he travels light: "I never check anything. I can live for a week out of one carry-on garment bag and a case that slips under the seat." A feature of the American scene since *Brother Rat* in 1936, Eddie Albert is one of the few actors who get better-looking each time out—most recently, *The Heartbreak Kid* and, on Broadway, *No Hard Feelings*. In both, he plays a tough, successful business man, husband, and father totally at sea when dealing with his family. Not a role he plays in life. "I'm very close with my own children [Edward, 21, and Marie, 18]. . . .No, I didn't *want* my son to be an actor. I did want him to do something in which, hopefully, he would find some joy. You know, there's a lot of pleasure around today, but very little joy." For him, a source of joy is the growth of the program he started, Children's City Farms. "What we do is buy a hunk of land in the inner cities, suburbs, or the country, cut it up into plots about fifteen feet square and turn them over to kids from the age of twelve up. . . . They decide what to plant and, watching it grow, they learn a lot—you can develop a one-to-one relationship with a tomato. . . ."

Upper left: Above the clouds, and wearing one, a white angora-blend cardigan sweater, going here—on an American 747—with a beige-and-white big-checked skirt. Both by Jaeger. Sweater of wool, rabbit's hair, and nylon; about $30. Skirt of viscose; about $80. Both at Jaeger International Shop; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Kaufmann's; Jacobson's; I. Magnin.

Left: Sporting stripes of green, white, rust—a sleeveless dress with V-for-tennis neck, a shirt-collar jacket (prettying up on an Iberia 747). By Mario Forte for Rona, acrylic and viscose; about $95. Saks Fifth Avenue; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's; Neiman-Marcus; Woolf Brothers; I. Magnin.

TRUE TRAVELERS

light, bright, nonstop

Left: The any-city shirtdress—beige with fine lines printed in black, black belt and buttons, a pleated skirt that sits pretty, walks pretty. By Nat Kaplan, of rayon and cotton; about $100. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne; Swanson's; I. Magnin. *Right:* More of the shirtdress—nothing could be better now, going, coming or just being there. This—which, like its seatmate, watches a flying-flick on an Iberia 747—of cream-colored Honan silk pongee with tucks, buttons, pleats. By Frances Henaghan; about $98. Saks Fifth Avenue; Lillie Rubin—South and West; Kaufmann's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Accessories, next to last page.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

TRUE TRAVELERS

shirts, prints, pieces, good wherever they land

1. Plane geometry—the small brown print of a shirt with four pockets, straight pants, going Iberia. Slick-looking, comfortable, just right with—or without—its own white shirt (not shown). By Kimberly, of Dacron; about $145. At Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Dayton's; Bullock's Wilshire.

2. Navy-and-white printed cotton for a two-piece dress, here in the TWA lounge at JFK, with Snoopy (who seems to have forgotten his flying helmet and goggles). Dress, with shirt collar, short puffed sleeves, a short pleated skirt. By Richard Assatly for Ginala (Fisher & Gentile fabric); about $105. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

3. A pretty shape of a dress in red-and-white tweedy knit, mostly white for the top, mostly red for the rest. Open collar, short cuffed sleeves, soft dirndl skirt. By Laird Knox, of polyester and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric); about $95. Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer.

4. Two-piece dress with the good looks to handle most of your waking hours. Black-grey-white printed knit; top with a drawstring waist, short flared skirt. This, and the dress above it, both exploring the TWA lounge. By John Kloss for 499 Division of Kloss•Pruzan, of acrylic; about $78. At Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Sakowitz.

5. A shirtdress that could say it all, see it all, come home looking just as crisp and snappy—navy voile with white buttons, white stitching at the shoulders and hem. Blending here, nicely, with the red-white-blue decor of an American 747. Dress by Belle Saunders for Abe Schrader, of Dacron and cotton; about $95. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's-Cleveland; Hudson's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Coiffures by David of Davian. Accessories, next to last page.

CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

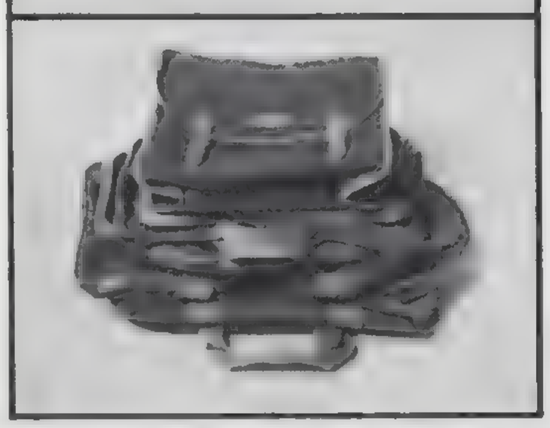


A TRAVEL WRITER'S TIPS ON PACKING

DESPINA MESSINESI, VOGUE'S TRAVEL EDITOR, TALKS LUGGAGE: "Never buy one suitcase, but the same model in three sizes. They nest one inside the other for storage between trips. . . . My newest set—hard frames and sides. Soft cases are lumpy, clumsy unless tightly packed. I needn't fill a hard case. . . . Second set—hard sides of aluminum, canvas covering, zippered closing—for limited storage places and for carry-it-yourself trips (most are in these days of the vanishing porter). . . . Suitcases come in several widths. **GET THE WIDEST.** It allows you to pack things *flat*. The wider suitcase doesn't weigh appreciably more—those few inches only add *luxury*. . . . I travel with two matching cases in different sizes. The larger hold only clothes, the smaller holds everything else, including cosmetics. . . . Everything is packed on hangers, many things on few hangers—pants three on one men's clamp hanger, skirts on skirt hangers—for unpacking presto. . . . Shoes in transparent Baggies; scarves, sweaters in transparent envelopes. Humidity is a packing menace. Always pack in an air-conditioned room. On board ship, in humid resorts—turn on air conditioner AND leave closet light on to keep clothes dry. . . . Cosmetics go in three separate bags, each a different color. One holds things not in daily use; emergency medications in the second; and everyday needs in the third. **FOR COLLECTING EN ROUTE,** I pack a small folding suitcase or folding duffel inside my suitcase. . . ."

KACHATURIAN, CUNNINGHAM





Above: These hardly tip the scales, they're that light... store in a miniscule space, unfold to carry an amazing amount. By Wings. In dark-brown nylon with beige webbing, $22.50 to $45 at Altman's.





Above: Trotting off to the tennis court or around the world—the Samsonite ActionPak in dark-tan corduroy. Unfolds like a garment bag. Outside pocket for tennis balls or wet bathing suits. $40. Gimbels East.



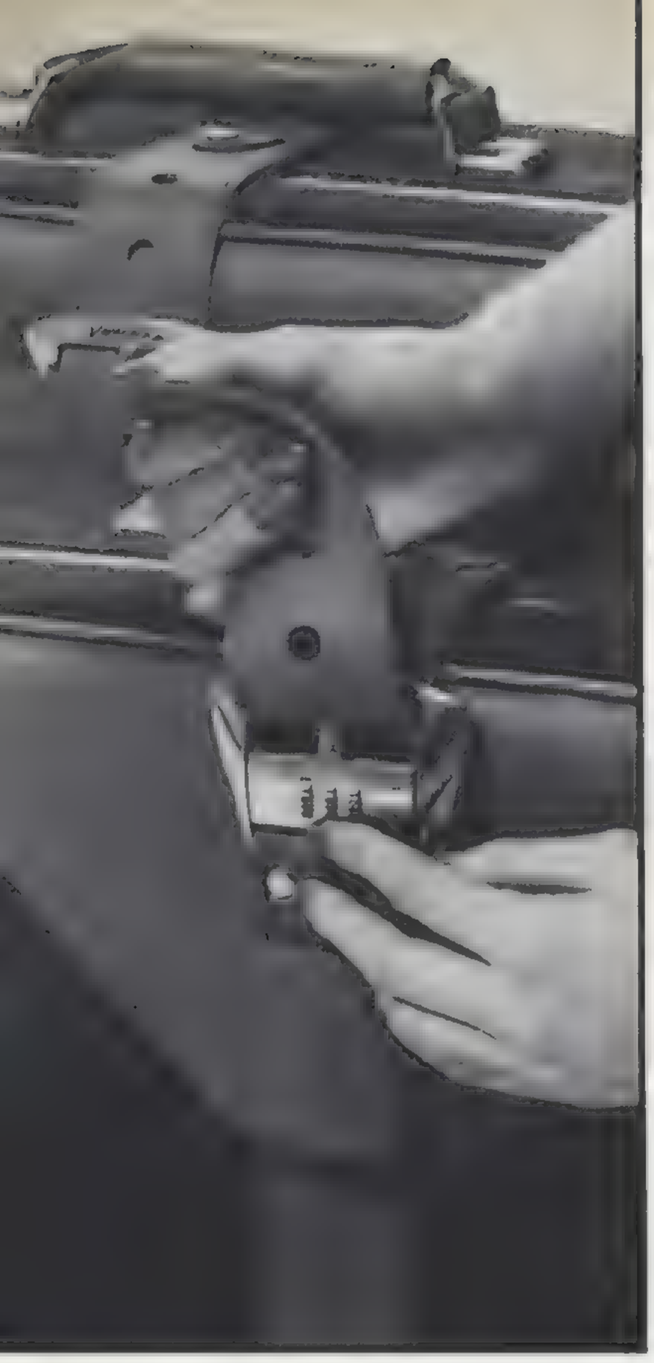
Right: Status strapping—red-and-green racing stripes trimmed in brown pigskin on tan canvas—the unmistakable Gucci stamp. Everything for a week goes into the $169 case; at $199, the standing bag carries everything for a good long trip. At Gucci.

Below: Hit the road on a Kawasaki dirt bike, travel light and secure—suntan duck shoulderbag with waist strap, too, leather trim, $65; indestructible aluminum case, $45. Both, Bob Lee for Hunting World. Rain suit, Leslie Fulop for Beged-Or.









Left: No losing the key to your bag with Ventura's lightweight Portapak. Combination lock under a brown leather strap on a dark-brown fabric bag. 21" size, $67.50; 24" size, $77.50. Altman's.

Below: Going around in the best circles, as usual: Louis Vuitton luggage. Toby the cocker is in an $80 shopping bag. Duffel bags in graduated sizes, $90 to $130. At Saks Fifth Avenue.





Above: Ship-ahead luggage for "The France"... tan vulcanized British fiber cases with dark-brown leather corners and straps. The set of four, $400. All by Bob Lee for Hunting World.





WINGING IT IN A TOTE BAG— MARIA CALLAS'S POODLE JEDDA

Left: Go to the country in jeans, but dress for dinner. The dress, and whatever else you need for a day away, in a leather-trimmed cotton-and-rayon tan garment bag. 52" long, $30 at Mark Cross.

Travel is tiring? Look what luggage goes through:

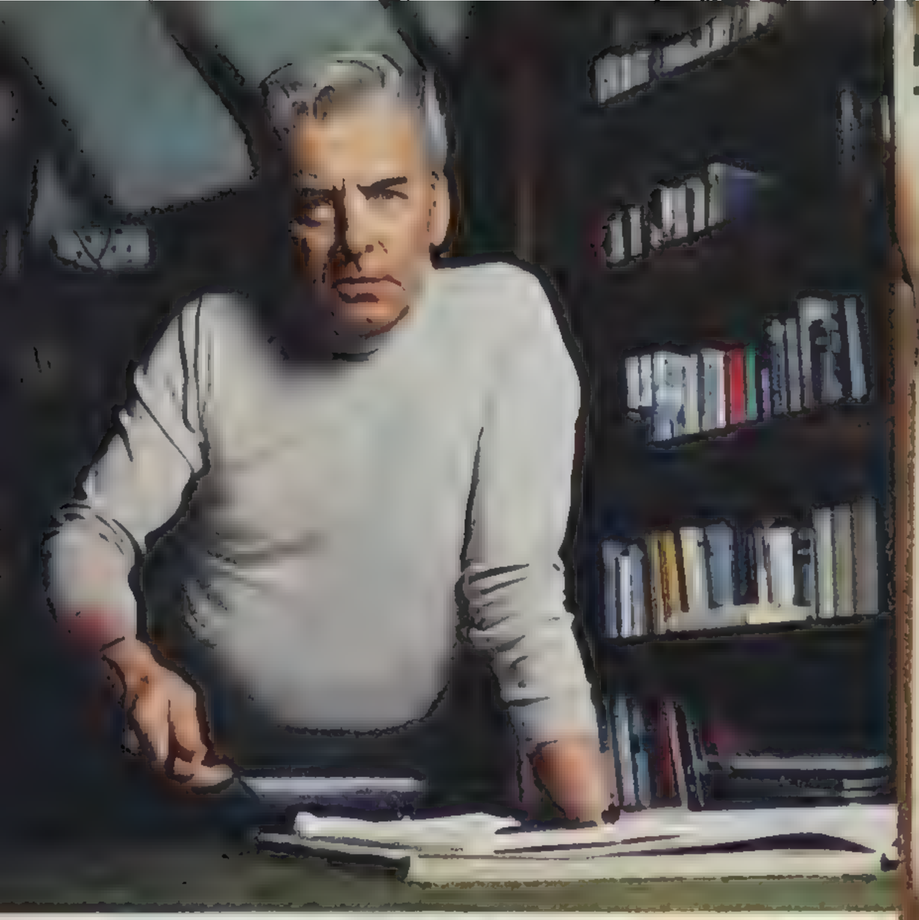




Traveling incognito like you-know-who, above, the bags will still get attention: softest, richest brown leather cases. Shoulder-strap case, $175; side-zip suitcase, $220. At Bottega Veneta. Raincoat and pants, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche.

WHAT TO PACK

Travel wardrobes, like Broadway shows, need dress rehearsals. First, wear everything at home; then take things you look and feel great in. The adventure is on the trip, not the clothes. . . . **COLOR IS AN ORNAMENT.** Use it to give a lift to a basically one-color wardrobe—for chilly, air-conditioned evenings, a bright-green sweater rather than beige . . . scarlet sandals pack as flat as brown ones, snap up neutral dresses . . . a variety of great colors in no-weight scarves. . . . Don't load up on heavy jewelry. Take only favorite pieces, preplotted to work with the widest number of things and to work well with each other in different combinations. . . . **A STRAW BRIM,** rather than a whole hat, packs flat. Have it in white or natural and, instead of a crown, wrap your head in a scarf. . . . Solid colors are, as a rule, more versatile than prints. . . . Pack practical, but think pretty: at least one ravishing, impractical beauty—a white crêpe de Chine shirt, maybe. Doubles as a jacket over T-shirt and skirt; worn open to the waist with an armful of bracelets, it turns jersey slacks into great evening asset. . . . **SKIN-COLOR SANDALS** are totally versatile—great with any color, and they give the appearance of a longer leg. . . . Be sure to **BREAK-IN NEW SHOES** with several wearings before you pack them. . . .



FOR THE HERBERT VON KARAJANS, TWO HOUSES FOR TWO WORLDS

SNOW HERE, SUN THERE, MUSIC EVERYWHERE



When Herbert von Karajan, the great Austrian symphonic and operatic conductor, is not touring with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; directing the Salzburg music festivals; masterminding his symposia on hearing and reaction, his Berlin foundation for young conductors, or his new symphonic films and cassettes—then he, his French wife, Eliette (a beauty whose beauty rules are on the next page), and two young daughters, Isabel and Arabel, are *en famille* in Salzburg, St. Tropez, or St. Moritz. He often sweeps up the entire entourage and flies them, in his Learjet, from one house to another; but their new space-age chalet, "Helisara" (a name Herbert von Karajan invented by combining his name with his wife's and daughters'), in St. Moritz is their passion; and, said Eliette von Karajan, "this is where we really live, where we have collected our treasures."



HENRY CLARKE

At "Helisara," the Von Karajan quartet (near left, with Iago, one of their two German shepherds) cross-country ski and hike. "If there is time, I walk three hours every day," said Eliette von Karajan, above, who believes that there is no bad weather—only people badly dressed for it. Herbert von Karajan, opposite top, said, "I create my own fantasies. That is why I am so happy in the mountains"; and his St. Moritz bedroom, opposite, is filled with clues to his interests: it is a vast, semicircular room with world globes, a complexity of stereo equipment, and a fan-beamed ceiling stretching to bookshelves of his preferred reading—yachting, science and technology, philosophy—but no fiction. "I don't need fiction any more than I need the cinema or drugs. My life is better than fiction."

SNOW HOUSE, SWITZERLAND

"One of my secrets in life is to be surrounded by happy, easy-going people."

ELIETTE VON KARAJAN

FOR ELIETTE VON KARAJAN

BEAUTY STARTS WITH NATURE





If Herbert von Karajan clicks with the precision of a stopwatch, Eliette von Karajan reacts with the malleability of Dali's melting clock in his painting "The Persistence of Memory." Totally feminine, Eliette, above, makes no attempt to compete with her husband in any of his pursuits: skiing, yachting, car racing, flying. "I do not think women can do everything men do."

On tour with her husband, Eliette adores, above all, prowling antique shops for Louis XIII tables, Gothic sculptures, rare icons. She loves the theater, to dance, to be with amusing friends, to shop the small boutiques of St. Tropez, or to buy at Dior, in Paris, dresses for gala openings.

"Every morning I exercise for about half an hour. More than that bores me. And I love to swim. My most important beauty secret is solitude . . . one sacred hour to myself. I read. I meditate. Organize my day. I take a deep breath instead of losing my temper. I am a Leo, spontaneous, tempestuous. I am deeply interested in astrology and Oriental philosophy.

"Except for two visits a season for special advice from Alexandre in Paris, I do my own hair, washing it in springwater with no-lather shampoo. I like RF 10 shampoo made by René Furterer in his Etheirology laboratory in Paris. I cut my hair myself, just a bit at the ends, only once a month and only at the rise of the new moon.

"For my skin I use Evian spray and a brand of face cream called 'Phas.' I never use soap on my face and very little makeup for my eyes. In the bath I like Zibeline of Weil and a Swiss mousse, Fenjal. It's so unctuous. You soak in it for ten minutes—like bathing in milk.

"Now, I am fascinated by all the natural cures of Maurice Mességué, the French expert on plants and herbs, described in his book *C'est la nature qui a raison.*

"I am almost a vegetarian. In ten years I haven't had a steak. Because I am from Provence, I believe in the magic of herbs. I smell everything. I have never smoked, so I am terribly sensitive to scents. The garden in St. Tropez is full of flowers and herbs. In the morning, I pick the herbs while they are fresh and take armfuls of verbena, rosemary, tarragon, and thyme back to Salzburg and St. Moritz. The plane smells like a garden.

"I am very sensitive to the positive and try to reject the negative. The children are not spoiled except by being loved. We let them be responsible and independent. They sail, ride, swim, and ski alone . . . all are dangerous sports, but the children grow up without fear. To me, that is the role of a mother: to teach her children to fly alone."

SNOW HOUSE, CONTINUED

White, glassy, completely contemporary, the St. Moritz house, above left, is the work of Munich architect Max Ott and took two years to build. "We did it slowly on purpose," said Herbert von Karajan who, between concerts, flew to St. Moritz to direct every detail. The living room, above center, has along one wall, a carved oak gallery and, on another, a sixteenth-century Gobelins tapestry. Eliette von Karajan entertains "good friends at seated dinners with French food and wines" in the Florentine Renaissance dining room, left. With her, the Italian butler Francesco.

HENRY CLARKE



"Isabel is strong, like her father. Arabel is more like me. I teach them how to enjoy things."

ELIETTE VON KARAJAN



SUN HOUSE, FRANCE

The Von Karajans often spend summer at a pink Provençal house in St. Tropez where Isabel and Arabel sail their small boats with the same bravura their father, right, shows racing his sailboat. Herbert von Karajan's urge towards fitness calls for swimming pools—indoors at Salzburg and St. Moritz and outdoors, above top, at St. Tropez—all complete with saunas. Lunch is on the covered terrace, above, with, on one side, a cushioned banquette and, on the other, wood-and-leather sling chairs drawn up to a long Provençal table. The fruits and flowers were chosen, opposite top, by all the family at the St. Tropez market. Eliette von Karajan, opposite, changes tempo with her surroundings—from the streamlined winter life of St. Moritz to the summery romanticism of St. Tropez.

HENRY CLARKE





Charles Revson: "Stick to it forever and forever. Luck can abandon you but determination never will"

MAN FROM BEAUTY

(Continued from page 184)

tive, competent man who can be relied on: Charles can do it. Yet, some strong men in executive positions are afraid of him. His son Charles said, "There is a fine line between fear and awe." The tension he sets up has some of the quality of hero-worship and some of the quality of first-night jitters in actors. With Mr. Revson, no one wants to go up on his lines.

Ruth Harvey, a pretty, sweet-eyed woman who is product manager of Ultima II and was Mr. Revson's secretary for ten years, said, "You have to have done your homework. He has done his. He's a catalyst; there's a pulse, a beat." To women, Charles Revson shows an old-fashioned courtesy, opening doors, minding his language ("That's bullsh . . . oot"), but Ruth Harvey feels that in her career every possibility is open. "We work hard, but we work with him. I've never heard him say something couldn't be done."

"There's a difference between an executive and a founder; Charles is a founder," Irving Botwin said. Could Charles Revson have done as well in another field, or in one he didn't hatch? Mr. Revson answered that he didn't really know, then thought about it and, in view of his successful entry into the pharmaceutical business a few years ago, decided he might have done as well. "The key to all things is how truthful, how real you make them," he said as he drank tea and ate polyunsaturated cookies late one afternoon in the beige-and-grey-striped sitting room of his office where the phones, one beige, one gold, ring with the muffled chime of a distant ship's clock. Whatever you do, success, he said, depends on three things. First, discipline in "the degree of perfection attempted to be obtained. Early in my career I went in heavily for research. We're the best. That's my opinion and I'm sticking to it."

Sticking to it is, in fact, the second step to success: "Luck can abandon you but determination never will." Luck goes into the third ingredient in success: timing. "To start in the cosmetics business now, you would have to lose millions in the first year."

Some of the difficulty in understanding Charles Revson lies in the inseparability of the man and the corporation. "You have to have worked with Mr. Charles to get the feel of his love of the work," said Lillian Dunn, a perky bird of a woman who has been with him for thirty years. Now, at the research center, she tries every product, may tell chemists that no matter how good something new may be theoretically, it is still not good enough to wear: a lipstick, for instance, may be "too slippery," or "too draggy." "Mr. Charles taught me," she said, "to recognize that competitors' products aren't necessarily lousy. You can learn from what's good in them. Everything has to be better." (Aside: an advertising executive remembers the time when an ad went 52 times, in 52 forms, from her agency to Revson, and finally never ran at all.)

To this day, Charles Revson insists that everything be tried by staff members or consumer groups; "When you see it with your own eyes," he said, "then you know." Not believe, *know*. In the Revlon offices, at the research center, in the million-and-a-half square feet of factory in New Jersey and the half-million square feet of factory in Arizona, the happiest people *know* how to work with unprejudiced facts. At the research lab, a round and curly microbiologist glistens with pride as he does his damnedest to raise bacterial cultures in Revlon products. If he does, the products don't go.

Out at the Jersey factory, the beaming big engineer Moe Schwartz lopes around the interior immensities, skirting 500-gallon barrels of mascara, looking at the prototype of a new lipstick-making machine that cuts steps, time, and waste so dramatically, that, like sliced bread, one wonders how the world got along without it.

The unhappiest people at Revlon must be those who need praise to feel secure. They can forget it. Some years ago an employee was quoted as saying the best you can hope for "is that [Charles] just ignores you. Then you know you're probably doing all right." Charles's wife, Lyn, has learned to settle for silence as praise. A small beautiful woman with great green eyes and a vital glow that makes other women want to go home to Geritol, Lyn heads out with Charles in the evening saying, "I look great, don't I?" When he asks how she knows, she answers, "You didn't say anything."

Lyn Revson, fast-moving, fast-talking, is a fit match for her husband. In fact, in her protectiveness of her husband from some men who she thinks are not good enough to work for him, she makes him sound like a pussycat. "He's loyal, loyal, loyal," she said as if it were some irritating habit like nail-biting. (Charles's older son, John, said, "He's not the best of friends when things are good or tough. He's the best of friends when things are impossible.")

To Lyn, Charles Revson is "an adorable man. . . . He didn't have to marry a woman with three children and, if he did, he didn't have to treat them as if he were their father." But he does, planning the details of a ski weekend or a European tour for Susan who is seventeen; waiting on weekends to see if his stepsons have other plans or want to golf with him. Lyn's sons admire Charles, work for him in summer holidays, and plan to join Revlon.

Lyn Revson, who is direct, buoyant, and without pretension, does not see the man who asked her to needlepoint for his executive dining-room a sampler that says, "Oh Lord, give me a bastard with talent"; she sees a man who will get up at 2 A.M. and toast bagels in the kitchen with her, and who gets vigorously sassed by his seven-year-old granddaughter, Jill, a spark of a girl who in character resembles Charles: observant, outspoken, into everything, and unabashed.

Twenty-six years younger than Charles, who is sixty-six, Lyn, asked bluntly if after nine years she was bored with her marriage, answered "Me, get tired of that man? It's a challenge. It takes all I have to keep up with him. He's exciting." Keeping up with Charles Revson is easy on no one, including Charles Revson. To stay healthy and in shape, he follows his own rules without deviation. Years before low-cholesterol diets became a medical maxim, he cut cholesterol out of his diet. Period. Now he has a friend in the flavoring business make for him artificial bacon, eggs, cheese, and peanut butter. Lyn slaps down the rumor that he eats only a well-done steak and Coca-Cola for dinner. In the first place, he prefers Fresca to colas; drinks, in the evening, champagne or white wine; and eats like the best of us. That's it: rumor 945 squashed.

Charles Revson's day begins around 8:30 or 9:00 A.M. At 9:30, a chiropractor-masseur arrives for a twenty-five-minute workout. Mr. Revson is already on the phone to the lab, the factory, the office. When he travels, his exercise equipment goes with him. No slacking, even though he travels so precipitately that few of his staff or his family know quite where he is. "Wherever he is," John said, "there's a telephone."

The telephone is key to Charles Revson's business style. Memos are minimal, most work gets done on the phone. One of his greatest frustrations is not being able to get someone right away, so he can cross an item off the endless checklist in his head. Result: the rumor that he never sleeps. It just seems that way, as he will call any time an idea hits him.

Reaching his office around noon, Charles Revson goes into meetings. All talk, little paper. Around 5:00, he takes a twenty-minute rest. His staff suspects that's when he reads the periodicals he gets to before anyone else does. "He has the eye to see things and translate them into something else," said John.

After his rest, another meeting. Home around 8:00 or 8:30 on a clear night. If he and Lyn are going out, he may rest again, change, and start fresh. "He never gets tired," said Lyn. Perpetually photographed on their evenings out, Mr. Revson said, "It's my business, isn't it?"

If they are not going out, they may have people in for dinner. (There is an untouched ballroom in the Park Avenue triplex that was once the lair-in-the-air of Helena Rubinstein, "and I don't care if we ever use it," Lyn said.) Or they may eat alone, go to bed, watch television, play backgammon (he wins; Lyn taught him, but he's a whizz at doubling) and turn off around 11:30.

It sounds orderly, but no one believes that part of Charles Revson's brain isn't at work all the time. When he goes for a walk, he watches for things he can use at work. When he golfs, he keeps in shape for work. And when he and Lyn take off on the "Ultima II," Mr. Revson's one fixed relaxation, he calls the office every day on a radio-phone that to operate, he says, is a career in itself.

In winter the "Ultima II" covers the Caribbean. In summer she may travel three or four thousand miles in the Mediterranean —Israel, Gibraltar, Ischia, and St. Tropez (which Mr. Revson still finds to be the spawning place for what become American sports clothes). At every stop the Revsons pick up ideas that turn into cos- (Continued on page 218)

"One realizes that the people here live in an enchanted, fabulous atmosphere . . ."

KASHMIR

(Continued from page 176)

houseboat on a kind of gondola called a *shikara*.

DAY TWO: I wake up with a feeling of deep peace; for a long time I follow the reflections cast by the lake's shimmering water on the large room's inlaid ceiling: a continuous forming and dissolving of circles amid the wooden carvings. The boat, built from a Kashmir tree, the deodar cedar, gives off a piercing scent. The heat is intense, but dry and not unpleasant. In the afternoon, by gondola, we visit Srinagar. Five hundred years ago, the Moslems, when they conquered Kashmir, planted thousands of plane trees, until then unknown in the region. Kashmir has become Moslem and the plane tree, to some extent, the symbol of the new religion. Many of these trees are still there—enormous, contorted, gnarled, giving the landscape a distinct atmosphere. Srinagar is in some sense a medieval city, built with few bricks and much wood. Dominated by a massive fortress, the Hari Parbat, it's been called the Venice of the Himalayas, and it does have something in common with Venice: a city sequestered from time where for centuries nothing has been built, and water everywhere—the river, the lake, the innumerable canals. Like Venice, too, Srinagar is collapsing; and one has the persistent feeling that something very beautiful, very precious is going to be lost.

The people's kindness is moving and unexpected. A family invites us to visit its exquisite ancient house. Built of carved wood with no furniture but lots of rugs, it is extremely clean, in contrast to the filth of the street.

DAY THREE: Six in the morning. Departure for Sonamarg, in the high mountains of the Himalayas bordering on Tibet. A couple of hours of nerve-shattering drive in Kashmir taxis. We climb out of the valley and here are magnificent, gigantic fir trees; large birch trees; and deodar cedars. We stop next to a bivouac of the Indian army, the Tibetan frontier now quite close. From here we leave for Sonamarg, three or four hours' journey on small Himalayan ponies. One of our guides carries under his arm a large transistor radio which is pouring out Oriental songs at full blast. The sun is strong; the landscape, as we go up, grows wilder and wilder. The altitude is over nine thousand feet. At the peak, snow and an encampment of shepherds of the Gujar tribe who, unlike the rest of the inhabitants of Kashmir, have a reputation for being belligerent. We become friendly with the chief of the encampment, an old man, close to eighty, who has a beard dyed a resplendent red. He doesn't quite understand what we are doing; and, in fact, it isn't easy to explain: the idea that four days ago we got on a plane in Rome, crossing the world to end up in New Delhi; that from there we went to Srinagar and climbed up his mountain, where we are eating a lunch of cold mutton and taking photographs, only to leave forever, seems to him—rightly, I suppose—insane.

DAY FOUR: We visit the gardens of Shalimar on the shores of Dal Lake. Built by the famous Mogul emperor Jahangir, the gardens have a great deal in common with the Italian gardens of the Renaissance. Many water effects and fountains—the Moslems, too, no doubt, had "a thing" for water.

Next to the Mogul's gardens there is an ashram, where Lakman Jiu, the most respectable of Kashmir's "gurus," lives. An old gentleman dressed in silk, he has a courteous, mild, weary air; the Yoga he practices is "Tantric Shivaism." He is a Hindu, but the Moslems respect him. On this, the day when he receives visitors, a small crowd is seated at his feet. A tray is passed around with cups of very sweet tea and the customary "Kashmir cakes." The people have no specific requests to make: just being near the guru has a beneficent effect. Are there any Westerners—I ask—who have become members of his school? Yes, he replies, but before accepting them he demands a long apprenticeship. For at least a year they must subject themselves to certain rules that even the Salvation Army could approve. No adultery, no drugs, no alcohol, little meat—if possible, become vegetarians—try to be friendly and kind with everyone. Then, meditation exercises, every morning for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, breathing according to a specific rhythm. What's the point of this long preparation, I ask. The initiation is a beautiful but also terrible and dangerous experience, he says, since it is a matter of mysterious forces that are set in motion, forces that, if wrongly directed, could destroy both pupil and guru; one must be sure of the serious intentions of the person who wants to be initiated. And he adds, with a smile slightly tinged with irony, do I get the impression, my dear foreign friend, that you, like many Westerners, would like to understand and obtain in a few moments that which requires an entire life of discipline?

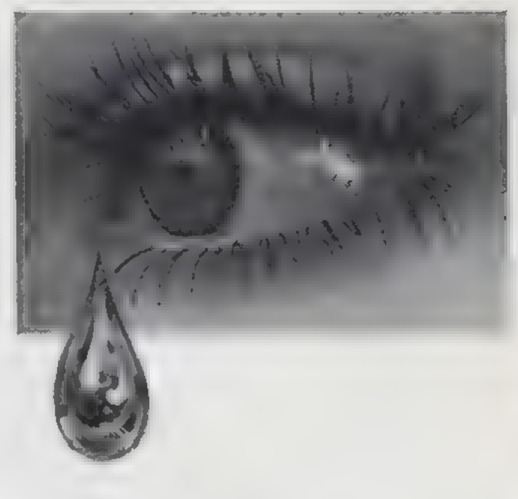
DAY FIVE: Again out of bed at an ungodly hour. We leave for the sanctuary of Anantnag, a small village with a sort of sacred pond, filled with fish which, from what I can gather, are also sacred. The usual gigantic plane trees, some half-naked holy men, and a very large crowd of people. The sanctuary is Hindu. The water of the pool—very clean, transparent, and light blue—is supposed to have miraculous powers. Here, too, there hovers in the atmosphere something medieval, magical. If one tries to see the world with the eyes of the people here, one realizes that they live in an enchanted, fabulous atmosphere, where the miracle is always a possibility. Right next to the Hindu sanctuary stands a Moslem sanctuary, just as crowded. The two religions peacefully share the same water.

To finish the day, a return to Srinagar and an outing on the lake in the *shikara*. Sunset. The evening is all gold and pink. Pink lotus flowers still bloom in spite of the late season and in the peasants' houses a kerosine lamp lit here and there. The only sounds are the soft splash of our oars and, from time to time, a voice singing.

DAY SIX: Tomorrow we leave Kashmir. Vendors of all sorts come out to us on their *shikaras* and climb aboard: mostly they are selling products of local handicraft, straddling tradition and kitsch; but every so often, amid all the rubbish, there is some lovely ancient object or a marvelous shawl. Their attitude towards a sale is always the same: if you refuse to buy something, they lower their heads to one side with an air of gentle reproof. The laundryman comes with his bill; I give him what amounts to a dollar tip in rupees. A thunderbolt: he falls to his knees, kisses my feet, invokes Allah's blessings on all of us, and then quietly slips away before anyone can regret an act of generosity so alien to the order of things in Kashmir.

The Gagroo brothers, owners of the houseboat, arrive with their bills. The cost of everything is extraordinarily low. By and large it has cost us for food and lodging about seven dollars a day for each person, and that includes taxis (Continued on page 219)

Isn't Once a month Enough?



It may be an important part of being a woman, but it can really be a nuisance. Every morning, put them on. Every night, take them off. Clean and store. And the next day, it starts all over again...

STOP!
Now, apply permanent eyelashes
ONCE
and forget them for up to
SIX WEEKS!

PERMANENT Lash BY WINDMERE

IS HERE!

Feathery Individual Clusters anyone can easily apply! These weightless permanent lashes attach to your own; last as long and look twice as lovely! And because they're synthetic, they'll really hold their curl. You can swim, shower, sleep—even shed a few tears—and never give your beautiful lashes a second thought.
Permanent lashes like these can cost as much as $30 when they're applied in a salon. But Windmere offers them to you for ONLY $3.95
The complete kit includes a tray of 90 feathery clusters (4 different lengths)— enough for several applications. And our own special adhesive, remover, gentle cleaner and full instructions.
We call it Permanent Lash. You'll call it the best thing to happen to your eyes since mascara!



MAIL COUPON TO

WINDMERE PRODUCTS PERMANENT LASH
5300 N.W. 163rd St.
Hialeah, Fla. 33014
Send my complete Permanent Lash Kit today! My check (or money order) is enclosed. Add $.50 for postage and handling.
Color . . . Black ☐ Brown ☐
NAME.....
ADDRESS .....
CITY.....
STATE.....ZIP.....
Florida residents add 4% sales tax V-2

"Romantovski found fit to conceal his distaste, fearing to infuriate Anna's lover by spurning her"

THE LEONARDO

(Continued from page 183)

doubt, greatly repelled Romantovski with those bug-brown freckles on her milky skin, the vacant look in her light eyes, and the little promontories of wet gums between her teeth, he found fit to conceal his distaste, fearing to infuriate Anna's lover by spurning her.

Since he went all the same to the cinema once a week, he took her with him on Saturday in the hope that this attention would be enough. Unnoticed, at a discreet distance, both wearing new caps and orange-red shoes, the brothers stole after the pair, and on those dubious streets, in that dusty dusk, there were hundreds of their likes but only one Romantovski.

In the small elongated movie house night had started to flicker, a self-manufactured lunar night, when the brothers, furtively hunching, seated themselves in the back row. They sensed the darkly delicious presence of Romantovski somewhere in front. On the way to the cinema, Anna failed to worm anything out of her disagreeable companion, nor did she quite understand what exactly Gustav wanted of him. As they walked, the mere sight of his lean figure and melancholy profile made her want to yawn. But once the picture started, she forgot about him, pressing an insensate shoulder against him. Specters conversed in trumpet tones on the newfangled speaking screen. The baron tasted his wine and carefully put his glass down —with the sound of a dropped cannonball.

And after a while the sleuths were pursuing the baron. Who would have recognized in him the master crook? He was hunted passionately, frenziedly. Automobiles sped with bursts of thunder. In a nightclub they fought with bottles, chairs, tables. A mother was putting an enchanting child to bed.

When it was all over, and Romantovski, with a little stumble, followed her out into the cool darkness, Anna exclaimed, "Oh, that was wonderful!"

He cleared his throat and said after a pause, "Let's not exaggerate. In real life, it is all considerably duller."

"It's you who's dull," she retorted crossly, and presently chuckled softly as she recalled the pretty child.

Behind them, gliding along at the same distance as before, came the brothers. Both were gloomy. Both were pumping themselves up with gloomy violence. Gloomily, Anton said, "That's not done, after all—going out walking with another's bride."

"And especially on Saturday night," said Gustav.

A passerby, coming abreast of them, happened to glance at their faces—and could not help walking faster.

The night wind chased rustling rubbish along the fences. It was a dark and desolate part of Berlin. Far to the left of the road, above the canal, blinked scattered lights. On the right were vacant lots from which a few hastily silhouetted houses had turned their black backs away. After a little while the brothers accelerated their step.

"My mother and sister live in the country," Anna was telling him in a rather cozy undertone amid the velvety night. "As soon as I get married, I hope to visit them with him. Last summer my sister—"

Romantovski suddenly looked back.

"—won a lottery prize," continued Anna, mechanically looking back too.

Gustav emitted a sonorous whistle.

"Why, it's them!" exclaimed Anna, and joyfully burst out laughing. "Ah, the rascals!"

"Good evening, good evening," said Gustav hastily, in a panting voice. "What are you doing here, you ass, with my girl?"

"I'm not doing anything. We have just been—"

"Now, now," said Anton and, drawing back his elbow, hit Romantovski crisply in the lower ribs.

"Please, don't use your fists. You know perfectly well that—"

"Leave him alone, fellows," said Anna with a soft snigger.

"Must teach him a lesson," said Gustav, warming up and forefeeling with a poignant glow how he, too, would follow his brother's example and feel those cartilages, that crumpy backbone.

"Apropos, a funny thing happened to me one day," Romantovski started to say, talking fast, but here Gustav began to jam and twist the huge lumps of his knuckles into his victim's side, causing utterly indescribable pain. In lurching back Romantovski slipped and nearly fell: to fall would have meant perishing then and there.

"Let him go," said Anna.

He turned and, holding his side, walked off along the dark rustling fences. The brothers followed, all but treading upon his heels. Gustav rumbled in the anguish of blood lust, and that rumble might turn any moment into a pounce.

Far away before him a bright twinkle promised safety; it meant a lighted street, and although what could be seen was probably one lone lamp, that slit in the blackness seemed a marvelous festive blaze, a blissful region of radiance, full of rescued men. He knew that if he started to run it would be the end, since he could not get there sufficiently fast; he should go at a quiet and smooth walk, then he might cover that distance, keeping silent the while and trying not to press his hand against his burning ribs. So he strode on, with his usual springy step, and the impression was that he did so on purpose, to mock non-flyers, and that next moment he might take off.

Anna's voice: "Gustav, don't tangle with him. You know quite well you won't be able to stop. Remember what you did once to that bricklayer."

"Hold your tongue, old bitch, don't teach him what must be done." (That's Anton's voice.)

Now at last, the region of light —where one could distinguish a chestnut's foliage, and what looked like a Morris pillar, and farther still, to the left, a bridge —that breathlessly waiting imploring light, at last, at last, was not so very remote. . . . And still one should not run. And though he knew he was making a fatal mistake, all at once, beyond the control of his will, he flew up and, with a sob, dashed forward.

He ran and seemed, as he ran, to be laughing exultingly. Gustav overtook him in a couple of leaps. Both fell, and amid the fierce rasping and crunching there occurred a special sound—smooth and moist, once, and a second time, up to the hilt—and then Anna instantly fled into the darkness, holding her hat in her hand.

Gustav stood up. Romantovski was lying on the ground and speaking in Polish. Abruptly his voice broke off.

"And now let's be gone," said Gustav. "I stuck him."

"Take it out," said Anton, "take it out of him."

"I did," said Gustav. "God, how I stuck him."

They scurried off, though not toward the light, but across dark vacant lots. After skirting the cemetery they reached a back alley, exchanged glances, and slowed down to a normal walk.

Upon coming home, they immediately fell asleep. Anton dreamed he was sitting on the grass and watching a barge drift by. Gustav did not dream of anything.

Early next morning police agents arrived; they searched the murdered man's room and briefly questioned Anton, who had come out into the passage. Gustav stayed in bed, replete and somnolent, his face the color of Westphalian ham, in contrast to the whitish tufts of his eyebrows.

Presently, the police left and Anton returned. He was in an unusual state of elation, choking with laughter, flexing his knees, noiselessly hitting his palm with his fist. "What fun!" he said. "Do you know who the fellow was? A leonardo!"

In their lingo a leonardo (from the name of the painter) meant a maker of counterfeit bills. And Anton related what he had managed to find out: the fellow, it appeared, belonged to a gang and had just got out of jail. Before that he had been designing fake paper money; an accomplice had knifed him, no doubt.

Gustav shook with mirth, too, but then his expression changed suddenly. "He slipped us his slither, the rogue!" cried Gustav and ran, naked, to the wardrobe where he kept his money box.

"Doesn't matter, we'll pass it," said his brother. "A non-expert won't see the difference."

"Yes, but what a rogue!" Gustav kept repeating.

My poor Romantovski! And I who believed with them that you were indeed someone exceptional. I believed, let me confess, that you were a remarkable poet whom poverty obliged to dwell in that sinister district. I believed, on the strength of certain indices, that every night, by working on a line of verse or nursing a growing idea, you celebrated an invulnerable victory over the brothers. My poor Romantovski! It is all over now. Alas, the objects I had assembled wander away. The young poplar dims and takes off—to return where it had been fetched from. The brick wall dissolves. The house draws in its little balconies one by one, then turns, and floats away. Everything floats away. Harmony and meaning vanish. The world irks me again with its variegated void. ■

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"I told her that . . . she looked like Oliver Twist"

GARBO

(Continued from page 179)

terror that old people must feel when they knew of its approach. . . . She wondered if life would not be easier if we started as old, wise pepole, and gradually lived to attain an innocent happiness.

Then, apropos of nothing, Greta, relaxing under the sun-umbrella and smoking her 'pipe' (her name for a cigarette), reminisced about her days at the Theatre School in Stockholm, when she demoralized all the pupils by being inattentive and never learning anything, so that the others too did not bother to make an effort; how she had a friend who was rich, and told of her house in the country and of life in the big cities abroad, and the two often would sit up late at night smoking—and it was all thrilling, enchanting! Now she never more could feel that exuberance. . . .

MARCH 11

My agent, Carlton Allsop, had arranged for me to see Greta's old picture, *Anna Karenina*, in a private room at M-G-M Studios. It would be almost an uncanny experience to watch this great epic in the presence of *La Divina*. I had told Allsop that I would like to bring a friend to join us. "Fine—I'll call for you." When Greta, with scarves flying, came rushing out and I introduced her, Allsop's face went scarlet with astonishment. Greta at once became inevitably, irrevocably, and so easily and honestly the seductress that Allsop was completely bewitched.

"Well, well, it takes Beaton to get me to the studios for the first time in six years!" As we approached Metro, she became quite a bit flustered. It was an emotional experience for her. The studios, which one might almost say she had partly created, had been also for so long her prison; she had been unhappy there, but she owed them a lot, too, and to return after such an interval made her feel self-conscious. She did not know the men at the gate any more, none of the faces was familiar, nobody moving along corridors and alleyways recognized her, and, as usual, she was adept at concealing herself.

We were shown to a drab little projection room—not at all important but quite private—and the lights went out. The titles were flashed on the screen, the lion roared, the rather *schmalzy* orchestra blared Tchaikovsky, and Greta, next to me, lit an Old Gold.

During the running of the film, Greta would interject: "Those were real Russians"—"That's very well done"—"Those were feathers" (apropos snowstorm)—"A woman's crowning glory—or is it a fuzz?" (apropos her hairdo in the ballroom sequence). . . . Greta was pleased how little the picture had dated. . . . As we emerged from the little theater, and the operator saw to whom he had been running the reels, he tottered as if about to fall. Greta, behind her hair, slouched out of the studio and once back in the car felt relieved and safe. But she had been pleased to see the picture and delighted that it was something of which she need never be anything but rather proud.

MARCH 12

Grey skies. A cold and blustery day. We sheltered under rugs on the garden sofa. Suddenly the rain came down in twenty-five-cent drops. A scramble to clear up. Everything placed under cover. Then the rain stopped. "What shall we do? Remain here? Have our lunch trays here?"

I knew Greta frets at being indoors whenever she can be in the fresh air, so we braved the elements swathed in scarves. She told me of how, in the rainy season, she would sit under the garden umbrella, dressed in mackintosh and hat and overcoats galore, wrapped in a tarpaulin rug, having her lunch on a tray while the rain poured cats and dogs around her. After her lunch, she would remain in the torrent with a book, delighted not to be indoors. . . .

MARCH 13

During dinner at a spaghetti restaurant, Greta discussed food and her dislikes and likes. "I used to eat quite a large lunch when I was first working in the studio: all sorts of mixed things—a dill pickle, an apple tart, pastry, meat—and I felt so heavy and ill. Then I learnt about food and just brought my own—a basket with sour cream and fruit—and I would feel so light and easy. You see, I can't mix foods—I don't feel well; I like just one thing." (It always amuses, and sometimes embarrasses me when, at even the best restaurants, Greta takes her knife and fork, looks around nervously to see if the waiter is looking in her direction, then dips them in her tumbler of water before surreptitiously wiping them on her napkin.). . .

There are things and people she still doesn't wish to discuss: Maurice Stiller, who was her Pygmalion, is never mentioned except by implication, or as "someone I have great devotion for—and always will." She continued: "But people have so often used me—have hurt me by doing things that have surprised me. I have known crooks and they've treated me so brutally, and although I have been shocked I still don't believe they're bad. I know there's good in each person, and it's quite simple to bring out the best. If the other unimportant people want to harm you, how can they? They haven't got the power like the more fortunate of us; the others can't give. We can offer little things that can be of great importance, but none of us are important really. By a miracle we have become privileged people, and we can afford to tell the truth. But if you tell many people the truth, they'll recoil and are shocked, embarrassed, or afraid."

She rambled on: "I love life—it's really thrilling," and she looked ecstatic. "Existence is so full of surprises and vitality and goodness."

Greta later said that, in her youth, she was "ready very early for life," but that since then she had not advanced or developed. Suddenly she found herself no longer a promising youngster. She said so sweetly: "I can never think of myself as being of advanced years. I don't feel any different, but it worries me that I don't know where the years have gone." She still behaves, and moves, and thinks like a young girl. And if, on some days, her face is pale and drawn, she always posseses the unspoiled quality of a child, and the passing years have only made her beauty more sensitive and delicate. . . . When the talk turned towards loneliness, Greta said what a dangerous responsibility it was to become attached to any particular person. "It's so cruel when things change," she said. "When you no longer love someone, and he continues to feel just the same about you. . . .

"I should be Christlike and be all things to all men." ■

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LONDON FAST-TALK

(Continued from page 107)

John, E-G-A-N), **"Mary Rose," "Cowardy Custard"** (the songs of Noël), and . . . **"Showboat."** It's not just nostalgia, it's clinical regression. Still, it was nice to shed a tear for Captain Stanhope.

The **Starlight Cinema** at the **Mayfair Hotel** is the equivalent of The Museum of Modern Art's screening room in New York. It shows fluffy old movies and harsher middle-aged ones, with a distinct preference for **"Top Hat"** and **"Swingtime."** The **National Film Theatre** on the South Bank relies mainly on revivals for its programs, but what revivals! In a resurgence of National Pride (we need all we can get, what with the very common market), they are reviving the **Ealing Studio** films. Ealing used to stand for all that was worst in British filmmaking, from hats to high-pitched voices; and their films have been looped through every television station's Saturday-night yawn spot. But now their hour of glory has come. "Some," says the catalogue demurely, "hardly bear rescreening," but others are a credit to their time [you got it, the 'thirties and 'forties]. Particularly awaited: **Clive Brook** as a Hollywood movie star going home to the English seaside repertory company where he made his name in **"Return to Yesterday."** NFT also has a retrospective of **RKO** in the 'forties that should be fun. Albert Finney is brilliant at the **Royal Court** in **"Krapp's Last Tape."**

Now that eating out costs as much as it does in any other city, it's being done in what is hopefully called style. The owners of **Tramp,** the ineptly named discothèque, have just opened yet another private club, this time for the consumption of steak *au poivre,* called **Rags.** I couldn't help thinking of that West Coast underground fashion magazine as the doorman tried to kick me out because I didn't look like a humpy starlet. Lunching in the *faux* country-house dining room, Joan Collins in an immaculate **Tommy Nutter** man's suit; she is now a real London lady.

Burkes is where the smoked-salmon-and-scrambled-eggs aficionados hang out, admiring the beautiful paintings by **Stanley Kubrick**'s wife **Christiana.** Who says show biz can't make it into society? Bryan Forbes once introduced **Princess Margaret** to my father as his agent, but that was a jest.

Evenings are best spent in **The Club,** which is actually part of **Mario**'s and **Franco**'s Italian Empire, but its origins are disguised by brown upholstery and *quenelles de brochet.* Also, Michael Chow's **Maunkberry's,** a cool white club on the site of the old Dolly's. **Antonio** drawings decorate the walls, and the pasta is excellent. Also, for millionaire spotting, **Annabel's, The Clermont, Les Ambassadeurs,** and **The Mirabelle** (eternally suave and a bit pleated-lampshade-y). The White Elephant on The River is The Club for those who like to watch a river die while they eat fish; its approximative country-house decor gives one a feeling of security. Lots of rich children at lunch. **Leonard Cohen** eats regularly at **Richoux,** a coffee-house-*cum*-tearoom that is the epitome of old-lady charm with new-paint chic. "I love girls of the bourgeoisie," he explains.

Perhaps the most important development in fashion has been the publication of a book of knitting patterns of the 'twenties, 'thirties, and 'forties called **"A Stitch in Time"** (pub: Duckworth; ed: Jane Waller)—not for the pattern's glamour, nor sex appeal, but for the little bobbles and pom-pons that give one that cozy, home-knit feeling of well-worn comfort and make one anything but a threat to one's girl friends. The antique markets are going stronger than ever, but what used to be a real economy at two pounds (around $5) is now just another luxury at fifteen (about $37). Vern Lambert at **The Chelsea Antique Market** still has the funkiest of the old treasures.

Hats are back, though not veils. Diane Logan, Betty Gubbay, and Herbert Johnson are all busily turning out lady hats. Street looks veer to grey, a choice rather than an inevitable contamination. And makeup is more noticeable on the boys. **Merrie England** and all that. The best dancing fun is still at the best gay bar in town, **"Yours or Mine?"**

The new pet is the Concorde, which was a white elephant until Pan Am and TWA both turned it down, which made it an underdog, which is the Englishman's favorite pet. Ankles still sore from platform shoes, minds boggled by stilettos and the prospect of still more broken metatarsals, ladies are turning to gold Mary Janes for day wear. They mostly come from **Dolcis,** cost eleven dollars, and are made in indestructible **Corfam.** They'll last a lifetime, or at least until **Manoio**'s next collection of flat shoes is available at **Zapata.**

Silver and gold Volkswagens have that certain *quelque chose* that allows them to defy even the stately Morgans at traffic lights. Other favorite car: a mint-green Mini Clubman. Which makes it difficult if you are superstitious about green cars.

"Women's Lib: The Other Side of Underneath," a film by the liberated playwright **Jane Arden,** is on at the **Paris Pullman,** the most intellectual of cinemas. Somebody I know picked up scabies there. The film shows, among other things, a woman being crucified. **Georgia Brown,** best known for her rendition of **Kurt Weill** songs, marched on Downing Street with angry Libbers and lit torches to protest the hurried reading that MP William Hamilton's antidiscrimination bill got in the House of Commons. And a pretty adolescent, head girl of her school, placed a bouquet of flowers on the grave of **Emmeline Pankhurst.**

Events: On April 4, the combined forces of Ernestine Carter, Beatrix Miller, Winefrede Jackson, Prudence Glynn, and the Board of Trade are having a fashion show at the Royal College of Art called **Designs on Fashion.** The aim is to prove, with the work of **Jean Muir,** Bill Gibb, Zandra Rhodes, and others, that British fashion is neither an invention nor a joke, nor a luxury beyond wild dreams of museum curators. On April 9, the **Royal Festival Ballet** is holding its second **Gala** in aid of the ballet's Benevolent Fund. The list of committee members reads like a list of Who's Who with Money, and the dancing promises to be superior. The Gala's at the London Coliseum, an odd theater with a 'twenties mirrored ball on its roof.

Gossip: There is talk of ration cards. . . . Midlands women are making the lace for Princess Anne's dress, while the **"Djakarta Observer"** picked up the following item from the **"Uganda Times,"** which found it in a cartoon in **"Punch."** To wit, that **Princess Anne Eloped with Amin.** (The *Uganda Times* was delighted to see that the English thought Amin suitable enough to have Anne as his fifth wife.)

It's Plant a Tree Year in leafy Britain. Scrawled on the back of a filthy truck: "Don't wash me, plant a tree." And now an item from the Sunday *Times* Front page, February 4.

How a hunt was foxed

A jet airliner had to circle above London's Gatwick Airport before landing yesterday because a fox hunt was in full cry near the main runway.

Later, Colonel D. B. Girling, Master of the Hounds of the Ewhurst Hunt, said: "We didn't go near the runway—but the fox did. . . . We blew the bugle and the hounds turned tail. Hounds aren't stupid. You could almost see the fox laughing at us as he scampered across the runway to freedom."

He said airport officials were taking no action. "Why should they? Country sports come before jets." ■

People who work with Charles Revson respond to him with a feeling that combines hero-worship with an actor's first-night jitters

MAN FROM BEAUTY

(Continued from page 214)

metic news. They entertain on board all kinds of people: the famous, the rich, the fashionable, the brainy, the frivolous. For Charles Revson knows that ideas come from everywhere; it all depends on how you see things, or, in a favorite phrase, "what view from the bridge you take."

In Mr. Revson's view, customers, buyers, consumers come before anyone else. Recently, Norman Greif toured the wives of Russian representatives to the United Nations through the research center when he was due for a meeting with Charles Revson. Secretarial flap. "Mr. Greif is going to be an hour late for his meeting with Mr. Revson!" What could come ahead of that! Mr. Greif knew and calmly continued. At Revlon, the customer comes before the boss. ■

"In New York, I've found that dirt is really the main problem"

BEAUTY LIFESAVERS
(Continued from page 112)

Mrs. Peter Jankowitsch

Change is the beauty lifesaver of Mrs. Jankowitsch, wife of Austria's Ambassador to the United Nations—an intelligent, lively woman who talks and laughs easily. "I believe in challenging every habit—from eye makeup to food habits. It's something you've got to do to be yourself." She wears very little makeup during the day—likes to look "natural, not too sophisticated"—believes in changing cosmetics, creams, all skin preparations often, as "one becomes immune." Her dark hair is now worn fairly short, "but I'll probably change it in two years. A good haircut is most important. I like to be able to get ready in ten minutes.". . . Actually, Mrs. J. feels, "in the New York diplomatic circle, which is a small group, it's not so important how you look every time—after four or five months, you live on your personality."

Mrs. Samar Sen

"In the four years I've been in New York, I've found that dirt is really the main problem" said Mrs. Samar Sen, wife of the Ambassador of India to the U.N. "Hair needs washing more often, face and hands need to be cleansed more." As she has a sensitive, allergy-prone skin, the constant washing and cleaning caused severe dryness and other problems. Then—through an ad in *Delegates World*—she found a skin-care specialist named Brigitte Haensch, whose thorough but gentle cleansing, peeling, and moisturizing routines have been a beauty lifesaver. (For more about Mrs. Haensch, see Note at end.) . . . Mrs. Samar Sen doesn't go to a hairdresser, partly to save time, partly because "all hairdressers forget that I am small. All they see is 'the head'—and I come out looking top-heavy, and have to comb it out at home." She washes her own hair, and "anyone in the family who's free can cut it."

Señora de Alba

"I'm an extremely easy person," said Señora de Alba, a charmer whose husband is the Ambassador of Spain to the United Nations. "The Spanish are very lazy, so I never do sports—but I do my own gymnastics at home every morning for ten minutes. Pablo, at Elizabeth Arden, takes care of my hair. It's impossible for me to use wigs—Spanish women have masses of hair. I have facials and manicures at Elizabeth Arden, but I use Clinique products at home, as my skin is allergic.". . . Her beauty lifesavers? Diorissimo perfume—"I always wear it. And Weil oil in my bath. I use it by the drop."

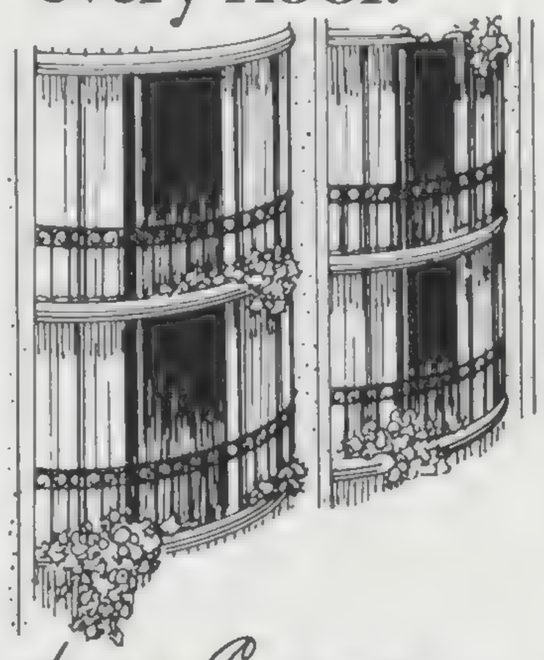
Mrs. Toru Nakagawa

Before coming to New York, Mrs. Toru Nakagawa and her husband—now Japan's Ambassador to the U.N.—were stationed in Moscow, where "the air is even drier and colder—so New York seems easy by contrast." In Moscow, she ordered all her beauty products from Stockholm and Helsinki. Here, she's using Estée Lauder moisturizer under makeup; Helena Rubinstein night cream; Shiseido facial pack and peel-off masque. Suga cuts her hair, at his new salon (132A East 70th Street). He'd like to cut it shorter, but Mrs. Nakagawa resists. . . . She changes her makeup and perfume often, according to the weather, her costume, how she feels. . . . Her beauty lifesaver: "A Japanese kimono, with its only true accompaniment—for some reason—Hermès perfume. With the kimono, I never wear any other."

NOTE: Marina Vlady, the skin-care specialist mentioned by Señora de Rozas, is at 321 East 45th Street, New York; telephone, 986-1067. Her facial treatments include massage, deep cleansing with milks, ozone and herb steaming, masques (she has a special cod-liver oil masque for problem skins), and misting with vaporized spring-water. All her preparations are made for her in France.

Brigitte Haensch, mentioned by Mrs. Samar Sen, is at 127 East 69th Street, New York. Telephone, 879-9090, or 362-4770. Mrs. Haensch uses "biogenic" products imported from Sweden, containing extracts of fruits, vegetables; concentrated vitamins; chlorophyll, and the like. Many clients swear by her "enzyme vegetable peeling," especially good for oily skin. Besides skin care, Mrs. Haensch offers other services such as spot reducing, muscle firming, conditioning. ■

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KASHMIR
(Continued from page 215)

and gondolas. So the Gagroo family expends treasures of ingenuity to cheat us out of an extra dollar a day per person: a subtle procedure, learned through years of dealing with Indian and English tourists. It would be easiest for us not to make a fuss—but in that case our relationship with the Gagroo family would be seriously impaired: they would lose all respect for us. All through the night, on the roof of the houseboat, the large Gagroo family in full force continues to laugh and joke in Kashmiri. On this night of gaiety the children, too, are awake, for this winter the small clan will have enough to eat.

Note: Air-India flies to New Delhi, then Indian Airlines to Srinagar. Rent your houseboat well in advance, through your travel agent. If you prefer dry land, the old Maharajah's palace, near the Mogul gardens is now the Palace Hotel. Whatever the month (April through September are best), take sweater and raincoat, casual wash-and-wear clothes, good walking shoes for the Himalayas. Also film, suntan cream, hot-water bottle, insect repellent, soap if you're fussy. Buy everything else there. ■



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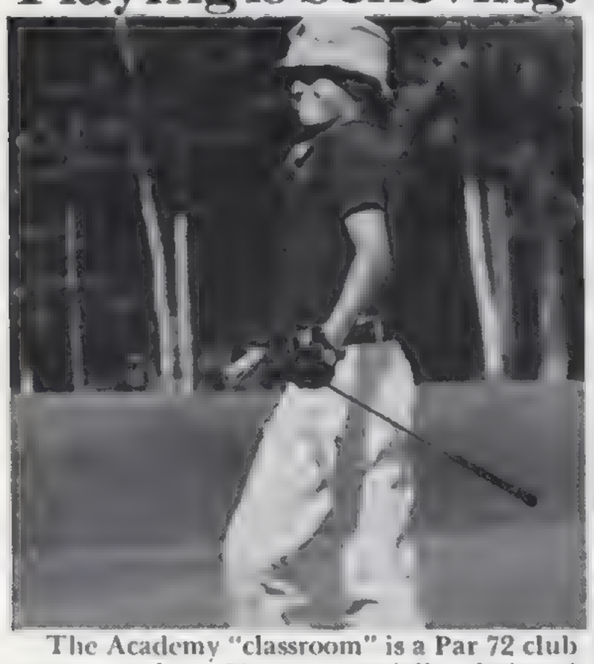
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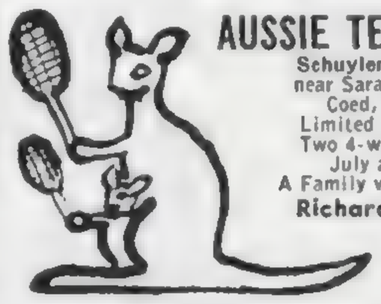
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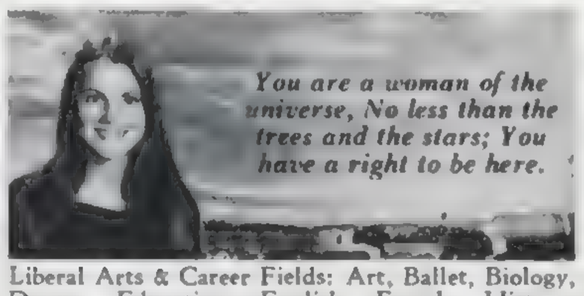
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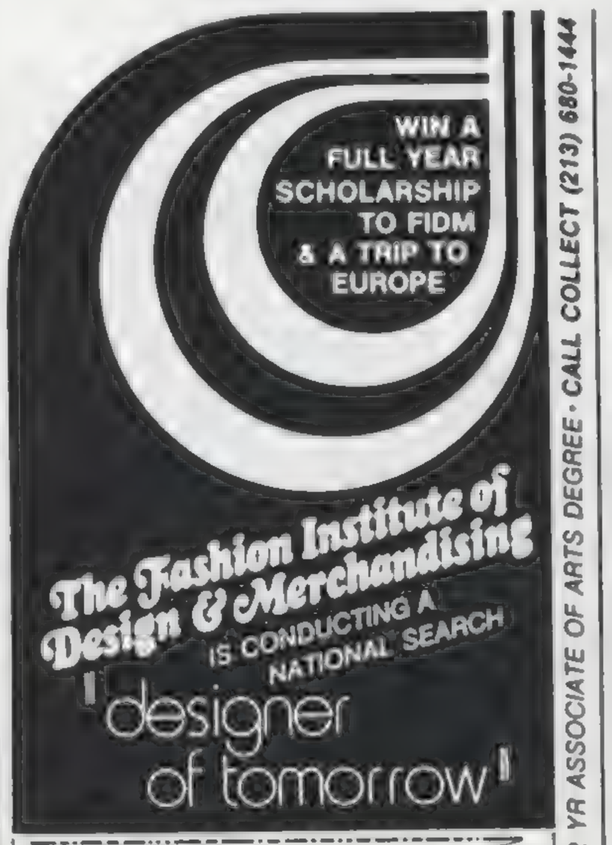
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CHAMBERLAIN
(Continued from page 200)

had to worry about $300 bags; and I'm vaguely suspicious of people who have them. . . . I travel heavy, because I have a terror of forgetting something that I'm going to need. Once, moving back after a long stay in London, I was $2,000 overweight—with only six bags."

The confession is a joke on himself, made with a broad smile, one of those open, California smiles. The Pacific-blue eyes are the surprise: set at an almost sinister oblique angle, Tartar eyes in an all-American face . . . . "If I were to come into a lot of money, I would spend a year just traveling around. Everyplace I've always wanted to see—the Orient, all over. During that year, or shortly thereafter, I would probably start a theater workshop (even though that's usually a mistake) to encourage actors, to commission new plays (all with great parts for me, of course!). . . . No, not romantic heros. The thing I'd like to do now is play an American of my own time. In a film. I'm due for one, and I haven't played a twentieth-century character since *Petulia*. . . . I'd like to stay in America for a while. I'm so turned on by New York I'd like to live here, do a play here. I lived in New York once before, in '67, but I wasn't ready for it. It was intimidating . . . . I have a flat in London, on the Bayswater Road. Half the time there, half here is perfection."

Born in Los Angeles, he grew up wanting to be an actor, and is delighted (even if the critics weren't) by his experiences playing Tchaikovsky for Ken Russel in *The Music Lovers* and Lord Byron for Robert Bolt in *Lady Caroline Lamb*: "Totally different ends of the spectrum. With Ken, you feel a thunderstorm is about to break. There is a tension, and Ken expects actors to know what he wants of them. Robert has a quiet, piercing quality. He tells you what he wants, in very few words, but perfectly chosen, perfectly expressive words." Still, he finds that "acting on film is like trying to make love over a long-distance telephone."

Though he rather enjoyed the splendid period wardrobes of both films, "normally I don't sort of go along with fashion—most of the time, I'm happiest in Levi's and work shirt. But I enjoy looking well-dressed occasionally. I would like to find something that would be both dressed and comfortable—maybe an Yves Saint Laurent safari suit—get ten of those and wear them as a uniform." ■ —CAMILLE DUHÉ

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"Town hair is likely to be in worse shape than country hair"

HAIR CARE

(Continued from page 188)

Redken realized how vital it is to combat pollution. Town hair is likely to be in worse shape than country hair—subjected as it is to a daily coating of fumes, sulphur, chemicals, coal tar, hydrogen sulphides.

One man who has been taking active steps to circumvent pollution's effect in the big cities is Don Lee (50 West 57th Street, N.Y.C.; 212 245-9145), who comes near to practicing the trichology methods so successful in Europe.

Apart from diet and pollution, Don Lee adds tension to the list of hair bogeys. He says, "knotted shoulder and neck muscles—which the majority of city workers have—cut off the flow of blood to the scalp. The capillaries constrict, the oil glands go haywire, and you could say the scalp comes down with a virus. If that goes untreated, a shrunken scalp results—and how can you expect glorious hair after that?"

After consultation, the Lee treatment begins with a stupendous shoulder, neck, and head massage which lasts up to fifteen minutes. Then, depending on the condition of the hair, one of six variations of a special formula containing vitamin concentrates and organic substances (originally developed with a doctor of medicine in Chicago) is massaged into the hair with a miniature brush. Polyunsaturated and water soluble, the special formula can get at the follicles where bacteria have been causing trouble. Finally, the massaged and treated head is tucked into an electrified heating cap for a fifteen-minute session, enabling the solution to go as deep as it can. You leave Don Lee wrapped like an Arab because he likes the solution to stay on, if possible, for a couple of hours before regular washing and styling. On the subject of shampoos for a gentle man he's quite violent—hair must have baby, castile, or herbal shampoos (the one he makes himself is as mild and gentle as the soaps for your face).

THE RETURN OF THE COMB

One of the best things to happen to hair recently is the return of the gentle short wave (Great Gatsby-oriented—see Mia Farrow on p. 170) leading to the return of the COMB. Combing the hair does it a far greater service than brushing it . . . because the majority of women don't know how to brush gently, just dislodging dust and disentangling hair, not scratching the scalp.

To quote the trichologists again, brushing makes greasy hair more greasy, splits and breaks dry hair, pulls it out prematurely if it has a tendency that way, and just replaces old dandruff with new—scales nudged off the scalp. One of the worst things to do is to brush hair when wet. In its most elastic state, *it doesn't stand a chance.* Comb away with a good wide-tooth comb—and you're already helping your hair.

A SHAMPOO A DAY?

Wash your hair as often as *you* think it needs it. There's a popular belief that to wash your hair frequently encourages greasiness, but if it's washed and *rinsed* properly, it just isn't so.

Don Lee has been heard to say, "Nobody thinks anything of going to the dentist for a regular six-month checkup. Hair doesn't get a checkup until it's too late." Today, there's no excuse for being too late.

TOP HAIR CARERS

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Don Lee, 50 W. 57th St., N.Y.C.
Pierre Michel, 6 West 57th Street, N.Y.C. (styling here, too)
Rita and Miss Murray at Kenneth, 19 East 54th Street, N.Y.C.
Guy Paris' Hair Clinique, 157 West 72nd Street, N.Y.C. (Redken recommends him, too)
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Marie McGrath, Bergdorf Goodman, New York City.
Marie, Michel Kazan, 16 East 55th Street, N.Y.C.
Rose Reti, 128 East 56th Street, New York City.
Jamison Shaw, Jamie's, Peach Tree Street, Atlanta, Georgia.
Arnie Miller, Arnold Martin, 13939 Cedar Street, South Euclid, Ohio.

ACCESSORY DETAILS

Cover: Earrings and necklace by Michael Danyon. Gold chain at Georg Jensen.

Pages 142 and 143: Earrings by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Willie Woo bracelets, at Henri Bendel. Tights by Beauty Mist. Yves Saint Laurent sandals.

Pages 144 and 145: Earrings and bracelets by Willie Woo. Round-the-Clock tights.

Page 146: Hat by Geoffrey Beene. Trifari earrings. Bracelets by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Gemco bag. Sandals by David Evins.

Page 147: Sunglasses by Bausch & Lomb. Belt by Elegant. David Evins sandals, at I. Miller.

Page 148: Scarf by Herman, Schmidt & Rondle. Sandals by Golo.

Page 149: Universal Optical sunglasses. Gemco bag. Bangles by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Sandals by Yves Saint Laurent.

Page 150: Don Marshall hat. Earrings by Trifari. Corum watch. Ben King bag. Round-the-Clock tights. Sandals by David Evins.

Page 151: Sunglasses by Universal Optical. Bag by C.F.I. for Billy Bud. Sandals: Laura Tosato for I. Miller.

Page 152: Sunglasses by Bausch & Lomb. Vendôme earrings. Pin by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Chains by Amulets & Talismans and Marius Hansen. Sandals: Yves Saint Laurent, at Bloomingdale's.

Page 154: Doro scarf. Sunglasses by Bausch & Lomb. Michael Moraux for Dubaux bangles. Sandals: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 155: Hat by Geoffrey Beene. Corum watch. Sandals by Laura Tosato for I. Miller.

Page 156: Gold chain from Georg Jensen. Bangles by Michael Moraux for Dubaux.

Page 157: Don Marshall hat, Henri Bendel. Glasses by Riviera. Sandals: Delman Shoe Salon at Bergdorf Goodman.

Page 158: Earrings by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Dark-pink necklace by Michael Danyon. Light-pink necklace by Richelieu. Belle-Sharmeer tights. Yves Saint Laurent sandals, at Bloomingdale's.

Page 159: Cadoro earrings. Gold chain from Georg Jensen. Bangles by Michael Moraux for Dubaux.

Page 162: Candice Bergen's own necklace. Cartier watch, at Bonwit Teller. Espadrilles at Miller Eye.

Page 163: Gold chain necklace by Elsa Peretti for Halston. Silver chain at Amulets & Talismans. Trifari wire bracelet. Chain bracelet by Neptune Cultured Pearl Syndicate.

Page 166: Earrings at Cartier. Gold chain at Georg Jensen. Tights by Vanity Fair.

Page 167: Earrings and bracelet at Cartier. Sandals: Beth's Bootery at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Page 168: Earrings and bracelet at Cartier. Sandals by Yves Saint Laurent at Lord & Taylor.

Page 169: Earrings and bracelet at Cartier. Gold necklace at Georg Jensen. Round-the-Clock tights. Sandals by Herbert Levine at Bonwit Teller.

Page 198 (below): Tropic-Cal glasses. Bangles by Michael Danyon. Bottega Veneta bag. Tights by Hanes.

Page 198 (near right): Chain by Neptune Cultured Pearl Syndicate. Gurami watch. Bracelet by Benedict. Bottega Veneta bag. White flannel pants by The General Store.

Page 199: Silver chain at Amulets & Talismans. Watch by Gurami. Bangles by Juli Guasch, Cul de Sac at Bloomingdale's. Ring by Swee Lo for Design Jewel International. Bottega Veneta bag.

Page 200 (upper left): Sunglasses by Tropic-Cal. Mark Cross shoulder-bag. Bangle by Juli Guasch for Cul de Sac at Bloomingdale's. Don Marshall hat. Tights by Van Raalte.

Page 200 (near right): Michael Moraux for Dubaux ropes. Ring by Accessocraft. Phoenix tights.

Page 201: Chain at Amulets & Talismans. Fabrice ring. Tights by Burlington.

Page 202 (upper left): Canvas bag at Mark Cross. Necklace by Michael Moraux for Dubaux. Hamilton watch. Belt: Midtown Belt by Ben King. Black bag at Bottega Veneta.

Page 202 (bottom left): Necklaces by Michael Moraux for Dubaux.

Page 202 (center): Ring by Catherine Noll. Watch by Gurami, at Bloomingdale's.

Page 203: Watch by Aldo Cipullo for Cartier. Belt by Elegant (belt that comes with dress, not shown). Round-the-Clock tights.

Page 204 (top left): Michael Moraux for Dubaux necklace. Bangles by Michael Danyon. Bag at Mark Cross.

Page 204 (bottom left): Trifari bangles. Bag at Bottega Veneta. Tights by Berkshire.

Page 204 (top right): Sunglasses by Yves Saint Laurent for Renauld. Necklace by K.J.L. Watch by Sheffield. Coach Leatherware bag.

Page 204 (bottom right): Bausch & Lomb sunglasses. Trifari bracelets. Ring by Accessocraft.

Page 205: Hat by Don Marshall. Earrings and bangles by Trifari. Tropic-Cal sunglasses. K.J.L. necklace. Belt by Elegant. Coach Leatherware bag. Belle-Sharmeer tights.

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OPEN OPINIONS

(Continued from page 172)

they excrete it. Now the poor pelican. . . ."

Standing in New York's Kennedy Airport, the remembered smell of formaldehyde came back to my mind for an instant like a whiff of awful perfume. I backed up as the middle-aged woman in the sable-lined raincoat stormed past me with an airline official in tow. She was saying "I've never had this happen. . . , Never. . . ." The official who was following her tried to explain soothingly that luggage sometimes does get lost. He assured her that her missing suitcase would probably turn up in a day or so. "A *day* or so," the woman repeated, louder, "a Day? What do I wear meanwhile?" The official suggested discreetly that the lady must have other clothes. "It's none of your business what I have," the woman said in a voice wavering on the edge of hysteria. "I need my bag. Just get me my bag. *Get me. . . .*"

She broke off abruptly and put a hand to her forehead as if to rub out a sudden terrible pain.

I found my own suitcase and left the airport for the city. ■

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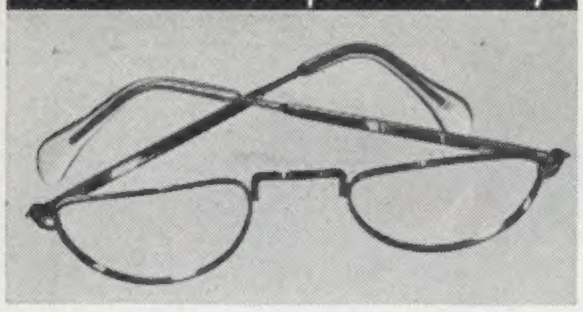
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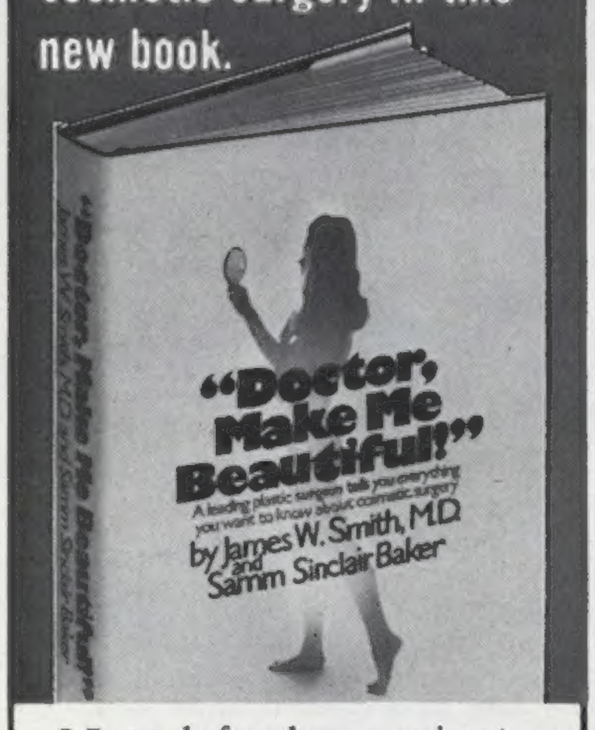


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"Eve didn't have much competition . . ."

SELF IMAGE

(Continued from page 196)

theless, her appearance and behavior, beyond her conscious control, send out a message. Why does she speak in an inaudible or harsh voice? why a long silence and then one tear?

I remember one particularly intelligent woman who would come into my office like a hurricane, panting, her hair flying, everything about her chaotic. In spite of her brilliant and outstanding work, would she be fired while a less capable colleague would get her job? . . . I would say, "Have you ever thought how you appear to your boss? of what you may do to him by being late? by keeping him waiting?" The fact was she *appeared* unreliable.

Why is it so important to appear confident?

The display of confidence is self-protective. It is a defense. Society actually demands it because it mercilessly rejects weakness, incompetence, and hysteria. We grow up with a dread of exposing feelings that reveal a lack of confidence. Our stiff-upper-lip society doesn't tolerate the display of emotions.

Can every woman become a beauty or succeed in creating a confident image that will satisfy her ideal?

First of all, does she desire this? And to what degree is she willing to work towards such a goal? Nature may endow one woman with an abundance of beauty and seemingly neglect another. One woman may cultivate her beauty or good looks and another may destroy it because of self-hate or a feeling of unworthiness. The self-image is a decisive factor. The seemingly less endowed woman may have a defeatist attitude about herself and do nothing, or she may work towards becoming attractive. At one time or another, almost every woman has a little dialogue with herself: how do I want to look? how well *can* I look? Just the phrase "I will put on my face" shows that a woman intends to present a certain confident image of herself. . . . But you must remember that you build confidence from within as well as from outer factors; you must work from within by doing what you do well, by concentrating on the things you do well. Then you move; you advance towards greater self-confidence in every way. After all, beauty is sustained from within.

What motivates a woman to work hard at beauty?

Ever since Eve, women have wanted to entice men—of course, she didn't have much competition. Many women need reassurance, and being attractive is a means to that end. Most women demand attention, and they feel more secure when they have approval. By making an effort to look well a woman indicates her awareness of the fact that she will be judged—or even classified—by others. But she must know that all the beauty treatments and all the cosmetics in the world will not conceal the damage done by raging fury, envy, bile, a lack of fulfillment. The state of her balance or inner harmony will show in her face. . . . And the fact that a woman is married doesn't change her basic need for praise. A woman doesn't want to be taken for granted, she wants to be admired, and it will give her confidence.

In the course of therapy do you ever suggest that women do something about their looks?

Not right away; it may be interpreted as criticism. Experience shows, however, that as a patient improves she will begin to show more interest in her looks. Then I may tell her so because there's a need for reassurance. Honesty is basic; a bit of praise, when justified, gives her confidence. Confidence is a part of the bigger business of living in the world and coping with reality. . . . To be healthy is to have the capacity to enjoy and to laugh as well as the ability to use all one's energies in one's best interest. This enhances self-respect and you like yourself, all of which helps to build up the ego. Whatever one does to improve one's appearance will be a step towards well-being and will help that ego. . . . Of course, nothing will make you look better than a little falling in love—at any age.

—ROSEMARY BLACKMON

Maria Schneider: "For me, life is movies—movies is life"

BRANDO'S PARTNER

(Continued from page 174)

Patti, an old friend.

"I was expecting just to meet him, I am not an advertising produce, I don't take myself like an advertising produce, and he just got me like that, filming everywhere and photos. . . . He treat me like a show-business produce —and I try to negate all that. He is used to dealing with people who want to be Superstars, and I don't need to be a Warhol personage."

After half an hour of nobody's having anything to say to anyone else, and Maria's saying in two words that she did not want a part in the next Paul Morrissey vampire horror film, Warhol invited us all out to eat. At the end of dinner, Maria quietly got up, said goodnight to those in the group that she already knew, and disappeared into her hotel.

In this kind of behavior, Maria seems a soul mate to Brando. She felt that they have the same ability to turn off in situations they do not want to be in. "Yes, instincts, quite near, for feeling people. This is not his star thing, because I think Marlon has always been like that, and I think I am always going to be like that, too. I never care what people are thinking about me. You cannot compare, but we have vibrations about the same things. If we don't feel good with people, split. It's better to split than be aggressive. I don't like to be aggressive."

On one of Maria's last nights in New York, she was expected at a smart party given for Bertolucci. She had no intention of going, because she never goes to parties, even of people she knows. For her, New York is harder to deal with in this respect than anywhere else. "The first time people see you, because you did a movie —they think you are doing a big thing. You know, it's unreal, because people push you up and push you down. . . . And so many actors and actresses get crazy freaked out about their own myth. Because they let everything come in around them. You have to keep a distance and keep your own world out of that. It is very heavy. I am not looking for that, with everybody saying, 'you were fantastic, you have a good future, bla-bla.' Can you imagine?"

Did she find it scary? "No, it's scary for *them*. And it's scary for you if you want to do that. I think it's scary for you if you want to get to the top. What is the top? The top is understanding." ■

"You can't tackle damaged hair with something made for tangles."

Julius Caruso

"There are lots of creme rinses and quickie conditioners that are just fine for taking out tangles. But don't confuse them with condition*.

condition* does a bigger job. It helps restore damaged hair.

Take a good look at your hair. Does it break a lot when you comb it? Are the ends split? Is it dull, dry, or limp? If it is, take the time to use condition*.

condition* is an intense 30-minute treatment. The warmth of your scalp and the time you leave it on help condition* penetrate your hair. It seeks out and helps restore damaged areas.





condition* gives you more body than balsams.

condition* is specifically formulated for damaged hair. Quickie conditioners and balsam-type rinses are not. They're fine for after-shampoo snarls in normal hair. But damaged hair needs condition*. It contains more protein than other leading conditioners.

condition* gives hair more body and leaves it more manageable than balsams or creme rinses. And condition* doesn't leave your hair oily and limp like those quickie rinse-out conditioners can. After the condition* Beauty Pack Treatment, your hair looks healthy. Has a lovely sheen and is far easier to style.

Don't throw your quickie conditioners and creme rinses away.

They are fine for after-shampoo snarls. But don't expect a thin rinse to do what creamy rich condition* does.

I use condition* in my salon whenever I see unhealthy-looking hair. But so many women should use it regularly at home. No matter how well-styled, hair just doesn't look right if it doesn't look healthy.

It takes a long time to grow a head of hair, so take care of it with condition*. It goes beyond the tangles."

condition*

The professional treatment for mistreated hair.

Available in cream pack.
Or instant lotion for touch-ups..



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